

Leo the dragonite was out in the woods. Pest control. Recently there had been a lot of complaints about bats getting in people's houses and them being too noisy and irritating. Aliya, Leo's trainer, asked him to help out by going to the source and "solve" the problem. Leo was, really, like a giant cat. He was the neighborhood exterminator. Whenever mice, rats, bats, crows, or other undesirable animals got out of hand, Leo dealt with them. He was reminded of that as his giant foot crushed a small bat's body. He grinded it against the cave floor. Now he was done. He eliminated about 30% of the local population, and allowed himself a victory howl.

"HOOOWWWOOOOOOOOOOLL." he beat his chest like a gorilla. "That was fun! Now time to relax. Pest control can be so tiring." He picked up his bucket of dead bats to snack on as he found a tree to rest against, eating the flying vermin like potato chips.

Hearing a howl, Chip looks up, blinking groggily. he had been sleeping, woken up rudely by some strange creature nearby. he looks around for a second, before seeing the dragonite reclining against a tree, right across from the very tree chip had been napping in! and the dragonite was...eating bats? that's odd, Chip thought, as he stretched and yawned.

Leo tossed a few more bats into his mouth. They were roasted, since he killed so many of them with a dragonbreath attack. He chomped them happily and gulped the remains down. "Ahhhhh it's fun being a dragonite. I always have all the food I want, I have a great trainer who lets me do what I want." He looks around at the trees and sky. "And no annoying birds here to ruin my afternoon."

Chip is interested in this Dragonite! Its apparent dislike for birds doesn't dissuade him...attempting to be stealthy, he flap-hops to the tree above the dragonite, to get a closer look.

The Dragonite eats several more bats before deciding that his pest control earned him a nap. He leaves a still mostly-filled bucket of roasted bats at his side as he lies down against the tree. Leo

lies down on his side, shamelessly displaying his paunchy belly to anything passing by. He closed his eyes, starting to doze off, not knowing something had taken interest in him.

Seeing that the Dragonite seems to be sleeping, Chip decides to take an even closer look. He flaps down from the tree and walks up, examining the pokemon up close!

Leo is oblivious to the hawk standing right in front of him. He was a very light sleeper, and if the hawk wasn't careful, the dragonite was going to see him right away. Sadly, not all birds knew to stay away from Leo the dragonite, as most did not survive the tale to spread the message.

Chip doesn't know this of course, and he becomes more and more dangerously comfortable being near the big creature as time goes on. He examines the bucket of roasted bats, and feeling a mite peckish, pulls one out and takes a bite.

The hawk's biting of a roasted bat wakes him up. Leo is instantly upright, sitting on his massive rump, and looking down at the bird dumb enough to take his food. Leo furrows his brow, and steam practically starts coming out of his ears. Leo knew very well the type of bird that was stealing from him. It was a red-tailed hawk, a bird that Leo had eaten so many of he was surprised they weren't endangered. "WHAT. ARE. YOU. DOING."

He looks up at the dragonite, realizing his mistake. "Oh, well uh, I'm sorry, I was just hungry and I saw this food here..." He starts backing away slowly...

"It's MY food. I don't recall you roasting those bats, do you?" Faster than a jungle cat, very impressive for a creature with such a large belly and who was 14ft tall, Leo grabbed the hawk with one hand, the bird's whole body easily fit in his giant grip. "Ohhh you have no idea what you're in for. You've never heard of me, huh? You have no idea the kinds of things I've done to birds?"

"I'm- ACK" He squawks awkwardly as the dragonite's hand wraps around him, dropping the bat he was holding and squirming. "I'm-I'm sorry! I don't know who you are!"

"My name is Leo, pesky hawk, and I'm the greatest pest exterminator around. I'm also certainly the most powerful creature in a hundred mile radius, so I'm not sure why you thought it was

okay to steal my food. Surely you at least know what a dragonite is?" The dragonite smiled evilly at the bird in his grip, like a hungry cat. "You have any idea how many birds I've killed?"

Chip squirms more at that. "I didn't know! Let me go, you'll never see me again!"

"Hmmm no. Why should I? You'd make a perfect entree for the bat appetizers I've had."

"Wait, you're going to- eat me?? No, you can't do that!!" He squirms even more, frantically.

Leo smirks even wider as the hawk flaps in his grip. He LOVED it when birds tried to do that. "Why? Do you know something I don't? Why shouldn't I eat you?"

"Because...well I'm a bird of prey! I'm an apex predator! I'm not supposed to be prey myself!" He flaps his wings wildly.

The Dragonite throws his head back in laughter. He had to wipe a tear from the corner of his eye from how hard he was laughing. His massive paunch jiggled up and down. "Oh....oh my! That is so funny! Stupid bird, do you have any idea how many hawks I've eaten? How many owls? Eagles? Falcons? Are those not also birds of prey?"

"I...oh god..." Chip stops flapping, realizing that it's hopeless. "But it's not fair..."

"Life's not fair, birdy." Leo runs a claw slowly down the hawk's chest. "Here's something to know in the next life. I HATE BIRDS. Bats too, but birds as well. I love showing birds of prey like you that you're just like any other bird. You exist to be eaten by dragonites like me. Hmmm now what to do with you?" Leo shoves you into his right armpit, holding you there as he thinks to himself. "Aliya is making cream of condor tomorrow so not a soup. Tonight she's making slow cooked bald eagle, so I don't want to double up on basting..."

"MMMMPH" Now muffled, the hawk squirms, wiggling his feet, trying to slip out from the dragonite's armpit!

"I had barbecued owl last night so nothing too complicated. Hmmm flame roasted might be nice, but I exhausted so much of my flames killing those bats earlier." Leo looks down at his armpit, smirking at the sight of your suffering. "What do you think, chicken nugget?"

"MM MMH! MMPHM!!!" He keeps trying to pull himself out, planting his feet on the dragonite's body and attempting to dislodge himself.

The dragonite involuntarily moans at the feeling of your feet planted on his body. Now he's curious. Leo plucks you out from his armpit and brings your body up to his snout, staring at your talons with fascination. "I may hate you birds, but I will say, I love your feet. They make good necklace pieces."

"My- WHAT??" He pulls his feet back, folding them up against his body.

"Oh no you don't. Let me see those pretty things." Leo grabs your legs so your feet are extended to his snout. He leans his nose in, taking slow, deep whiffs of your feet. "Ohhh that's nice. You got me. I have a foot fetish, and I don't care if my food knows."

"HEY!" He flexes his talon, trying to pull it out of the pokemon's grasp.

"Now a taste. Come on, you like this." His huge, pink, slimy tongue slips out of his mouth and the hawk's soles are lathered in dragonite drool. His tongue gets in between the toes as well for more flavor.

"Hey, stop that!!" He tries yanking his foot back again, flapping a bit and sending a couple feathers flying!

Leo takes notice of the feathers. He'll use them later. "Tasty feet. Did you know how tasty your feet were? You ever notice how good they smelled?"

"I-I never really thought about it..." He keeps trying to pull his foot back, squawking with each yank.

"You sound like you're not into feet. Don't worry, I'm going to change that, before I digest you." Leo sits upright against the tree, then throws the hawk down on the grass. Once the bird hits the ground, Leo sandwiches him tightly between his two feet. His big claw toes brush against his face and chest, and the thick natural dragonite scent was impossible to ignore.

"Ack! C'mon now, i-is this really necessary?" He turns his head away from those feet, doing his best not to breathe through his nose.

"It really is. Consider yourself lucky. Many hawks have met their end under my feet. I won't do that to you today. I want you to be alive when I swallow you." Leo begins shoving his feet even more together, increasing the pressure. He also brings his feet closer to his giant belly, so now the hawk can't escape his thick scent from the back either. "I love eating socks, you know? Feet leave such great flavors behind. I'm lucky Aliya doesn't mind me always eating her dirty socks. At least she doesn't have to waste time doing laundry." He chuckles to himself as he raises his foot over Chip's face, petting the bird almost affectionately.

"A-aah! That's...come on!" No matter which way he turns his head, he can't seem to escape this dragonite's scent! He keeps squirming, trying to find a way to slip out, but the pokemon's grip on him is too strong!

"You sound like you're not enjoying this, and I honestly am not sure why. You should be honored to be sandwiched between dragonite feet. Do you have any idea how rare my species is? You should smell my feet happily, because it's a scent hardly anyone ever experiences." He snickers at his taunting. Now he starts squeezing the hawk with his feet continuously, as if Chip were a stress toy.

"Yeah but- ah! - your feet don't smell so good, and I'd much rather you let me go - ack!" He grunts with each squeeze, starting to pant lightly from all his struggling and squirming.

"Wow, you're saying I have smelly feet? After all the compliments I gave you about your feet you can't say something nice about mine?" Playfully snorts. "Would you prefer human feet? Aliya has followed my example before and she's used her feet on birds. Want human feet?" Nearing the end of the foot torture, Leo rubs his foot over the hawk's face again, this time one of his claw toes goes in Chip's mouth, and he feels the warmth of the bird's tongue on it.

"Pbphtht!" Chip recoils, spitting out the claw. "Come on now!" Some anger creeps into his voice, and he flutters frustratedly.

"Did you not get a good enough taste? If you think my toes taste bad, maybe my sole is a bit better." As a last bit of foot torture, Leo shoved his right sole quickly against the hawk's face. He smirked as he felt the small tongue touch his sole.

"Blegh!" The hawk spits after getting a taste of the dragonite's sole, turning his head once again and trying to spit all of the taste out of his mouth.

"You are so ungrateful." Leo picks up the hawk, shoves him up against his snout, now looking angry. "You're so unknowing of your place. You know how many people come asking to sniff and taste my feet? And I let you do it for free. What do you have to say in your defense?"

"Well- I just don't like feet, that's all..." The bird looks Leo straight in the eye, desperately.

"Normally I'd get my trainer Aliya to use her feet on you, but I'm a bit too hungry for that. I could still sate myself on that bucket of bats, but hawks are a bit more filling." Leo shoves his nose against the bird's feathered chest and belly, and takes a deep sniff. "SNNNNNNFFFFFFFFFFFFF."

"Hey!" He puts his wings against the dragonite's nose, attempting to push himself away as the air rushes through his feathers.

Leo sighs in bliss, and his tongue falls out of his mouth like a dog. "You smell better than fried chicken. Your natural hawk scent is intoxicating. You also smell a little bit of my feet, but I'm used to my food smelling like my feet."

He attempts once more to reason with the big pokemon. "Please, just let me go..."

"Okay. I'll let you go. I'll let you go to my stomach." Leo easily opens his giant maw wide over the hawk's whole body. His hot, stinky breath washes over him, replacing the cool forest air around him. "Maybe you'll like my mouth more than my feet. Apologies for the smell. I have bat breath."

"WAIT HEY-" The bird once again starts struggling as he enters the pokemon's mouth, recoiling at the breath suddenly surrounding him and trying to pull backwards.

Leo slowly shoves the hawk into his drooling, smelly mouth. His tongue cradles the bird between his legs as he's fully inside the awful Pokemon's mouth. Like a piece of candy, the dragonite begins sloshing him around, even nibbling on his wings and toes softly with his teeth. Not that Leo cared about the bird's well-being. He just wanted to toy with him.

"No!! This can't be happening!!!" The hawk pushes back against the dragonite's tongue, his feathers already becoming soaked!

"There's literally no chance you're going to escape. Did you not hear me when I told you about how powerful my kind is? A hawk like you is just an insect to us." Leo lathers his tongue over every inch of the bird's body, playing with him a bit more too. Leo even put the hawk entirely under his tongue for a bit. Later, he opened his maw up so the hawk could get a last look at the outside world, and to also exhale his awful-smelling breath on Chip once more.

Chip gasps, panting for air as his lungs fill up with hot, humid pokemon breath. He is exhausted, worn out from fighting the dragonite, squawking and squirming. Every time the pokemon talks, the tongue pushes him around, against the roof of its mouth, slapping him in the face, gagging at the dragonite's breath.

The dragonite smirks, knowing how bad the hawk was suffering because of his breath. He exhales one more time, letting the hot stink hit Chip's face once more before he raises his neck up high and swallows the bird whole. Chip makes a small bulge as he goes down Leo's gullet, and the dragonite happily drags a claw down, following the bird's trip down to his stomach.

"NOOOOOO!" The bird lets out a final squawk before being engulfed by the dragonite's gullet, finding himself suddenly surrounded by hot, smooth muscle, pushing him deeper into the pokemon's body!

Leo loudly smacks his lips, then licks his claws of the rest of the hawk's flavor. He even raises his right foot to his snout and licks his sole, looking for the last shreds of Chip's taste. "Mmmmm. Deeeeelicious." He begins to pick feathers out of his teeth, tossing them to the side. "Just as tasty as all the other red-tailed hawks I've eaten."

Meanwhile Chip is finally deposited in the dragonite's stomach, along with the half digested bats it had been eating earlier! He immediately starts struggling, pushing against the walls and trying to somehow make the dragonite barf him up, squawking madly!

"I love it when they squirm, even when there's no chance of escape." Leo snickers. Still hungry, the dragonite raises the bucket of bats and turns it upside down over his open maw. He chews them all up quickly and swallows them all down. Leo didn't realize that there was actually a zubat, still alive, in the bucket, and it immediately began flapping around in his stomach, attacking Chip.

"Hey, what-" Chip barely knows what's happening, just that he's suddenly not alone in the stomach! he pushes against it, trying to get it to stop attacking him, as more chewed, half digested bat remains slosh over them both.

Feeling funny, Leo then drops the bucket in his mouth and swallows it whole. He didn't care. His stomach was strong enough to digest metal. As the bucket falls in his stomach, it falls over the zubat, sending it into the stomach acids where it is quickly killed.

Chip becomes even more confused as a bucket falls on him. "What-?" He realizes the zubat is dead and starts panicking again, feeling around this new space he seems to be stuck in, gagging on the thick, rancid air.

Leo notices how much Chip is suffering in there and can't help but laugh. He loved it when his food took a while to digest. "To stinky in there? What's wrong? You probably miss my feet soooooo much now. That bucket hit you in the head?"

Chip refuses to respond to his tormentor, instead just gasping at the air, trying to get all of the oxygen he can as it's slowly depleted, the chamber squeezing him on all sides. His feathers are fully soaked, the disgusting chyme mixing with them and soaking into his skin.

“AAARRRRRRRRAAAAARRRRRPPPPPP!!!” Several hawk feathers fly out of his mouth and land on his belly. He picks one up and sniffs it like a tasty snack. “You’re probably getting digested about now. Any last words? Hawks are so dull about their goodbyes. Parrots are quite Shakespearean though.” He chuckles, and the acid moves up and down with his stomach.

He feels himself bounce around as the dragonite giggles. In fact he can feel every single movement the dragonite makes, every twitch and vibration, every breath, even every heartbeat. His awareness is starting to fade as he uses up the available oxygen, and his struggles decrease...

“Urrrrppp...” a few more feathers fly out. “I really have to have a feather-belching contest with someone. Maybe a charizard. That would be fun.” He rubs his belly up and down, and his toes twitch in bliss at knowing he just had a great meal. “And I still have room for Aliya’s bald eagle tonight! Ahhh what a great day....”

Slowly Chip is fading away, giving in to digestion...the dragonite's voice is still in his consciousness, but more distant, along with the heat and contractions of the stomach...

Soon there’s nothing left digesting inside Leo’s stomach. The hawk, the bats, even the bucket was long gone. Now that his stomach was clear, he took to the air, heading back to his trainer’s home for a delicious dinner of bald eagle!