

A considerably tall male Zoroark looks for his little son, his Zorua, among the bushes and trees that make up the large, dense forest in which they live calmly and peacefully, far from pokemon hunters. The Zoroark already knows very well that his little son is usually quite playful, he spends all his time playing with anything that can be found in the environment. It is not the first time that he has lost sight of his zorua, but that is no reason not to worry about his absence.

"Son! where are you?!" the father shouted from above.

The Zoroark continued to wander for a while around the surrounding area and through the dense forest that surrounds it. Walking on 2 paws, as is customary for him, sometimes, without him realizing it, he steps on a few ants on the floor. The Zoroark, having relatively hard soles, can barely feel the insects being crushed under its large gray paws with reddish claws like the most resplendent ruby, which leave large and remarkable footprints in the ground, dirtying the soles of the pokemon's legs. Anyway, if Zoroark knew about the ants he crushed, he wouldn't care at all.

"Damn, where has that little naughty guy gone?" the Zoroark wondered. "I hope he's not too far away..."

The Zoroark Pokémon continued looking for its little son. As his search continued, and due to the heat of the day, the Zoroark began to sweat, something that, not that he cared much, but caused his large hairy paws in particular to begin to release a lot of sweat. Several drops of sweat that were generated on the Zoroark's paws would fall to the ground.

"Ugh, it's so hot..." the zoroark commented.

Soon, the Zoroark, continuing his search, managed to find what is the trail of his little son. These are very small footprints, since, compared to the footprints left by the adult Zoroark, those of the Zorua are barely like circles on the ground, as they have quite small, but still notable, paws.

"Oh great, just what I needed." said the Zoroark.

The Zoroark did not hesitate to begin following the trail of his little son's footprints. He took accelerated steps, and walked right where the trail of footprints is, so, with each step, he crushed the footprints that his son left

previously, being completely replaced by the footprints of the adult Zoroark. The Zoroark followed the footprints until it reached a familiar and even recurring place for the Pokémon. It is a cave that he visits often, as it has something that only he and his son know is in that cave, and that no one else in the world knows. At this point, the Pokémon was considerably relieved and understood the situation better.

“Ah, wow, I think now I know where my son has gone.”

In that cave, inside that rock formation, there is a portal that only opens every so often. It is a portal that can take them to another world that the Zoroark and his son have already visited for quite some time, to a certainly different world and that they consider a kind of sanctuary to be away from other dangers.

“Well, I guess it wouldn't be worth paying a visit to the little ones of that world.”

Without hesitation, the Zoroark would first step through the portal with its right paw and then the rest of its body.

-On earth-

The humans watched with absolute shock and terror as a huge dirty and sweaty paw covered in gray fur and huge red claws peeked out of the portal that had opened a while ago. This same paw pressed down hard on the land surface of planet Earth, generating an earthquake and a powerful roar. Then, the rest of the giant's body appeared and presented itself to the humans. The Zoroark seems to be as if it were a god, its imposing and intimidating figure creates a giant shadow that covers entire kilometers.

The Zoroark looks at its surroundings, it knows and is perfectly aware of where it is. The Pokémon, now the size of a god, knows that it is in a miniature world, a world where the slightest movement on its part can be chaos for those below, a world inhabited by small creatures the size of a microbe, a world that, however, is safe from any danger that threatens him and his little zorua, a world in which he can do anything without caring in the slightest, as long as it does not affect him somehow.

“Well, where has that little naughty guy gone?”

The Zoroark surveyed the ground, not paying much attention to the mess he had caused with his first steps on the planet. It didn't take him long to see his son's footprints printed on the surface, specifically, in a city that is right in front of the giant pokemon. The Zoroark saw how far the trail of footprints went: to the horizon, as far as his keen sense of sight could reach. He knows that he is going to have to walk a lot, and it is something that, being on planet Earth, is something that he likes.

“Hehe, well, it will be a long walk.”

The Zoroark promptly began his walk through the miniature human world, crushed under his left paw without even caring about the city that he himself had seen with his eyes. The city was reduced to crushed rubble. The Zoroark took another step, another step, and another step. Every step the Pokémon took was devastating for the humans below, but for the Zoroark it was just another walk while it searches for its son. As in its world, the Zoroark steps on the footprints of its small Zoura, replacing them with large footprints that, to humans, are comparable to impressive cannons in the signature of a giant Pokémon's paw, a reminder of how small and insignificant that humans are to Zoroark. Previously mentioned, the soles of Zoroark's paws are hard and covered in fur, it's like the soles of the shoes that humans wear, it doesn't feel much, almost nothing. Despite this, the Zoroark is still able to feel small textures of gravel and sand on the sole, which are the crushed cities and mountains respectively, the humidity of the forests and rivers. All sunk in a nice medium gray fur, stained and somewhat dirty.

The Zoroark sees the humans of this world as simple crushable ants and his dimension is a place to rest from the hunters and trainers who want to capture them, a small sanctuary for him and his son, where they are not below but above the food chain. Zoroark doesn't care about human lives, but it's not like he intentionally seeks to harm them. The only reason he comes to this world is because of that, because it is like a sanctuary where he can hide for a while from the threatening dangers of his world.

The Zoroark continued walking, following the trail of footprints, and in turn, crushing them in the process. Furthermore, the sweat continued to be present, wetting the soles of the paws, many of the drops of sweat fell plummeting to the ground and impacted with force and violence, causing havoc with floods and drowning thousands of defenseless humans, many of them finished off by the dead. be crushed by the Pokémon. The giant Zoroark just continues on his way without caring about the lives he is crushing and all the destruction he is

ruthlessly committing. The touch of the furry soles of his paws with the surface of the earth is like a delight to him.

The Pokémon continued with its relaxing walk. In the midst of so much chaos and death ignored by the giant, the Zoroark took a little fresh air for himself, and then began to whistle calmly, a perfect example of the indifference that he has towards the humans that he continuously crushes, always looking at the horizon. without being distracted on the ground while the others are crushed under those enormous soles. Although in this case it is the exception when looking at the footprints of his zorua, but nothing more. This hiss causes many humans to fall deaf and many windows of hundreds of structures to shatter into a thousand pieces.

Soon, the pokemon found an ocean in its path. A blue ocean of salt water, whose immensity is such for humans that it seems to be infinite. Contrary to the pokemon's eyes, who only sees it as a small pond of practically no depth.

“I think it wouldn't hurt to soak my paws a little.” the Zoroark commented.

Without hesitation, the Zoroark took its first step into the ocean, a casual step that, having direct contact with the water, soon causes large waves to crash into the coast as if it were a tsunami. This did not matter to the Zoroark and he walked through the ocean, his steps disturbed the tranquility of the water, each step crushed the seabed, any marine animal, any form of life, any underwater volcano, any human submarine, and any islands or archipelago. of islands in the middle of this immense ocean that represents nothing for the pokemon. In fact, the pokemon cares so little about the ocean of this world that it doesn't care about the dirt and pollution caused by it, since now a large amount of debris and sweat is present in the water that damages the ecosystem, which already Yes, he was severely affected by the mere presence of the giant.

The Zoroark sighed deeply, “ah, refreshing.”

A few steps later, the giant Zoroark arrived at another continent that makes up the human world. He continued his walk on dry land, any obstacle in the Pokémon's path would be crushed without a word. From big cities, towns, farms, forests, grasslands, mountains, hills, mountain ranges, lakes, rivers, water channels, anything would be flattened and crushed. The Pokémon was only limited to following the footprints, which are also crushed with each step.

Nothing could stop this god. In the distance the Zoroark saw a recognizable figure among the flat landscape, a figure that undoubtedly seemed familiar. It's your son.

"There you are, you little naughty." the pokemon said with a smile.

The Zorua finds himself playing adorably with a human city. It is trampling on it with its small paws and making leaps that cause devastating earthquakes. It didn't take long for the Zorua to realize his father's presence, and he did not hesitate to run happily towards him. The Zoroark crouched down to the Zorua's height and received him with a tight hug, lifting him up with his arms and standing at his full height.

"Until I find you little one, I've been looking for you all this time."

The Zorua just made a mischievous face at his father. The Zoroark just laughed.

"Anyway, let's go back home."

The Zoroark, now with his son hidden in his long, thick red-striped dark hair, walks back to the portal that took him to the human world. On the entire way back, crushing anything in the path of the giant pokemon, without the latter paying the slightest attention, is not in his interest, it is not as if he should pay attention to things as insignificant as humans. and to your world in general, or is it very worth doing that. After taking a hundred steps on a walk that was equally relaxing and peaceful, the Zoroark along with his Zorua arrived at the portal.

"Anyway, it was a pleasure to have visited you, we will return at any time, see you later!" The Zoroark said goodbye to the humans in a relaxed manner, without considering the damage it has caused.

The Zoroark stepped through the portal.

—Pokémon World—

Having returned to his home world, the Zoroark and his son left the cave in which the portal is located. Said portal ended up closing behind them after leaving it. The portal will not reopen for a long time, possibly in a few months.

“Well, at least I was able to take the opportunity to take a rather therapeutic walk.” said the Zoroark. “Anyway, my paws are too dirty, I better go clean them.”

While a tired Zorua was preparing to sleep peacefully on the earthy floor after playing many times with the tiny humans from the other world, his father, the Zoroark, was preparing to clean his paws hygienically. This is something he does practically every day of his life, without any exceptions. The Zoroark took a seat next to the trunk of a fallen tree. Then, he grabbed his right paw and could see how extremely dirty the sole of his furry paw is. Filled with the pulverized rubble of cities, crushed remains of nature, and millions of humans reduced to nothing, all stuck to the sole of the Zoroark.

“Wow, I did walk a lot... hehe”

The Zoroark began to lick its own paw with its large tongue. He spread it on the sole and proceeded to drag it to get rid of the dirt. Quickly, he began licking in large swathes, dragging up as much dirt as he could. The Pokémon's tongue takes everything before it, which includes the surviving humans who are still alive after surviving the apocalyptic footprints of the Zoroark. However, now, he would not be so lucky, the existence of these humans goes unnoticed by the pokemon. The Zoroark continued licking his paw, until he finished cleaning it completely, thus moving on to lick his left paw and proceeded to carry out the same procedure, all this with total relaxation and tranquility, to such a degree that he began to hum a song, without Start thinking about all the damage that he and only he has consciously caused. After a while, I finish licking his paw, and therefore, I finish cleaning him.

“Ugh, finally, my paws were too dirty.”

After that, the Zoroark just prepared to relax, crossing its legs and moving its crimson red claws. The sun is setting. It's been another few days for the Zoroark and his son.

END.