

Charizard Used Devour ~ (It's Super Effective!)

Tim Goodman wasn't quite sure how he'd ended up here. One second, he's in his dad's apartment, bidding farewell to the hardboiled father he never knew, the next, he and his dad's Pokemon partner, an equally hardboiled, wise-cracking Pikachu, were in the middle of an underground Pokemon fighting ring.

"...Uhhh, are you SURE this is a good idea...?" Asked the young, lanky teen, still holding Pikachu's detective cap.

Pikachu scoffed as he scuttled into the arena, stretching his fuzzy little yellow limbs out. "Relax, kid. I apparently whooped this scaly chump so hard, his face is STILL sizzlin' from our last dance. Watch, in three minutes flat, he's gonna be whimperin' for mama. And mama ain't gonna come..."

"...You're pretty confident for a Pokemon who doesn't even REMEMBER his last encounter with this thing..." Tim insisted in a more deadpanned manner.

But as Pikachu continued stretching confidently and in showy fashion, Tim took a glance back at the seedy DJ as Charizard was about to enter the cage with Pikachu. At first glance, the DJ seemed to be giving his Pokemon a pep talk, petting his scaly head and nuzzling it all the while. But then, the DJ grabbed a familiar purple vial and cracked it open in front of Charizard's snout. A slight purple gust emitted from the vial and was promptly inhaled by the Charizard, whose eyes then glowed bright purple as he snarled far more aggressively before storming into the cage.

"...Uhh...P-Pikachu...?" Tim started to sputter as Pikachu cockily sauntered before the now feral beast.

"Later, kid! I'd say enjoy the show, but let's face it, this'll be over before ya know it!"

In a hushed manner, Tim leaned down and said, "P-Purple stuff, he took a hit of the purple stuff...!!"

But it was too late. The match had already begun and Pikachu was grinning cockily back at the snarling Charizard. "Ooooooh, I didn't know you were THIS salty over gettin' your ass kicked by a fuzzy yellow rodent. I mean, I'd say that's embarrassing, but I, y'know, kinda AM a fuzzy yellow rodent, and I don't wanna put my species down, y'know?"

Pikachu was immediately bet with a torrent of flames spewing from Charizard's maw, yelping as he narrowly avoided having his tail singed.

“Gah! Alright, lizard lips, guess it’s on like Donkey Kong!” Pikachu muttered, before adding, “...Oh crap, Nintendo really IS making a Smash Bros Cinematic Universe, aren’t they.” Pikachu groaned to himself and added, “Please, God, don’t let that Sonic abomination be in the same shared universe as me...”

Nonetheless, he shook his head and prepared to emit a mighty lightningbolt attack.

...Only nothing came.

Pikachu blinked, then baring his fangs, stretched out to try and summon another...

...Still nothing...

Again, there was a blank look on Pikachu’s face while Tim worriedly leaned into the cage door. “Wh-what’s wrong? Why aren’t you doing anything?!”

“...Uhhhh...yeah, so apparently, havin’ amnesia means I also...y’know, umm...dunno how to use any of my abilities...”

Pikachu nodded blankly to himself in silence, then a moment later...

“GAAAAAAHHHHHH GET ME THE HELL OUTTA HEEEEERE!!!!”

Pikachu wailed while the Charizard roared and leaped in, taking a swipe at Pikachu that the small electric mouse just barely avoided whilst scrambling to the door. The crowd of underground Pokemon trainers and their Pokemon alike all lapped up the scene with thunderous applause.

“Awww, what’s wrong? Now, your little rat doesn’t wanna play?” The DJ taunted.

“YOUR MOTHER WANTED TO PLAY JUST FINE!!” Pikachu roared, despite knowing only Tim could understand him.

...And right now, Tim wish he didn’t.

“...Did you just-”

“-IKNOWTHATWASGROSS JUST OPEN THE DOOOOOR!!!!”

Tim tried, but before Pikachu could reach it, Charizard had swooped in, grabbed the little Pokemon and chucked him all the way across the cage, slamming into the other side and plopping down onto the ground.

“Pikachu! Are you okay?!” Tim called out with concern. Fortunately, despite such a heavy hit, Pikachu slowly yet steadily pulled himself up.

“Urgh, I’m too old for **this** shi-IIIIEEEEEAAH!!” Pikachu cried out comically as he avoided more flames from Charizard’s maw. The feral Charizard stomped after Pikachu, spewing more and more flames from his mouth in an attempt to cook Pikachu up as the little Pokemon whined and said, “Seriously, big guy! I’m sorry your face is all scarred up but y-ya really make it work! Honest! Scars look badass on dragon fire-types...well, maybe they’d look bad on Dragonite’s dopey face, but you look hot! SERIOUSLY, I’d still date you!” Pikachu cried out while sprinting for dear life. “But burnt Pikachu’s aint’ cute! Seriously! We need our fur!! And our flesh! Ya ever see a **Pikachu** without either? Let’s just say it makes the Sonic movie look cute!!!”

Charizard flew high into the air and swooped down, STOMPING onto the ground beneath Pikachu, launching him high in the air. As Pikachu flailed helplessly in the air, only one thing could come out of his mouth...

“WHY WASN’T I BORN A GROUND TYYYYYYPE!!!”

Unfortunately, the ground wasn’t what Pikachu landed on...

As Pikachu started to descend...he happened to find himself falling directly towards Charizard. The scarred Charizard ran his thick, slimy tongue across his scaly lips hungrily, and then; much to Tim’s horror and even the DJ’s shock...Charizard proceeded to open his maw nice and wide.

“...Wait, is he-?!”

Before Tim could finish, Charizard snatched Pikachu up into his jaws and clamped his mouth shut.

“PIKACHU!!!” Tim cried out in horror.

“...Umm...th-that’s a move Pokemon’s do, right...?” the DJ muttered nervously to some of the other audience members and Pokemon around him, all of whom were either in shock at what they just saw, or inching away nervously.

Charizard dipped his head back and lathered the little Pokemon detective around in his mouth with that long, reptilian tongue of his. His humid breath reeked of pungent smoke and a hint of whatever Charizard’s previous meal was. Pikachu spat in disgust, flailing around within Charizard’s maw, as if just now processing where he was.

“...Yeeeuuck, someone give this guy about a bucket full of Tic-Tacs STAT.” Pikachu kicked and spat with disgust. Unfortunately, it was about all Pikachu could mutter before Charizard dipped his head back, causing Pikachu to tumble to the back of Charizard’s maw and down the dank abyss that was Charizard’s throat.

The dragon gulped heartily, causing a Pikachu-sized bulge to protrude from his long, thick and scaly throat.

Pikachu grunted uncomfortably as the thick, rubbery flesh of Charizard's throat muscles rippled all around Pikachu, causing him to descend further and further down Charizard's gullet.

Outside, all anyone could do was watch in shock and horror as that thick bulge in Charizard's throat slowly slid down his gullet. Then, with one especially hearty...

***G L L L L U U U U U U U U U U L L L K ! ! ***

That protrusion pressed past Charizard's scaly chest, and vanished past it while Pikachu plopped unceremoniously into Charizard's belly. The dragon's stomach was already pretty heavy, but Pikachu's presence caused it to bulge out rather noticeably by a solid extra foot or so, which, relative to Charizard's size, wasn't as bad as it could've been, but was still quite noticeable.

Charizard sighed contently, lazily smacking his chops as he ran both his clawed palms across his bloated belly contently.

Tim desperately turned to the DJ and shouted, "You...! M-Make him spit my partner out right now...!!!"

"N-No, no, this is fine, man!" The DJ insisted in an unconvincing manner. "N-Nah, Charizard just used his, umm...D-Devour move, and it was, y'know, it was super effective."

"-THAT'S NOT A MOVE, YOU IDIOT!!"

"I know, I know...!" The DJ shouted back in a conceding tone. "Alright, oi! Charzilla! I'mma need you to, umm...cough that kid's Pikachu up now, if ya don't mind..."

Charizard lazily glanced back at his Pokemon trainer, then back at the young, desperate teen on the opposite end of the cage, eyes still blaze purple from the drug. But rather than comply with his trainers' request, Charizard clutched his bloated belly with both hands, threw his head back and let out a *monstrous* belch...

**"H U U U U U U U A A A A A A A A A A R R R R R R R R
O O O O O O O O R R R R R P ! ! ! ! !"**

Several members of the audience groaned and grimaced with disgust while some cheered. But Tim just nervously glanced back down at Charizard's distended stomach, seeing it jostle ever so slightly from movement within. "...C'mon, you fuzzy little idiot, be okay..."

Inside the belly of the beast, Pikachu groaned and sat up as best he could as the fleshy, slimy stomach walls gurgled and churned all around him. Pikachu sat down, feeling his 'seat' wobble and jostle beneath him. Charizard's stomach was dark, dank and the stench of smoke and Charizard's previous meals violated all of Pikachu's senses at once. The sound of intense, gastric gurgling bellowed all around him from the stomach walls, causing the surface of the fleshy confines to ripple ever so slightly all around Pikachu.

"...Huh...eaten alive by a hungry Charizard..." Pikachu muttered to himself before adding, "...I can honestly say that this isn't even close to the top five ways I expected to die. In fact, I'm STILL certain it'll be under the pillowy fat of my future Snorlax wife when she rolls over on top of me in her sleep. And honestly, I couldn't ask for a better way to go..."

As Pikachu started to question what on Earth was wrong with him, his confines rumbled aggressively as a loud sound roared from outside of Charizard's belly. Using his keen sharp sense of observation, Pikachu deduced that Charizard had just belched again, causing the stomach walls to constrict slightly and the oxygen levels within the fire dragons' belly to lessen. Pikachu tugged at his neck scruff like one would a collar.

"...Okay, DP...think...what would Harry do in a situation like this...?" Pikachu mused, trying to determine any way out of the Charizard's gurgling guts. "C'mon, what'd the kid say last time? Thunderbolt was my strongest attack...? Well, now's the time to let'er rip!"

Pikachu once again flexed out, gritting his fangs with a very strained look on his face.

"THUNDERBOLT!!!" Pikachu roared.

Outside, Charizard had just plopped carelessly onto his rump, fire-tipped tail coiling around him as he lapped his lips and continued massaging his bloated, Pikachu-filled midsection contently. It jostled and rippled a bit as Pikachu struck another pose.

Only Tim could hear his muffled shouts of "THUNDERBOLT!" over and over. "...I gotta help him...b-but how...?" The young man pondered to himself as Pikachu kept striking a pose to try and get an electric attack going from the inside. And each time he did, Charizard's belly jostled ever so slightly. But one particularly forceful pose caused Charizard's gut to bounce especially hard, which made the dragon grimace before burping loudly again, a bit of smoke went spewing out of his maw in the process.

Charizard grimaced, hissing lowly before scooping his bloated gut up and dropping it, causing Pikachu to smack against the stomach wall, which in turn, caused a noticeable bulge of Pikachu's frame to press out from beneath Charizard's bloated gut, which made the beast groan uncomfortably.

Just like that, an idea formed.

“Pikachu! Can you hear me?!” Tim called out. Many audience members turned to him with confusion as to why on earth he’d be trying to TALK to his Pokemon, but people always assumed these creatures could at least SENSE what someone was feeling.

Though his voice was muffled through thick layers of flesh, scales and intense gurgling all around him, Tim’s voice still managed to be picked up by Pikachu’s sensitive ears. “Yeah, kid! I hear you loud’n clear! Okay, maybe not LOUD, and clear as in, well, okay, not the clearest, but-”

“-*Shut up and listen*,” Tim responded, not bothering to hear Pikachu’s tangent. “You don’t have your powers, so you gotta rely on your own strength. Try giving Charizard a bellyache!”

“Oh, c’mon, kid, I can’t possibly taste THAT bad-oh-ohhhhh, you mean, gotcha, gotcha...”

Even in this situation, Tim couldn’t help but shake his head at the buffoonery from the little ‘Detective.’

“Okay, C-Zizzle, ya might’ve bitten off a lil more than you can chew with me...even though you didn’t actually chew which, I mean, thank God, but still!”

Pikachu’s body was small, but it was nimble and fast. With what little room he had, Pikachu scurried to the back of the stomach and bounced from the back, headbutting right into the stomach walls with ferocious speed. Outside, Charizard’s eyes widened as his bloated belly juttied out with a smaller imprint of Pikachu’s head smacking into the front of Charizard’s gut before snapping back into place and causing Charizard’s belly to rippled back into place. In response, Charizard belched loudly and hissed in pain. The fiery beast stood up once more as he clutched his distended gut in pain, as if trying to restrain his squirmy prey.

But Pikachu was far from done. He reeled back and pounced once more, kicking at the stomach walls repeatedly. Outside, Charizard groaned in pain as the rapid-fire kicking of Pikachu’s tiny feet caused his bloated scaly gut to ripple and jiggle immensely from the onslaught of kicks. Charizard belched repeatedly in response to the treatment, each one getting heftier and wetter-sounding, as if coming from the very depths of the dragons’ stomach. An especially firm kick from Pikachu caused Charizard to let out a HUGE burp, one that sent a plume of smoke spewing from his maw. Some of the audience members gagged with disgust as the smoke started drifting near them,

Tim coughed and gagged himself, but if Charizard’s constant burping was any indication, Pikachu’s onslaught of attacks was working.

Inside, the stomach walls were getting tighter and tighter, making it harder to move. And on top of that, Charizard’s belly was gurgling and churning louder than ever.

Pikachu was starting to feel lightheaded from the heat and all the oxygen being expelled from Charizard's system. However, he knew his plan was working. He just needed to kick it up a notch.

"...Alright, fella...time to go beyond...time t'go *Plus Ultra*..." Pikachu muttered in a determined manner before blinking with confusion to himself. "...Where have I heard that from...? OH! Right, I remember...Columbo said that all the time..."

(Look, it's PG-Deadpool, of course it was gonna feature a mixture of current pop culture and out of date references most audience members are too young to remember. Get off my back and expand your horizons, dammit!)

So, with some extra muster, Pikachu reeled back and with all his might, DROP KICKED the stomach wall in front of him. Outside, a large bulge protruded from the surface of Charizard's yellow-ish orange, scaly belly, before snapping back in place. With a loud hiccup, Charizard groaned weakly as he grabbed his belly with both hands, maw salivating.

GWWWUUUUUUOOOOORRRRRRRBLE!!!!

A rather loud, intense gurgling sound emitted from Charizard's belly, one that could be heard from the entire audience. The DJ glanced nervously back at his Charizard as the beast hiccup and lurched again, one paw grasping his bloated, gurgling belly, and the other clamped over his maw. He could see his fire type getting green around the gills as a lump began to rise up his throat. Then, the DJ rather nervously asked, "...Yo...uhh...y-you okay there, buddy...?"

The response he got was deafening and disgusting...

**"BLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOR
RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAA
AUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRR
OOOOORRRRRP!!!!!!!!!"**

Charizard lurched forward with his mouth gaping wide open as the dragon let out the *mother* of all belches...

It was an utterly COLOSSAL eructation that went on for a little over ten seconds. Along with all the pressure and stomach gasses festering within Charizard's belly, it was as if the beast had swallowed a couple of smoke grenades because as Charizard burped, smoke was spewing out of his maw and consuming the entire underground arena. Several audience members were reduced to coughing and gagging fits while others just rushed out of the scene, carrying their Pokemon's alongside them, gagging with disgust and struggling to see.

But Tim didn't run. Holding his breath, the teen entered the arena. By the time that monstrous belch had come to a close, there was a ground-quivering thud. Charizard had plopped backwards, having passed out from exhaustion. Coughing up a fit, Tim fanned the smoke away, trying to see if his plan worked. Then, he heard a weary voice mutter, "...Well, *excuuuuuuse* you, lizard-lips..."

Much to Tim's relief, not too far from the groaning, weakened Charizard, laying sprawled onto the ground was a weary Pikachu, utterly caked in slime and saliva. Despite the two just meeting none too long ago, Tim sighed with relief as he rushed to Pikachu's side and scooped him up...immediately regretting doing so.

"...Ugh...really wish I didn't wear my favorite jacket..." Tim whined to himself.

But the battered and exhausted Pikachu just chuckled weakly and said, "Eh, could be worse, kid...*trust me*..."

Elsewhere, the DJ was casually trying to slip away from the scene, along with some of the crowd who were still trying to escape the smog, smoke and stench of Charizard's innards that flooded the entire arena. Before he could get very far, however, a hand firmly grabbed onto his shoulder and turned him around, revealing both Tim and a slime-covered Pikachu glaring back at him.

"Eh...h-heh, g-good match...?" the DJ murmured nervously.

"Tell us everything you know about the purple stuff," Tim demanded in a warning tone.

"O-Okay, just...take it easy, yeah...?" the DJ pleaded while Pikachu held up a paw in a 'wait a moment' fashion.

"Hey, kid, uhhh, before ya ask him about the funny 'turn-Pokemons-crazy' juice...can ya ask him where that Blastoise went?"

"Wha-why?" Tim asked, once again earning a confused glance from the DJ, who, like everyone who wasn't Tim, couldn't understand what Pikachu was saying.

"...'Cuz I literally look'n smell like I spent an evening gettin' freaky with a Muk," Pikachu responded. Once again, there was a deadpanned look on Tim's face, and Pikachu soon picked up on that.

“...Okay, maybe I need help. I’m startin’ t’ssee that...”

Some time later, after the smoke had cleared, Pikachu had found the very Blastoise who’d lost his match against Gengar earlier. And despite his appearance, the brutish tortoise was generous enough to lightly hose Pikachu off with his blasters while Pikachu used the opportunity to vigorously rinse off.

“Urgh, I’mma need another dozen showers after this...” Pikachu complained as Blastoise rinsed him off.

The large water type grunted back at Pikachu, gesturing to the Charizard still laying in the middle of the arena.

“*Blastoise...*” the Blastoise muttered.

Pikachu’s ears twitched as he glanced back at Charizard and cocked a brow. “Huh? Whadduya mean he’s not such a bad guy? He was talkin’ all sorta smack before he took a hit’uh the funny stuff!”

“*Baahh, Blast...*” Blastoise responded, waving his thick paw dismissively.

“Okay, maybe I DID scar him up but that’ll heal. ‘Sides, I can’t actually remember doin’ that. So for all I know, maybe he had it comin’,” Pikachu responded defensively before adding, “...I mean, I can’t say, his facial scars DO look kinda gnarly, so maybe past me overdid it a tad...”

Blastoise finished rinsing Pikachu off while Tim was still interrogating the DJ. He wanted to hear what the scumbag had to say. With any luck, it just might bring the two one step closer to finding Harry. But despite himself, he rolled his eyes and headed over to the Charizard.

The dragon steadily pulled himself back up into a sitting position, his eyes once again blue and focused, no longer feral looking like when he devoured Pikachu. Charizard groaned wearily as he rubbed his aching belly with one paw. But soon after, he cocked a scaly brow as the Pikachu approached him. The beast hissed lowly, earning a shrug from Pikachu.

“What’m I doin’ here? Eh, just thought I’d drop by’n say I don’t hold what’cha just did against you. I mean, I SHOULD, but I’m sure you’ll all flowers’n sunshine when yer trainer doesn’t pump ya full’uh the funny stuff.”

Charizard snorted and growled more to himself than Pikachu.

“Yeah, yeah, *I can go blank myself*, a Mr. Mime basically told me the same thing before the kid’n I got here,” Pikachu remarked sarcastically.

Charizard just shook his head and looked off to the side, revealing the extent of electrical burns he endured in his apparent last match with Pikachu. “Oof, that DOES look kinda bad,” Pikachu admitted then added, “look, big guy, I kinda got some Magikarp brain thing goin’ on where I can’t really remember a whole lot. I dunno if you deserved that lil shiner I gave ya or not, but ummm...yeah, I’m sorry ‘bout that’n hope a healer can patch you up.”

Charizard grunted again, shaking his head and waving his paw as if to say, ‘whatever.’

“...Heh, but I mean, if it’s any consolation, it DOES make ya look kinda badass,” Pikachu added with a smirk.

This seemed to make Charizard pep up ever so slightly. The beast turned his attention to the tiny rodent and raised a brow with a low, inquisitive growl.

“Do I mean it? ‘Course I do! I’mma cop for cryin’ out loud, trust me, I know badasses when I see ‘em,” Pikachu assured with a smirk.

Despite himself, Charizard smirked ever so slightly and growled back a slightly thankful look in his face.

“Anyway, no hard feelings?” Pikachu asked as he held his tiny paw up. With a roll of his eyes, Charizard nonetheless reached down and bumped Pikachu’s fist, making the electric mouse grin. “Groovy, ‘kay, I’mma go check on the kid. And seriously, don’t let your trainer pump you with that crap. If I zapped you that hard, ya clearly don’t need the boost.”

Charizard scoffed but nonetheless nodded in a way that almost seemed to say, ‘...okay, fine...’ But as Pikachu scuttled off, Charizard growled back at him.

“Heh, our first match was that good, huh? Well, hey, maybe next time, if ya ain’t all feral on me, we can have a PROPER rematch, yeah?”

Charizard grinned toothily and growled back again.

“Pfft, you’ll kick my ass, huh? Heh, weeeeeell, guess we’ll see about that...and hopefully, next time, from OUTSIDE of your belly...”

As Pikachu ran off, Charizard snorted with amusement. Then, the dragon licked his lips again as he tenderly rubbed his chubby, soft-scaled belly. It’s true, he wasn’t in control when he fought and devoured Pikachu. But now that he had his senses back, he had to admit...his opponent didn’t taste half bad. Sufficed to say, Charizard hoped that rematch would come a lot sooner rather than later...

The End