If Allandi was asked what’s the right term for what he does, he wouldn’t have been sure what to answer. It wasn’t really a profession, or a job, or a hobby. If Allandi had to put it in words, he probably would call it a way of life – not only for his own enjoyment and happiness, but also for every Pokemon he helps! Since he dedicated his life to aiding anyone who needs it with...pretty much anything they ask of him, doesn’t that mean his entire life and existence was all about making the world a little better?

...well, it was a sappy way of putting it, many would say, but Allandi was satisfied with it.

He should be glad he could help – a Fennekin isn’t known for being too large, strong, or particularly smart, even though his fur color certainly was unusual: an ashy gray with yellow tones instead of red. In terms of skill he was rather average, but he had a lot of pride, pride in doing a good job no matter what task was asked of him. Sure, most of said tasks tended to be chores or things other Pokemon didn’t want to do, but he didn’t really care. Usually it meant he was going from town to town, meeting new people, seeing new landscapes, a nomadic life he actually liked a lot. Some Pokemon gave him a place to stay for the night, a good meal, something that’ll be of use, information...gratitude helped quite a bit.

There wasn’t really a reason why he had picked this particular path, or why he had decided to venture deep into this forest. All he knew was that there was a relatively small settlement deep among the trees of this area, a village where Pokemon tended to relax and spend the rest of their lives in peace. Well, no, there really was a reason; one he thought up while he was already on is way: if the village was so isolated, then they perhaps didn’t get many visitors and therefore would need a hand! Or a paw. Someone who would be willing to help.

There it was! Allandi jumped on a mossy rock, looking through the trees at a quaint village carved into the trunks and rocks of a clearing. It was as if the Pokemon living there had decided to hide their settlement from the rest of the world, merging it with the forest itself. It wasn’t a large village by any means, at most there’d be around a hundred Pokemon living there, but it was a place as good as any to get some altruistic action going. Excited and hoping someone there would be kind enough to let him rest in their abode that night, Allandi hurried to find the trail that’d lead to the village, eager to get started.

His arrival didn’t go unnoticed. It wasn’t often that visitors arrived to that village – and of course, it was even more noteworthy the visitor was a gray Fennekin. Before long Allandi had approached the first home he could find, knocking on the door with a paw. “Hello!” he said with practiced casualness when the door opened; the resident looking at him with curiosity at the unexpected visitor. “I’m Allandi, and I help”

Most of the time the response, if it wasn’t along the lines of ‘get out of here’, tended to be a question about what exactly he meant by that.

“I do literally anything to make your life a little easier. Is there anything you have been procrastinating about? Or a chore you don’t want to do? That’s what I’m here for”

And of course, the three words that usually made a lot of Pokemon have something for him:

“Free of charge!”

Before one hour passed he had a lot of work ahead of him, collected from just a handful of houses. Of course, not all of them had anything they wanted him to do, but most he visited gave him a task or a chore. Once Allandi got a handful, he started working, mapping in his head the general layout of the village, deciding which tasks to do first, and already figuring out where to get anything he was asked to retrieve from nearby places. Nothing he hadn’t done many times before – his help was nothing short of stellar, if he could say so!

Along the way Allandi had to stroll through the other end of the village, into brambles and ivy vines that blocked a pathway said to lead to caverns full of crystals. What the guy who asked him to clear the path wanted those crystals for, he didn’t know nor he dared to ask, even though he was curious. Discretion was important! Firing a small ball of embers at the brambles to burn them apart, Allandi worked slowly, the vines and plants burning to cinders along the way. Before long he could see the trail, a brown streak among the greenery, a path to parts unknown – to him, at least. Satisfied, Allandi did as planned and retreated through the foliage, intended to return to the village through a shortcut of sorts instead of having to go around the whole place. In mere seconds he crossed bushes and returned to the village, emerging right in front of a house, its resident standing right there.

Had he startled this Pokemon? Allandi didn’t really notice if he had, but he decided to apologize anyway for his sudden arrival. “Sorry! I’m just passing by...!” he said, but his apology trailed off when he glanced at the resident. How couldn’t he be at a loss for words when he saw him?

He was a Houndoom. Black coat, horns curved backwards, orange tones that brought to mind the fire they both shared as their type. Many would consider them intimidating, but Allandi soon found he wasn’t worried in the slightest. Instead he slowed down, staring at the Houndoom – more concretely to his midsection.

His belly was large! And Allandi had a feeling it wasn’t because he was fat – the Houndoom’s muscles were defined enough, hinting a lack of fat. In that case that somewhat bloated, low hanging tummy had to be caused by something else, probably a nice, big meal. A very big one, thought Allandi, his gaze lowering to the floor beneath the Houndoom, observing how the stomach was just a couple inches away from it.

That dog’s stomach was large enough to hold a meal of his size inside, thought Allandi, realizing the sort of thought that had crossed his mind. Oh, he should get going! That was one thought he should banish and never let it come back.

“Is there something wrong?” the Houndoom asked, looking at Allandi with kindness tinged with amusement. He sounded very non-threatening, but not exactly *friendly.* Perhaps he just was wary that a stranger had jumped out of the bushes near his house, like some sort of thief looking for a house that’s unprotected.

Gripped by the fear the Houndoom may think he’s some sort of criminal on the prowl, Allandi tucked his tail between his legs. “No! I was just passing by, but...you know, I’m a helper!” he said. “I help with anything you may need. Chores, messages, uh...whatever you may need?”

The Houndoom’s demeanor didn’t change at all. He just looked at him, sitting down, one of his paws prodding his protruding belly. “That’s so kind of you. Are you new in town?”

“I’m just passing by; I’m leaving in the morning...”

“Have you found a place to sleep at tonight?”

Allandi knew he should be looking at the Houndoom’s face, but his eyes were glued to the stomach the dog was sporting. It was hard not to look at it! And especially when the Houndoom was displaying it so casually, as if it was just a part of himself he had all the time. Maybe he did, maybe he always ate so much he always had his belly almost touching the ground like that!

“No, not really...” he admitted, his sentence trailing off. Allandi was quite distracted by that sight!

The Houndoom pressed on his belly with his paw, the fur and skin buckling under the pressure. “If you’re in need of a place to stay at, I wouldn’t mind letting you stay here for the night”

“Oh! Oh, no, no! That’s not necessary. I’ll...” at any other time Allandi probably would have accepted without much hesitation, but he didn’t want to accept. If he did, he feared he wouldn’t be able to hide what exactly on Houndoom had gotten his attention. He had to keep appearances!

“If you say so I won’t insist – but remember my home is open for you if you can’t find any other place to stay”

“I’ll keep it in mind!”

That was no promise he’d accept the offer. Allandi had said it just to not be rude, he didn’t really intend to spend the night at that Houndoom’s home. Well, regardless, he had to ask:

“So...can I help you with anything?”

“So kind of you to offer! But I have nothing” the Houndoom smiled kindly. There was nothing ravenous about it, even though he also kept touching his stomach with a paw, like he was trying to invite Allandi, beckoning him with that protruding section of his body. *No, I can’t!* thought Allandi, trying to hold back his interest. The more time he spent near that Houndoom, the more enticed he’d be feeling...he knew that was how it was like with him.

“In that case I’ll be on my way. Nice to meet you!” shouted Allandi, running away. He didn’t even turn back his head to see if the Houndoom was still looking at him – if he had turned his head and noticed that dog kept staring at him, what would he have done? He wasn’t really sure about that.

-------

It truly was a productive day. There was so much to do, and of course, Allandi did it the best he could – and as usual that was pretty good! Not a single unsatisfied client, so to say. Cleaning, getting information, doing errands...all those minor tasks were completed in a manner everyone he talked with could say they were completely satisfied. Once again he had proven to be useful!

But, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t get that Houndoom out of his head.

The conclusion he had gotten to was that the Houndoom could easily eat a Pokemon his size. That kind of swollen belly couldn’t be obtained just from eating berries or anything like that! Only a Pokemon, possibly living, could do something that large...and it was that thought what Allandi couldn’t get out of his head. He could easily imagine a Pokemon inside that Houndoom. He could easily picture somebody in the midst of digestion.

He could easily picture himself inside that Houndoom.

Adding onto a larger being, turning into a part of somebody else.

...how enticing that’d be...!

Even though he got an offer of a place to stay, Allandi himself was surprised by what he said: “That won’t be necessary, I already have a place to sleep at.” A complete lie! At least, no place other than that Houndoom’s. Did this mean he had accepted the Houndoom’s offer?

“No! That’s not it!” Allandi said aloud, shouting at the trees. It was sunset, it was going to be nighttime soon, he needed shelter...

...even though he didn’t want to admit it, he did decide to accept the Houndoom’s invitation. Knowing that deep inside his heart, Allandi slowly strolled towards the Houndoom’s home, always staring at the ground. He didn’t even dare look at any other resident, as if they’d guess what he was thinking; what he had been imagining the whole day. How humiliating it’d be for them all to realize what was in his head!

At the dim light of the sunset, Allandi reached his future host’s home. The door was closed, the dog wasn’t outside. Allandi would have to knock and see if he’d answer the door. Part of him was hoping he wouldn’t, that the Houndoom was out or didn’t want any visits, but since Allandi had come all the way here...may as well...

Knock knock knock. It felt like his own heart knocking against his ribcage! Allandi had a knot on his throat, unsure if he wanted or not to have the dog welcome him to his home. Just one minute, he’d give the Houndoom only one minute to respond, and then he’d leave and take the other offer of a place to stay at. Coming up with an excuse for that would be easy—

Oh no, the door opened! The Houndoom was right there, holding the door wide open now, looking at Allandi like he suspected he’d be seeing this Fennekin again. Allandi couldn’t help but curl a little, wrapping his tail around his front legs, when he felt the Houndoom staring at him.

“Hi! I just—I thought I should be taking your offer. If that’s okay? If it isn’t that’s fine, I’ll just go somewhere else, but...”

“There’s no problem” the Houndoom said. There was nothing forceful about it, but Allandi felt cowed anyway. Perhaps it just was the Houndoom had a lot of presence! “My home is open to those who need it” he said, stepping aside, giving Allandi access to the interior of his home.

While Allandi crossed the doorway he couldn’t help it: he glanced at the Houndoom’s stomach. It was flat now, whatever had been inside was long gone, digested, the orange fur proving there was nothing inside him right now. Whatever it was now was part of the Houndoom, forming the rather eye-catching black body. Allandi shook his head slightly, trying to keep his head clear.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I had a feeling you’d come. That’s why I already prepared a guest room for you” the Houndoom offered. Allandi couldn’t bear to look at him, as if he feared the Houndoom would guess his thoughts just from looking at his face.

“Thanks! That’s fine. Thank you”

“Are you hungry? There’s plenty of food—“

“No! No, no, it’s fine. I already ate something” he lied. He really needed a moment to calm down.

He was so antsy it was impossible the Houndoom wouldn’t notice! And indeed, the Houndoom, giving a knowing look at Allandi, approached slowly, as if there was nothing to worry about. “Are you okay? You seem worried...”

“Worried?”

“...perhaps not. If it’s not worry I’m not sure what it could be” the Houndoom said, sitting down near Allandi. His tone of voice said very clearly he did have a good idea what was gripping Allandi’s heart right now. “What’s obvious is that you have something bouncing around in that gray head of yours. If it’s anything I can help with, you just have to tell me”

“I’m not sure...”

The Houndoom inclined his head towards Allandi. “You have been helping people for a long time. Don’t you think it’s time for someone else to help you?”

When it was said like that Allandi couldn’t say it was wrong! He had always put everyone else ahead of himself. Now there was a chance for him to do something he wanted, even though saying it aloud was such a daunting thought! Perhaps he should just let go of his concerns and simply say it.

It was now or never!

Allandi opened his mouth to say it, but the Houndoom didn’t give him any time for that. Inclining his head more and more, until it was reaching Allandi’s eye-level, he kept talking, his voice taking a teasing cadence that got made Allandi’s fur stand on end and his tail start moving from side to side with expectation.

“I can tell with Pokemon like you...you’re always hoping for something else. Wouldn’t that be...accurate~?”

“Well, I—“

“And you’re no different. You have an idea inside that head of yours, and it’s not leaving you alone! Who knows...maybe it could be said you seeing me was the biggest stroke of luck you have ever experienced. Isn’t that right?”

Allandi gulped. It either was his greatest misfortune or the greatest stroke of luck ever, he hadn’t decided yet. Feeling the Houndoom’s warm, fiery breath in the tip of his noise, Allandi barely managed to keep staring at him, at the Houndoom’s teasing eyes until the big dog, winking, retracted his head, raising it to the air and smiling with the same smile someone who knows a secret and doesn’t want to tell it would have.

“Or perhaps you’re simply hungry! It could be that too! Who am I to know what you’re thinking...?” the Houndoom’s paw drew circles on the floor, feigning shyness. “It’s not like I noticed you were staring at my belly, or how you refused to look at me for a while before leaving! It couldn’t be you’re having thoughts of some sort about me, right~?”

Perhaps at any other time Allandi would have denied it nervously, but right now he couldn’t. Not after having come this far. Either he took the leap now, or he’d never would and he’d regret it probably for the rest of his life. Taking a deep breath and bracing himself for the Houndoom’s reactions, Allandi admitted it: “Is that okay...? I was staring at your belly. I mean, how couldn’t I? It was hard not to notice it”

“That’s true. I made quite a show of making sure you could see it. Many Pokemon run away when they see it, but then there are the odd ones like you that take an interest in it” the Houndoom slyly regarded Allandi. “Would I be wrong to guess this is why you decided to accept spending the night here?”

Allandi’s downtrodden look was the confirmation the Houndoom needed. He didn’t even get to nod before the Houndoom continue, raising his voice, saying it with the confidence of someone who knows he’s right:

“In fact, I can take a guess what you have in mind! You want to be part of something else. You go around helping other Pokemon to try to fill that hole, and when you saw me and my full belly you wondered if this could be your chance to be part of someone bigger – of me!”

Not completely accurate: Allandi liked to help just because he liked to help, there didn’t have to be a bigger reason for it. The rest was correct, though.

“So what do you say?” the Houndoom’s words prodded at him. “Have you come to a decision?”

“I...I need to think...” Allandi started saying, and the Houndoom shrugged – as much as a quadrupedal dog could shrug, at least.

“Think all you want, but you should remember: you don’t have much time to decide. You better make your choice soon, or else tomorrow when you leave the town you’ll find yourself full of regrets~”

Couldn’t make it clearer what the Houndoom was rooting for! He really did want to add Allandi to his body, the Fennekin could see that. Although he was being somewhat pushy, the Houndoom seemed willing to let him take his own decision – if Allandi decided to let himself be eaten it’d be purely out of his own free will.

Comforting thought. So comforting Allandi, surprising himself, didn’t hesitate when saying it: “I already decided. I want to be part of you”

“Are you certain?” the Houndoom asked even though he knew what Allandi’s response would be. “Once we get started there will be no way back. Anything that goes past my maw stays inside me – this will be your only warning”

“I’m sure. Please...please let me in!”

It wasn’t a desperate plea, or the words of someone who was absolutely certain about his own desires. Those were the words of someone who wanted something but wasn’t sure about how to achieve it, fearing the path he had thought he had found was nothing more than a mirage, as if at any moment Houndoom would start laughing and say it was all a big joke, that there was no way he’d eat Allandi, that there was no way he’d allow him to be part of that marvelous body!

But that didn’t happen. Of course! The Houndoom was earnest. If Allandi had made up his mind, then he’d allow this to happen. Who was he to dissuade him? After all, the Houndoom did want this to happen, too. It’d be Allandi’s way to help him.

“If you insist I’ll gladly allow you. Trust me, and I’ll show you the joy of everything you had hoped for”

When he puts it like that, of course he would want. Allandi approached him, staring at his own paws nervously, as if looking at Houndoom would betray how nervous he felt. He had to keep his wits and do what he could do!

“How are we going to do this?” asked Allandi.

“Allow me to eat you legs first. You will see how you vanish inside myself – it will be as if you’re already part of me! Doesn’t that sound great? You will have time to get used to the thought of being inside me forever~”

It was kind of scary when he put it like that! But it was too late to turn back – Allandi wanted this. Nodding, Allandi turned around, his rear facing the Houndoom. How should he make things easier for the dog? Should he lie down, should he stand up, should he ask or give the Houndoom control over everything? What was he supposed to do?

All thoughts when away when he felt the Houndoom’s warm breath on his hind legs, the dog was evaluating how to get started. “You’re trembling a little. Having second thoughts?” he asked, a teasing undercurrent in his voice.

“No! I’m just nervous. Obviously I’m nervous!” Allandi replied, his voice cracking a little. Indeed, he was very nervous but he also had a lot of expectations! This was a dream come true!

“Just relax and let me do all the work. All you have to do is let me handle it all” the Houndoon nudged with his snout Allandi’s back legs, making them buckle, the smaller Pokemon crumpling on the floor. “You have worked so hard, so let someone else help you for a change...”

“I will!”

Allandi made sure to stay still, letting the Houndoom take charge. Before long, the warm breath turned into an odd wetness on his back paws. A discomforting sensation of fangs against his ankles made him shiver, but he held still. The Houndoom, having noticed how Allandi had shuddered, and dragged the tip of his fangs up and down Allandi’s leg, making the Fennekin get tense and relax, the strange sensation overwhelming him.

“This is just the start. I have barely gotten started and you’re already melting to a puddle!” the Houndoom commented, greatly amused. Allandi actually had to laugh, amazed as well how soon he had submitted. This was going to be great!

The Houndoom wasted no time in getting started. Since Allandi was fidgeting, the Houndoom took the chance and engulfed both of Allandi’s back paws in his maw. His tongue lapped eagerly against Allandi’s fur, matting it. “You’re going to be so good at filling me. All that fluffy fur...it’s going to be amazing” the Houndoom managed to speak despite having a quarter of Allandi’s back legs inside his mouth already. This definitely wasn’t the first time he did something like this!

“You’re not going to choke on it or something, right?”

“I almost would feel insulted you even asked that” he said “I have eaten Pokemon larger than you. Just today, for example~”

Today! So that was why his belly was so large! Allandi felt some comfort at knowing he was in the hands of someone very experienced – well, in his maw by now. He may have been the best choice he could ever get!

The Houndoom was strangely voracious, even more than Allandi expected, as if he hadn’t eaten something in days! Feeling himself be dragged deeper inside the canine’s mouth, Allandi looked back, finding the snout already enveloping his pelvis, the tip of the nose brushing the back of his head already. A curious, unforgettable scent kept flowing over him every time the Houndoom exhaled – his breath, smelling of embers and smoke, as if Allandi was being shoveled inside a furnace instead of a living being! But it was unmistakable how substances and fluids from inside the Houndoom were soaking into his silver fur, how he felt the lower half of his body being compressed by the dog’s gullet, eager to get more.

Laughing a little nervously, Allandi commented: “Were you that hungry?”

“I couldn’t stop myself even if I wanted. You tasted *marvelously*” he said, his eyes mischievous. “You’re the best little morsel I had in a while”

“I had never been told anything like that before” Should he be flattered or offended?

“Of course you haven’t. You’ll be part of me before long – such a fate is a honor, isn’t it? Come on, say it. Admit you’re honored”

“I am, I am!” Allandi said, placating, but he couldn’t hide the slight tone of eagerness that leaked into that.

The Houndoom closed his mouth a little, pressing his fangs all over Allandi, making him tingle. He was nothing! The Houndoom had complete control over his fate now! Even though he hadn’t been digested yet, he already was part of something bigger – part of the dog, and the Houndoom didn’t waste time in letting him know that. He was just halfway in and he already was being treated as part of him!

This was the right decision. Allandi knew it was, he wouldn’t change his mind at all. Not that it’d have changed anything if he had.

Resounding bassy swallowing thumped in his ears, as if the ‘drum’ part of ‘eardrums’ was the important part of that area of his anatomy. Or perhaps it was the beating of his frenzied heart, excited about falling further inside the Houndoom! It could be that too, Allandi knew. He was submitting entirely to the Houndoom’s whims.

The dog advanced forward, paws hitting the ground side to side of Allandi while the Houndoom scooped more of him into his mouth, reaching the frontal legs. “You should fold them. I don’t mind if you don’t, but surely you want to get your new home as fast as you can, don’t you?”

“I do! But---“

“I knew it” the Houndoom laughed. It really was impressive he could do such things with three quarters of a Fennekin being swallowed! “You’re welcome to be a guest forever. Not that you would have any other option – now that I had a taste of you, I want *more*”

So the Houndoom was getting excitable about eating him! Allandi wanted to hope the teasing was all for him, that he hadn’t done that to anyone else ever before. That probably wasn’t true, but he didn’t really care! Which was why Allandi made sure his frontal legs wouldn’t get in the way, stretching them forward instead of folding them like the Houndoom had requested.

“Now what’s this? You’re doing things your own way, even when you’re giving yourself to me?”

“S-Sorry, was that wrong?”

“Absolutely not. I like a guest who can speak his own mind” he said, amused.

Alandi was going to reply but then he felt the Houndoom’s tongue against his chest, the tip grabbing onto the nook right above the articulation of his right leg, grabbing him. He knew what it meant: he was almost all in. He could feel half of his body already inside the Houndoom’s gullet, the walls of the esophagus trying to pull him down as if they were frustrated the Houndoom hadn’t sent the meal down yet! Sinking into that tongue, feeling the Houndoom’s pleasured growls vibrating throughout his body, Allandi relaxed.

Him relaxing was all the Houndoom needed to finish eating him. Even though the size difference was obvious and logically it shouldn’t have taken more than a minute to eat Allandi, the Houndoom had dragged it all out greatly, clocking up to almost ten minutes, slowly inching up Allandi’s body. He had kept pressing with his teeth every time he felt Allandi was going silent, asking questions and making comments whenever he felt the slightest hint of hesitation or fear.

And now it was time to finish eating him.

Allandi’s head was quite big for his size, forcing the Houndoom to be careful. Even though it still fit inside his maw, he felt the fur brushing against his upper palate, saliva soaking into the fluffy fur and matting it against his skull, as if his saliva was compressing everything for easier swallowing. “You’re almost in. Take a good look around you – this is the last time you’ll see the outside” he advised. Allandi didn’t really listen, he was too eager to slip inside already to even look around.

Slowly, bit by bit, the Houndoom swallowed and closed his maw, feeling Allandi slipping further inside. Allandi’s tail was starting to slip into the stomach, followed by his hind legs, while Allandi’s head started to enter the throat. This was it, the final shove: the Houndoom gave a mighty swallow, smushing Allandi’s head from all directions with warm, uncaring flesh, and pushed him down, going past the threshold, his heartbeat welcoming him into the larger ‘something else’ Allandi had wanted to be part of. Even though he hadn’t been digested yet, he already counted as part of the Houndoom!

Allandi felt more of his body enter the stomach, curling along the curve of the organ. Fluids received him, probably stomach juices already preparing for digestion. Funny, it didn’t burn, it didn’t hurt...it was as if he was going to soak into a warm bath. Very warm, the heat fueled by the Houndoom’s very nature. Allandi tried to thank the canine, but he couldn’t even open his mouth enough to talk, the esophagus getting him down, down, further down the ribcage, until, with a shove, the entirety of Allandi fell into the stomach, cradled and ready to be digested.

For a brief moment he felt tempted to breathe a little fire to look around but he refrained from doing so – why to do that when he could just close his eyes and wait for digestion to come? Behind him, he felt the Houndoom prod with his paw, just like he had done earlier in the day. “Are you getting settled in? Get comfortable, because digestion will welcome you shortly”

“Will it take long?”

“Not at all. Before you know it you won’t be yourself anymore – you will be part of me. Have a fun time. I know *I* did”

Have a fun time, he said. Well, he didn’t really want to do anything other than close his eyes and go to sleep, so Allandi struggled to set himself on one end of the stomach, wading through liquid that was quickly raising, until he managed to make himself a ball, settling amidst flesh and slime. This was it! There was nothing to do but rest and await for digestion to come.

Outside, the Houndoom watched the movements from his stomach. He could feel every single movement inside – including how calm and satisfied Allandi felt. While it was a little disappointing Allandi wasn’t struggling, he had accepted to show Allandi the joy of being part of something larger. His stomach would do all the job. It would be messy for a while, but he was sure Allandi would be happy. The Houndoom routinely did stuff like this, all for other Pokemon’s sake. It wasn’t as helpful as Allandi had been, but it was his way of helping.

Besides, he got to tease and poke fun at those he ate. That was a huge bonus, as far as he was concerned.

Out of respect for Allandi’s wishes, he decided he’d stay awake for as long as possible, experiencing Allandi’s digestion. Maybe he could check on him every once in a while, see how he was faring, and if he had been digested yet.

...no, that wouldn’t be necessary, he thought.

This was a nice time for a walk. The sun had already set, everyone else would probably be in their homes by now...why not to take an advantage of how almost nobody would be out there gawking at his swollen belly? Houndoom got on his four legs and stepped forward decisively, his stomach swaying back and orth. Inside, Allandi blearily opened his eyes, feeling the way the belly moved, rocking him. All he did was hold himself steady. “Go on...” Allandi murmured, closing his eyes again. He didn’t care the stomach juices were already reaching his face.

The air outside was cold; it was all so dark. Getting off onto the soil ground rocked Houndoom’s belly, Inside, clumps of Allandi’s silver fur started falling off his body. It wasn’t like it all fell right away, or like his skin was being corroded, it was as if the enzymes all around him plucked his fur little by little, loosening the strands, giving access for the corrosive acids to do their part. He didn’t feel any pain or discomfort; it was as if he was just falling asleep – the body making him faint before starting the truly painful stuff.

Walking, Houndoom picked up speed, going from a leisurely stroll to jogging to outright running, the movements compressing his guts! The stomach squeezed Allandi inside, the liquids rising way over his head and all the way to the roof of the stomach, submerging him, the harmful juices attacking the exposed skin and started to break it down. The soup started taking a thicker consistency when the Fennekin began to break down, little by little, aided by the Houndoom’s intense movements. Microscopic flakes started separating from the main body, floating away from Allandi. The fur that had already been shed was corroded, almost gone by now, while more and more kept falling from his skin.

Had the Houndoom started running to hasten the digestive process? He didn’t really know for sure! But he felt that was what happened – the more he ran, the more that Pokemon’s body kept breaking down! By now he must have been mercifully unconscious, never going to wake up. How exhilarating was it to run and digest someone who wanted to be part of him? His stomach compressed with every bound and leap, running out of the town, going deeper into the darkened forest, where he could digest Allandi in peace.

Leaping over roots and bushes the Houndoom ran, feeling his stomach press onto Allandi. The sac had twisted, groaning as if its owner’s movements were annoying it, and pumped objects around – the body parts of Allandi that now were starting to separate. Feeling something hitting the front of the stomach the Houndoom slowed down, hunching over, his stomach fighting with whatever had hit the front, pushing it out into the cardia and towards the throat. Such an unpleasant sensation, the feeling of a rough and long element making its way up! The Houndoom stood carefully, inclining his head, and opened his maw wide open, ready to expel the object coming up.

It was a bone. Bleached, splintered...it probably would have broken down inside him if it hadn’t touched a sensitive spot on his stomach, and if this one had come up, sooner or later others would. Still, this was a sign digestion was going forward without any trouble: Allandi’s bones were already exposed and stripped of any meat, after all!

“Having fun?” the Houndoom said aloud, raising his head, talking to Allandi even though he didn’t hear him anymore. “Congratulations! You’re now part of something bigger. Sometimes I truly envy Pokemon like you who get to experience that! Enjoy!” he said, his voice devolving into a huff of amusement, which in turn transformed into an uncouth noise of regurgitation. Oh, another bone. This would be an annoying hour.

Of course, he refused to return and go sleep. Instead the Houndoom kept walking around, sometimes stopping and prodding his belly. Was this lump here part of Allandi’s head? Or perhaps of his back? What would Allandi say if he were still alive and conscious? And this bit over here, right where his belly was jiggling, was it Allandi trying to touch the lining of his stomach, maybe as a bit of thanks? “You were a good meal, I’ll give you that” the Houndoom said, satisfied, and prodded the opposite end of his stomach, feeling it. Ah, was the stomach draining into his intestines already? Allandi had turned into nothingness faster than he expected. Only part of him had passed on, but it was matter of time before the rest did as well.

Three hours passed. Midnight was coming fast, time the Houndoom spent walking around, circumventing the trees, feeling the gurgling of digestion continue inside him. It had all relocated from his stomach – still processing bits of Allandi, mushy remains that couldn’t even be differentiated from literally anything else that had once been inside the Houndoom – and moved downwards, to his intestines, running through as if parts of Allandi were in a hurry to leave him, as if a small part of him had disagreed with the Fennekin’s wish to be part of something larger.

“Fine, if some of you want to get out, then so be it. The rest of you can stay inside me” said the Houndoom, swaggering. It was going to be matter of time before what little was left of Allandi came knocking asking to get out.

And indeed, it happened very soon after that. The Houndoom had restarted his strolling when he felt the usual call of nature, all of a sudden. How many bones would be left, he idly wondered. Allandi was undoubtedly gone, there was no discussion about that, but after having thrown up so many of his bones – enough to make at least a rough framework of his skeleton. Well, no point in wondering when he could find out very soon. With the casual attitude of someone who was used to disposing pieces of past prey, the Houndoom sought shelter among the trees, ready to give Allandi a farewell.

As expected: a few bones had passed through, he could feel them while they were coming out with the rest of the waste. The Houndoom didn’t even turn around, not really caring about paying any attention to any of that. He was sure Allandi wouldn’t care either. After all, he had wanted to be inside him. That small parts of himself had decided to leave were no sign of anything, it just was unintended collateral. Nothing to really think about!

Especially when he was done after just a moment. What little remained of Allandi was left behind, the Houndoom walking away, having taken that as his cue to return to his home. Was Allandi happy? Well, if he could feel happy, then he probably was.

He was part of the Houndoom now. Wasn’t that what he had wanted? If so, then he definitely was happy – and the Houndoom got a good meal, too.

Everyone got something out of this. That made it all fine.