

Well, this was... certainly New, Fenja thought to herself. She tried to squirm a bit around in the large arms, trying to get comfortable. A low growl rumbled behind her ear, the Vibrations tickling through her skull as the paws tightened their grip around her.

Fenja sighed helplessly. This was absolutely not what she had expected to Happen the day before. Sure, she and the psychic cat had grown closer over the course of the last few Months but... Well, she still would not have expected him to, putting it bluntly, cuddle her like this.

He was curled tightly around her, his legs folded closely to his body, encircling her smaller Form. His arms Held onto her, clutching her close to his warm chest. Fenja could feel his chest expand and retract every breath He took, his heart beating rhythmically behind her head. His tail Was laying in Front of her on the ground, curled close. So close that she could reach out and Touch the soft fur. Well, *if* she could reach out. He was gripping her tightly, snugly keeping her trapped in his embrace like a momma cat holding her kitten. She was practically hidden in his limbs and fur, almost melting into his body. Maybe that was exactly what He wanted too.

Mewtwo's nose Was just above her head, soft puffs of air escaping him every time He exhaled and tousling her loose hairs. He was deep asleep but somehow his grip was just as tight as when He was awake. Fenja couldn't exactly form a reason why.

Sure, she had noticed that He had grown very grumpy whenever she had told him that she had to go back to her village, his eyes narrowing and his tail swishing up and down in annoyance. But she hadn't really thought much of it. It had just always seemed Kind of endearing to her. This big, strong legendary clone of mew getting all grouchy whenever his little companion left. It was cute. And, in all Fairness, as comfy as this cave was (Well, as comfy as a cave could get Anyway), it wasn't exactly her preferred place to sleep. But, Well... Here she was. He Must have had enough and had just snatched her up before she could have had Protested and now she was stuck in his tight embrace, tucked securely away in the arms of the large legendary Pokémon.

The low, rumbling growl behind her turned into a soft purr, One that reminded Fenja of her neighbors' Purrloin. She couldn't help but smile a bit at that. Yet, she was completely Stuck. Morning had come and she really, *really* felt the need to stretch her legs.

The sunlight traveled through the entrance, lighting up parts of the cave. Fenja tried to pull one of her arms free. She got a mumbling noise and a tighter hold as a response. She Held back a groan of annoyance. How in Arceus' Name was she supposed to get out of his arms without waking him?? She tried to wriggle free again. And again, to no avail. How Was his grip so strong even in his sleep?? Was his subconscious wired in a way that He couldn't let go? Was it instinct? Either way, she really, really had to go.

In a last ditch effort to get free, Fenja began to scratch Mewtwo under his chin. Because He was, After all, still a big cat. His muscles relaxed as his purr grew louder and stronger. The little scratches from her free hand did the Trick as He practically melted, his arms loosening around her. Fenja smiled mischievously. Jup, just a big, old Softie.

But she didn't have time to really appreciate his weakness as her legs reminded her to move. Slowly, cautiously, she picked up an arm of his and placed it to the side, doing the same thing with the other. Her legs easily slipped out of his loose legs as well and finally, finally, she was free.

Shakily, the girl got onto her feet, wobbling a bit. Her legs felt very stiff and it hurt to move. She grimaced as she limped her way towards the exit of the cave, trying to get her feeling back into her legs. The sun in the sky blinded Fenja for a good few Seconds, making her blink repeatedly to get used to the brightness.

Fenja yawned and stretched her limbs, popping her joints. "Ahhh.... Finally...", she sighed in relief. She couldn't recall ever having slept in such a tight Position before in her entire life. She sure hoped Mewtwo wouldn't do that again. Craning her neck, she wrenched her body, popping her back. After Fenja swung her arms around, she Set off to a nearby river, ready to start the day.

Meanwhile...

Mewtwo snoozed on his bed of leaves and moss, his breathing deep and even. Still, something in his subconscious registered a... change. His paws twitched, as if his pads were trying to grasp something. Something, or *someone*. A frown appeared on his face, his eyes still closed. His arms reached out, Grabbing nothing but air. His tail curled more closely around himself.

With a sudden jolt, He startled awake, his eyes wide as he stared at the empty Spot next to him. He wasn't sure what was missing. But He felt a loss, a surge of fear and panic that sunk deep into his bones. His heartbeat skyrocketed. He felt like He had forgotten something very important. Something that was supposed to be here but just... Wasn't.

He blinked, once, twice as He looked at his empty arms. He sat up abruptly when He picked up the familiar smell of the girl He had surprised adopted. His eyes widened in terror. How could He have forgotten?! He practically scrambled to his feet, using his psychic to float hastily out of the cave. The sun blinded his sensitive eyes for a few Seconds but He just grunted in annoyance and blinked.

He sniffed the air, his ears attuned to the sounds of the forest. He Heard the chirping of Pidgeys, crunching of caterpies eating the leaves and hoofsteps of Tauros. Mewtwos' nose twitched in Agitation as He tried to Pick up her scent... And... there!

He had it. And nothing in this World, not even Arceus himself, would be able to stop him.

Back to Fenja...

After she had gotten her fill of fresh water, Fenja took a small stroll down the Lake, happy to stretch her feet. A Flock of Pidoves flew overhead, their cooing audible from the ground. Fenja looked across the water and gasped in awe. Hurriedly, she ducked into a nearby Bush, hiding in the leaves as she watched a Nidoqueen and Nidoking Escort their little ones

towards the Lake. Fascinated by the adorable sight, the girl was rooted on the spot, gazing at the Pokémon family with a small smile.

A few minutes later they vanished back into the thick tree line, the little Nidorans jumping about and making noise as they went. Fenja let out a soft chuckle at the sight, amused and endeared by the Pokémons' Action.

But barely a few Seconds later she felt a cold Chill crawl down her spine. She shivered. A sense of foreboding grabbed her, clenching her heart... Why did she suddenly have the nagging feeling she was in big trou—

Before she could finish the thought, a blue hue surrounded her, strong enough to lift her off the ground. Fenja gasped in shock and fear as she lost the connection to the earth. Her arms and legs flailed helplessly about, her eyes wide. Her heart was beating out of her chest as she squeezed her eyes tightly shut, Curling up into a ball of anxiety. She didn't like heights. She really didn't like heights.

Gently, she flew through the air and then stopped. The girl felt sharp puffs of air Hit Her face and hair and slowly dared to open her eyes. And met icy cold slits of two blue glowing eyes. Oh. Her heart sank. Fenja Was not shy about the fact that she was terrified. Her hands nervously wrung with her shirt. This was even worse than her fear of heights...

Mewtwo was livid. A growl rumbled deep in his throat and chest, his paws were clenched into tight fists and his tail Was swishing from Side to side. A blue hue danced over one of his fists, his grip on the girl tight and strong. His legs were dangling a few inches above ground as He held her in the air.

"What. Were. You. Thinking?!" A low snarl followed his declaration. He leaned in close and she almost cringed as He began to sniff at her before He started to rotate her slowly in the air. Fenja felt like she was sitting on an Invisible chair that could spin as He carefully inspected her body from head to toe. He plucked out a stray Leaf here or there, as well as some small twigs in her hair. Once He was done, He turned her face back towards him and practically shoved his snout in Front of her eyes.

"Well? What in Arceus' Name were you thinking, little one?! Did I not tell you that you were to remain in the cave and not venture outside unless I'm by your side?" He asked, his eyes narrowed into angry slits, his fists shaking at his sides. His heart Was still beating frantically in his chest, the prospect of losing the little Human floating in Front of him Shooting an Ice Beam through his chest.

Fenja blinked at him, still a bit overwhelmed and He growled in frustration. His eyes sparked with dark blue as his patience ran thin. "Well?!" He prompted again, showing his fangs in a snarl. "What do you have to say for yourself?!" He wanted to Grab her arms and shake her roughly but managed to hold himself back, if only by a threat.

Finally, she found her voice. *Look... Listen, Mewtwo... I... I just wanted to stretch my legs, I didn't—", but Mewtwo interrupted her harshly, "Stretch your legs? Stretch your legs?! You—!!

You nearly gave me a heart Attack, you little fool!! You were about to leave, weren't you?! Now that I'm healed up, you don't feel any obligation to Stick around, is that it?!"

His angry and fearful rant caught the young woman off guard. "Wha– huh? No! No, I wasn't going to leave you, I mean... I guess technically, I *was* but–"

"You just wish to go back to your village, gallivanting around with no care in the World! Prone to danger, Prone to be Attacked any Second, but not with me! I have kept you safe, out of harm's way, but you just always had to venture out and back to your people! Do you not realize, not understand, how dangerous the World is for a simple, little Human like yourself?!" He motioned with his paws, gesturing wildly as if He was trying his very best to convince her of the dangers of the World. He was seething, his lips pulled back in a grimace. "Oh, but I will not have it," He leaned in close, his back hunched as He hovered over her like a dark cloud, "I will not have you put yourself in–"

He froze, his eyes suddenly captivated by something beyond Fenja's sight. It seemed like his heart had stopped, the way He paled. Without Warning, He wrapped his arms around the girl, One around her back, the other under her legs, effectively trapping her in an unyielding grip as He pulled her close to his chest. Fenja tried to wriggle free but a firm squeeze and low growl stopped her. Wanting to at least know what got the big legendary to act like this, she craned her neck, her gaze falling down at the Pokémon stomping towards the river.

It was a Kangaskhan. She trotted towards the water, her little one squealing in eagerness in her pouch. The parental Pokémon gently lowered her child onto the Grass, allowing them to rush towards the river and enjoy themselves. All Fenja saw was just a Tender scene between parent and child but Mewtwo seemed to have a different opinion.

He curled around the bundle in his arms, his legs coming up and his tail Curling around them both. His body Was tense and the girl could feel his heartbeat going crazy in his ribcage. He didn't say or do much, just watching the Pokémon interact, a low growl vibrating in his chest all the while. There was a sharp Look in his eye, as if He expected the Kangaskhan to Lunge at him and try to take away the girl in his arms. Involuntarily, his limbs tightened around Fenja, his chin resting on top of her scalp.

If looks could kill the Kangaskhan would have been burnt to a crisp by now.

Mewtwo's tail twitched in Agitation, still staring at the Normal Pokémon, the low, rumbling growl intensifying in his chest. The Kangaskhan looked up towards the psychic cat, understanding the hostility emanating from the legendary Pokémon. Swiftly, the mother picked up her little one, placing them into her pouch before making her way back into the trees.

"Mewtwo– Mewtwo, I can't... breathe!" The squirming bundle in his arms exclaimed breathlessly. He hadn't even realised He had been squeezing her so harshly. He loosened his hold with a soft grunt. His eyes gazed back towards the spot the Normal Pokémon had just stood in, a worried frown appearing on his face.

"Let's get back... It's not safe out here for you." And without another Word, He began to float back to the cave. He seemed to at least be satisfied to have his little one back.

Fenja laid in his arms, numbly watching all the trees and bushes fly past. Her eyes traveled up to the sky, appreciating the view of a cloud free Skyline. She knew she wasn't going to See much of it in the near future.

Fenja huffed in resigned annoyance, moving her legs around. Mewtwo places a paw on her knees to keep her from wriggling about. "Settle down now, you little troublemaker." He told her with a neutral voice, apparently having calmed himself down. Or at least, seemingly, calmed down.

Once in the cave, Mewtwo raised one arm, pointing at the makeshift bed created out of leaves and lifting it up with his psychic powers. To keep the girl firmly in his arm, He leaned down and grabbed her by the scruff of her shirt with his teeth. "Hey!" She exclaimed unhappily as she twisted in his one arm holding her, trying to rip her clothes out of his teeth. He growled a non-verbal Warning before He dropped the leaves into a far end corner of the cave.

Soon After, He himself Set his feet down onto the Rocky ground, crouching down and opening his mouth and arms. Unceremoniously and with a soft 'oomf', Fenja plopped down onto the bed, a few stray leaves jumping into the air with the impact. Mewtwo gently pushed down a little on the makeshift cushion with his paws, making sure it was soft enough for the girl before He knelt down onto it as well, effectively confining Fenja between himself and the stone wall behind her, forming a Barrier around her with his body. He made sure He was always between the little one and the entrance of the cave.

"Urgh... Mewtwo... really? Why'd you put me in a corner?" Fenja asked, growing more or less fed up with the big cat's behaviour. Of course, here in the corner she could barely See a thing, only making out soft outlines of the Feline in Front of her.

Mewtwo didn't answer. At least not with words. Some sort of instinct inside him must have been activated as Fenja soon felt a warm, rough tongue lapping over her face.

Fenja cringed and tried to worm out of reach but Mewtwo would have none of it. He wrapped his arms around her and Held her in the circle of his legs, keeping her trapped as his tongue continued to lap over her face, hair and occasionally her hands as she tried to fend off said tongue.

"Mew- eurgh- Mewtwo, stop- stop it! I don't- I'm not-Mewtwo!" She tried to Form a proper sentence through his Intense licking but failed miserably. He ignored her attempts to stop him, be it by telling him off or by pushing his head away, and just continued his grooming as if the girl in his arms were his young.

She tried to wriggle her way out of his arms but He intercepted her each time, Grabbing her and putting her back into place, like a momma cat trying to groom a fussy kitten. A low growl rumbled steadily in his chest, almost a content purr as he bathed the girl with his saliva.

"Settle down, little one. Settle down." He said calmly, his purr acting as a constant back noise as he spoke. Placing a paw on her head, He gently shoved her down into the leaves again, keeping her in place as he licked the back of her head. She was helpless as he messed up her hair, licking at it until her strands stood up from her scalp in wet, sticky clumps.

"eurgh..." Fenja moaned as she tried to smooth her hair over with her sleeves. Mewtwo smiled in satisfaction and continued his grooming of her. Again and again, Fenja would try to push his paws and snout away from her, making a valiant effort to get him to stop.

"Mewtwo! Could you please just—" another lick to the face interrupted her. Fenja groaned in annoyance and forcefully shoved his head away with so much force, she Fell backwards onto the Leaf bed. Mewtwo gathered the girl in his arms again, ready to continue his administrations as if nothing had happened.

"Settle down now, little one. There is no need to make such a fuss. You're perfectly safe." Mewtwo commented sternly as if He was assuming Fenja was simply frightened and not exasperated by his smothering behaviour. Fenja fought to get her arms free from his hold, trying to find something to hold to So she could pull herself out of his arms. To no avail, however, as Mewtwo kept his grip on her firm.

"Let go, Mewtwo! Just give me— just give me some space! Come on! Let go!" She nearly begged, her voice desperate. She wiggled and wriggled but Mewtwo would not Concede. He placed his arms around her waist, not allowing her to scuttle away from between his legs, his tail Curling around the squirming girl as well.

Fenja had had enough. She pulled up her legs and pushed against the abdomen area she was being pressed into. Mewtwo grunted in pain, his hold loosening. Taking the chance, Fenja scrambled free, ignoring the little cuts she got from scraping against the Rocky Terrain.

"No— NO!!" Mewtwo exclaimed, rage in his voice but also... Panic? Fenja wasn't sure and didn't care. She hurried to her feet and made a run for it. Though, she wasn't stupid. She knew, realistically, there was no escape from a psychic Pokémon that could easily Grab her anytime, especially a powerful legendary. But she tried nonetheless.

But Mewtwo didn't Grab her with his powers. His protective instincts went into overdrive and He practically lunged at the girl. He was much bigger, much faster and more determined (or panicked) than her and a few Seconds later, his arms snaked around her waist again, holding her tightly. Fenja yelped as she was yanked backwards and lifted off the ground.

"Let go! Mewtwo! Let me go!" Fenja wriggled and squirmed, kicking her feet and pushing against his hold. Mewtwo's eyes narrowed in rage.

"No! You are staying put. Where I can keep you safe. Where I can keep you warm. You. Are. Staying. Here! End of discussion!!" Mewtwo snarled down at the squirming bundle in his arms, tightening his hold, nearly squeezing the girl. A dark, possessive gleam shimmered in his eyes, a fierce protectiveness taking hold, like that of a parent protecting its young.

“Urgh!! Why?! What's gotten into you, Mewtwo! Just let me go already!” Fenja couldn't understand why the legendary Was doing this. He had never reacted this way before. What Was He doing??

“Why?!” His question is more like a roar as his eyes sparked in fury. “Because anything could happen out there! Anything at all! You could be hurt, or attacked, or worse!”

He shook her in his grasp. “Do you not See that?! Do you not understand why I have to insist you stay here?! It's not SAFE for you out there! Do you have any idea how many times I longed to pull you back, every Single time you left to go back to your people?!”

He lowered his head, his snout right in Front of her eyes, his eyes blazing in desperation and manic protectiveness. “You do not realize, do not understand, how many Pokémon, how many *people*, would love to tear you to shreds!! You are too naive, too reckless! And I. Will. Not. HAVE IT!!”

Fenja, all the while, kept struggling in his grip, as if she wasn't even listening to him. “Let go! Lemme go! Lemme go!”

His patience snapped. He was holding Fenja even tighter now, almost as if He was trying to mold her to his chest, to merge her body with his own and keep her safe within him.

He blinked.

That Was it.

He cradled her body close to his fur, stepping back into the corner, his eyes Roaming over her small, squirming Form. Her skin was marred with little cuts and patches of Dirt and a pang of fear shot through his chest. Nuzzling his head against her hair, He cuddled Fenja closer to him, Curling his body around her.

So vulnerable and small... So easy to harm... To Hurt... Mewtwo's instincts went into a frenzy. He couldn't take it. The threats, the dangers, the harm waiting outside for the precious bundle in his arms. A desperate, low noise escaped him. He wasn't going to let anything Happen to this little girl who had brightened up his life so much in just a few Months. Even if He had to do something monstrous, desperate... Mad. He had to keep her safe. Safe, safe, *safe*. In the safest Spot he knew.

Fenja felt a puff of humid air and when she looked up, she froze. Mewtwo Was opening his maw wide, revealing his sharp fangs and a dark pink, velvety throat. Before she could even comprehend what Was happening, she was unceremoniously shoved inside. Fenja gasped and wriggled in the Hot, wet and cramped space but the paws on her body pushed her further and further.

A loud gulp pulled her in, the throat welcoming her and leading her down a fleshy, narrow Passage. The walls squeezed her face and body as she was sucked in deeper and deeper, a strong, fast heartbeat beating somewhere below.

Mewtwo leaned backwards, hoping gravity would assist him. The bulge in his neck grew larger and larger as more and more of the girl traveled down his gullet. Sweat poured down his face, grunts of effort echoing in the cave as he swallowed the girl. He sank to his knees, his paws feeling his abdomen as it began to swell with the body of his cargo. A muffled moan escaped him as He forced his stomach to stretch and accommodate the New passenger, even as He reached his limits and his gut churned in protest.

With a final and harsh gulp, he sealed his Human inside, leaning forward against the rocky wall with his arms to catch his breath. He huffed and puffed, his belly swollen beyond belief, beyond what He thought He could take. But He had to risk it. For her. He had to. He let out a small belch, followed by a heavy groan. Sweat ran down his neck as he desperately tried to get enough air into his lungs. He felt heavy and full, his purple abdomen pushed outwards in a large Sphere.

Meanwhile Fenja had been pulled into a pulsating, fleshy, dark and cramped chamber. It was wet and Fenja grimaced at the smell. She winced, her small cuts burning slightly After being drenched in saliva and mucus and Arceus-knows-what kinds of other fluids. But worst of All, she was trapped.

"Mewtwo!! You— You ate me!! Let me go!!" She exclaimed, trying to push and shove against the restraining walls around her. Mewtwo grunted in pain and exertion, his claws unsheathed and digging into the stone.

"Nngghhh...! Settle down... little one, I—" a sharp gasp escaped him as one of her shoves Hit his lungs, "Stop— stop squirming...! You're safe, you're safe, I'm not going to harm you, I— nngghh..." his breathing grew more labored as he fought against the unending pressure in his midsection.

His sight was blurry as he looked down at his distended gut, watching it undulate and move with life. His belly was less than thrilled to have such a large guest inside it, making its unhappiness quite clear with gurgles and squelches.

"You ate me! You ATE me!! Spit me out! Let me go! Let me go!" Fenja's squirming intensified, growing more frantic and panicked. She couldn't see or hear anything that was going on outside, only the darkness and the growls inside her fleshy cocoon. Said fleshy cocoon was not used to a wriggling, struggling and living occupant and responded to the push and shove of its cargo with glorps and squelches.

Mewtwo gasped, huffed and grunted, feeling like He was going to burst. He wondered if He perhaps had bitten off more than he could chew as he squeezed his eyes shut and harshly dug into the wall with his claws. A long, drawn out moan Tore from his throat as he felt ready to collapse from the strain. But He had to stay awake, keep fighting through the pain. He had to keep her safe. An Image flashed through his mind, showing him Fenja escaping his unconscious body through his mouth and He violently shook his head. He couldn't afford to faint now. He couldn't allow her to be defenseless.

If only the girl would give him a moment to rest! He grunted angrily, his eyes opening slightly, two slits of glowing blue fury. One of his paws slid down, pressing against the tightly stretched fur, trying to push against the shoves coming from within. "Will you settle down? I told you, you are safe! There is no need to fight! You are. staying. PUT!" Mewtwo's voice was stern and commanding, leaving no room for arguments.

"Let me go! Let me go!!" Fenja demanded as she continued to fight valiantly for her freedom. But the legendary's grip was unyielding.

A guttural sound escaped him, a mixture of a growl and a groan, as he felt her small form pushing against the walls of his stomach from within.

"NO!"

His paw clenched more tightly on his stomach, his eyes burning with intensity as something in him snaps, his determination flaring up even stronger than before. His words were animalistic, his voice full of possessiveness and desperation.

"You're not going anywhere."

He felt the fierce, primal instinct to protect and keep her swelling up within him, a feeling that bordered on obsession. He had become fiercely protective of the girl, to the point of possessiveness.

"You're mine, little one. Mine to protect and keep safe. From everything." He wrapped his arms around his swollen middle now, his hold growing tighter, his touch almost desperate, as if he feared she would slip through his grasp if he didn't hold on tight enough.

"You're crazy! What's gotten into you, Mewtwo?!" Another harsh kick was delivered to his lungs and Mewtwo hissed sharply in pain.

"I'm not crazy, girl!" he snapped, his voice dripping with annoyance. "I am just taking precautions. And with someone as reckless as you, I have every right to be worried! You are too reckless, too foolish to be wandering the World on your own. And if you will not cease your struggles this instant, you will leave me no choice but to restrain you myself! Settle. Down. NOW!!"

But Fenja was still terrified, her Brain telling her that being eaten alive was a death sentence. She didn't care about his reasoning, she just wanted out. Out. Out!

Mewtwo grunted as he curled deeper into himself, hunching over on his knees, his arms tightly coiled around his abdomen. His head nearly collided with the rocky ground as he coiled into himself, as much as his swollen middle allowed anyway.

His arms pressed against his belly, as if trying to force her further inside, to bury her even deeper within himself, to have her even more thoroughly contained.

He was scared. Scared of losing the girl, of losing the only person, the only being He had ever truly cared for. He was scared of going back to being alone, of losing the only thing that had ever made him feel something other than anger, other than rage, pain and loneliness.

He was scared, terrified, of her leaving him... He couldn't Lose her... He just couldn't.

He was tired, sweating and growing more and more angry every Second. All he wished to do was to shield the girl! And yet, she defied him at every Turn! It was infuriating. Mewtwo did not understand the little Humans ungratefulness. Did she not understand his Intentions were pure? How could she—

But another harsh kick against his liver Was the last straw. He couldn't take it anymore.

“ENOUGH!!” He roared furiously, his eyes blazing with anger as he reached out with his psychic powers. He felt for her inside his gut and a blue hue surrounded her. For a Second she blinked in surprise before she was suddenly squeezed into a ball, unable to kick or punch or even wiggle her toes. Mewtwo slammed his clenched fist onto the ground, the psychic Power crackling around it. He was holding on strong, the tighter his fist, the tighter his psychic grip on Fenja.

He panted heavily, drawing in deep lungs of air and exhaling them with angry whooshing noises. His heartbeat Was pounding in his chest like a wild Rapidash. Closing his eyes, He remained on the ground, trying his hardest to finally catch his breath.

Fenja Was unable to do much. Her own heart was still racing and she let out little gasps every now and again. She could at least See some of the interior of his gut now, thanks to the faint glowing hue of the psychic powers. Though, it wasn't exactly all that comforting, watching the walls move back and forth, left and right, seeing the veins as well as the slime coating everything... It made it all... far too Real. Fenja whimpered softly and squeezed her eyes shut, wishing she was in her soft, dry bed in her home instead... anywhere but here...

Mewtwo relaxed, his limbs melting into the rocks beneath him as He sighed deeply. Though his grip on her had loosened a bit, He kept it firm, not wishing for her to go back to her kicking and squirming.

For a good few minutes there was just the trees rustling outside the cave and the heavy breathing from Mewtwo that slowly calmed down. He felt his belly squish against the ground and He sat up properly with a grunt. His paw Was still glowing and He contemplated whether or not to Release the girl. A soft voice coming from his middle interrupted his thoughts.

“Don't... don't hurt me... please...”

Something heavy sunk into Mewtwo's chest. With a last glance at his paw, He sighed and relaxed his grip. He felt her weight settle in his belly again, squirming into a more comfortable Position but something Was different. She seemed more subdued, hesitant. And He could Wager a guess as to why.

With careful strength, He cradled his swollen abdomen, placing it gently onto his lap and wrapping his arms around it. "Easy, little one... easy... I never intended to harm you. That was never my goal. You are safe, you are warm, you are sheltered... nothing shall harm you in here..."

Fenja sniffled a bit, her worries still not abated, despite his attempt to sound soothing. "But... but you... you ate me... aren't you going to... to, you know, digest me? I... I thought you turned me into a Snack..."

A startling panic seized the legendary cat, a desperate, urgent need to convince the small Human of the contrary.

"No! No, no, no. You're nothing of the sort. You're not a... a meal to be eaten... no, no. Never." A heavy weight, like an anchor, was pulling his heart down. A heavy anchor of guilt. His paws began to gently rub his distended midsection, up and down and in circles, feeling his fur glide through his pads.

"I would never treat you as something disposable. You're... fragile and in desperate need of protection. That is all. You are safe." He tried to reassure her, his voice calm and gentle and yet firm. While it wasn't a lie, it wasn't the entire truth. But he kept his more darker, possessive feelings to himself. His main wish was, after all, to keep the little girl out of harm's way.

Fenja shifted slightly. "So... so I'm not food to you?" Her voice was so small, Mewtwo had to hold back a sob.

"Never," He answered, his word nearly breaking at the end, "I would never, ever treat you merely as food. You are... Precious..." His tail curled around his knees, coiled close as he uttered the last word like a vow. A promise to never see her as anything but someone in need of safety. A delicate, vulnerable and small thing...

Fenja felt around, her palms gently pushing against the snug walls. Sure enough, the slime coating her from head to toe was not hurting her at all. No stinging, no burning. Nothing. Not to mention the fact that the stomach acid should have taken effect quite a while ago anyway and yet didn't.

Thanks to his flexibility, He was able to lean down with his head and gently lick at the swollen mass cradled in his arms. While He couldn't actually groom her while she was inside him, He hoped the rhythmic motion of his tongue over his fur helped calm her nerves.

She felt the gentle pressure his tongue was exerting on his belly. It helped... A little. She moved around a bit as best she could in the cramped space, even as the walls held her snugly in their slimy but warm embrace. "Okay... Okay, I... I believe you..." Fenja said hesitantly, "... I think," she added, still uncertain but trusting the large feline.

A satisfied and happy mix between a rumble and a purr escaped him as an acknowledgement. "You need not worry, little one. You are as safe and sound as you could

possibly be. No one and nothing can take you away... You're my little stowaway... My precious Cargo."

Fenja frowned a little at his cooing words but she had more pressing matters at hand. "How... How long will you keep me in here?" Her voice was still small and reserved as she asked. Nervously, she fidgeted around inside the squishy, slimy interior of his stomach. It wasn't too bad here. Sure, cramped and dark and wet but it was almost like... Like a hug. A very slimy hug but an all surrounding hug nonetheless. Yet, she wasn't thrilled to stay in here longer than she had to. She listened to the gurgles and squelches around her, hoping to hear Mewtwo's voice answering her question soon.

Mewtwo absentmindedly kept rubbing his belly, patting it every now and then. He wasn't entirely sure himself how long He wanted to keep his little Human inside the safety of his body. A whispering voice in the back of his head urged him to keep her for eternity. Safe, warm, snuggled... and his. His alone. Safe as can be. An involuntary and possessive growl escaped his throat, the low rumble echoing in the cave. Though, the little squirms of his tiny companion brought him back to reality.

"Ah, yes... Well. Forgive me, little one but I cannot Release you," He hesitated a few Seconds, "... Yet." A bump appeared on his skin and He slid his paw over it with affection.

Fenja could feel her heart sink. She pushed against his paw from the inside, making his skin stretch. "But... But I... I can't... I can't stay in here! I have to go to my village!" She exclaimed, worried. How long would she have to be trapped in his gut? A day? Two days? A week?? She had to go back to her parents! They must be worried sick by now!

Mewtwo cooed at her gently, petting his belly as if He were petting her head. "Now, now... you're safest in here. With me. All tucked away, nice and cosy..." His sentence trailed off into a purr, a happy, contented noise.

"But... My Parents..." Fenja felt tears gather in her eyes, a heavy weight settling on her shoulders.

"You needn't worry about your people, little one. I will notify your parents that you're in safe hands. Very safe hands." His tone Was reassuring and calm, but also possessed a hint of confidence and Pride.

Soft, silent tears ran down the girls cheeks, mixing in with the slime and stomach juices. She settled down, He knees tucked tightly to her chest, her eyes downcast. Well... There went her freedom. A heavy, resigned sigh escaped her. "... Okay..." came her soft, barely audible reply. It wasn't like she had a choice.

Mewtwo could hear her small voice crack in the one Word, could feel the stillness in her body and feel the heavy resignation on her shoulders. Lowering himself to the ground, He laid on his side, Curling his legs and tail around his swollen abdomen, careful not to jostle his Human too much.

“Easy, my little one. You're safe. Safe as you could ever hope to be. You won't be harmed. Ever. I'll keep you safe, keep you mine, keep you warm and fed,” He ran his paws over the swollen mass in his middle, a protective, yet possessive gleam in his eyes.

“You'll be alright. *Everything* will be alright. You'll understand someday. Just rest now, my little one. Rest.”

(Note: I just want to be clear that what Mewtwo is doing is wrong!! Disrespecting boundaries and not letting someone go when they say 'no' is not okay, no matter how Well Intentioned the act. Please keep that in mind. Thank you!!)