

You are a Pokemon trainer, who has traveled his region many times, battling trainers and saving the world from team plasma in the process. However, even though the fame is nice, the thing you like most is snuggling with your scolipede. And that is what you're doing now, laying on the couch, cuddling with her. You have been with her since the beginning, having been your first Pokemon from when you started a couple years ago, and you both have developed a friendship unlike anything you have seen before. She is what you would expect of a scolipede, being 8 ft tall, having the horns on her head and tails, both a blend of pink and purple, along with her shell that covers the top half of her body. She also has a soft black underbelly, and some purple claws, which were like single small claw nails that protruded from her shell, which she has used many times to give you as many big hug that she wants to give you. She was feisty when you first caught her, but over time she has become the lovable bug that sits beside you now. She has become so caring, that when she accidentally hugged a little too hard and pricked your arm with her poison claw, she was able to grab an antidote from the medicine cabinet and cure you. She had a hard time forgiving herself for that, but with your forgiveness, you had been able to bring your friendship even closer than ever before.

You look up to her, and she looks back at you, and that is when you hear her stomach begin to groan. You look down at her midsection and chuckle, before asking her if she is hungry. She chirps affirmatively, so you get up intending to go to the kitchen to grab some Poke-Puffs. Before you take a single step she grabs you from behind with her claws. You are startled at first, but you relax in her embrace as she walks you over to the kitchen, where you grab three puffs from the counter, a green, orange, and pink one. She carries you back to the couch, where she places you on the couch, before laying down beside you. You reorient yourself and face her now gaping mouth. She waits for her puffs, so you help sate her hunger by placing the orange puff on her tongue, and watch her guide it around her mouth, before sending it down her throat in a single gulp. You giggle at her cute face, her licking her checks to get any remaining taste of the puff, and proceed to place the green puff on her tongue, which she swallows instantly. You look in awe at her gaping throat, wondering what it is like to be one of those fluffy puffs, being sent lovingly into her warm stomach by her strong throat. You reach into her jaws and hold the last puff, the pink one, right over her throat. Before you are able to place it in, she closes her mouth around your arm, and gives it a soft swallow. Your arm doesn't move, but you can feel the puff escape your grasp, down into her slick throat, on a one way trip to her hungry stomach.

You think she is sated now, but as she still has your arm in her mouth, you understand that she still wants something else. She licks all over your arm for a while, curving her tongue all around your arm and between your fingers, tasting you affectionately and thoroughly. You enjoy how this feels, which seems strange as she is treating you like she would to a large puff, but you trust her, so you know she doesn't see you as food, right? Fortunately, she soon lets go of your arm, and lets you sit back down on the couch. She doesn't seem hungry anymore, as you can see her belly bulge a little bit, but she still keeps her mouth open in front of you, her fruity breath hitting your face. You don't know why, but her hot and humid breath feels so, comforting to you. You start to blush at the exotic view, which causes her to blush as well, and you watch her saliva run down from the roof of her mouth and hit her tongue, before she gulps it down and repeats the cycle. After a while, you decide to slowly lift one of your hands up to her mouth and place it on her tongue. One hand becomes two, and before you know it, you are giving the inside of her maw a massage. The scolipede purrs at the reacquainting of your taste, and lets her tongue lay limp this time, taking this chance to savor your flavor. You feel like you could do this forever, massaging your friend's gaping jaws, when you feel her use her claws to grab you again. She is softer and slower this time, and when you look into her eyes, she gives you a reassuring coo, before lifting you up. You remove your hands out of her mouth, and grab her horns, in order to stabilize your suspended self. She lifts you up, using her lower claws to bring you up to the higher ones, until you are suspended above her head, with your feet hanging right next to her currently closed

maw. She looks up shyly, seemingly waiting for you to make your move, not confident and continuing on her own. She isn't holding you anymore, which means that you are suspended only by your grip on her horns. You know that she would let you down if you asked her to. You know what she wants though. She wants to eat you alive. You have seen her desire to do this, as you have seen her lick her chops when staring at you many times. You also know that she can do it, as she has eaten a couple team plasma member before when they insulted you, though you told her to spit them out before any damage was done. You know that she would make sure you are safe during the experience, as you know she wouldn't even suggest it if it would be unsafe. Looking at her body, from her head to her midsection, you decide that you want to take the plunge. So, you hold your feet over her mouth, still holding yourself up by her horns, and wait for her to open wide. When she does, she sticks out her tongue and wraps it around one of your feet, and you let her slowly guide your feet into her awaiting throat. You feel your feet press against her throat, and you hear her coo lovingly. You ask her how good you taste, and she squeaks in delight. You start to appreciate the feeling, and lay yourself down between her horn she has her fun, and you start to yawn. Your exhaustion has caught up to you once again, so you let your eyes droop as she continues. You wearily ask her if she wants to get a better taste, but before you get the chance to finish your sentence, she swallows again down to your midsection. You don't complain about the suddenness of her approval, as you are now sitting in her soft slimy maw, along with the fact that you are now too tired to care. So, you pet her head, tell her that you love her, and finally let your dreariness take you as you pass out, your upper half draped on her head.

She feels you rest on her head, her coos not bringing a response. She is about to release you, scared that her poison had gotten into your system, when she hears a reassuring snore. She sighs, or at least as much as one when having half of her best friend in her mouth, and hums a lullaby for you to rest with. After she finishes, she feels you start to slide down her head, so she decides it's time for you to go to bed, her special bed that is. She sends you down with a few quick swallows, first to your chest, then to your neck, and finally to your head, though your hands are limped out of her maw. She licks your face affectionately, amused that you are sleeping through this, before making one last hard swallow. She feels you travel through her neck, her claws tracing your form the best they can, and finally rest in her midsection, her stomach drained of acids and already dissolved puffs. She gives a pleased sigh and lays down on the couch, admiring the bulge her sleeping friend has given her. She nuzzles it softly, happy to have been given such an honor of holding you in such a close and personal place. She rests her head above your bulge, and lets her eyes droop, comfortable with her full belly, and full heart.