

## Toxicity's Catch

By: Indi

Tycho slowly made his way through the tall grass, the lion taking each step cautiously to ensure he didn't make noise. Just ahead was a small clearing with a couple berry trees, along with his target: a toxicity. An amped form version from the looks of it, with a single spiky mohawk and yellow down its chest. The pokemon was chowing down on some fallen berries, oblivious to the trainer sneaking up on him. Tycho had been eager to add one to his collection, and he couldn't believe his luck in just stumbling across one so suddenly. All he had to do was ambush them and they'd be safely tucked away in a pokeball soon enough.

As he carefully made his way out of the tall grass he reached for a pokeball, eager to start the battle. But he neglected to spot the fallen branch in his path. The branch snapped loudly as it was stepped on, and Tycho froze in place. Only a few feet ahead, the toxicity spun around, got a good look at Tycho, and then grinned.

With a curse Tycho grabbed ahold of the pokeball, but the toxicity was quicker. He thumped his chest hard and let out a thunderous belch accompanied by a small poison cloud. Tycho was knocked to the ground instantly, the force of impact leaving him dazed and groaning face-down in the dirt. The toxicity didn't flee, though. Instead he strolled forwards.

That day the toxicity had been feeling exceptionally ravenous. His search for food had only found him berries, which hadn't sated his appetite in the least. The lion laying before him, however, was looking rather filling. Stomach rumbling, the toxicity grabbed Tycho's legs and opened wide.

He'd never consumed anything so large before, but his mouth and neck stretched with relative ease as he began to gulp down the lion. It only encouraged him to keep eating, that the unexpected meal was truly meant for him. Soon his flat middle was starting to swell as twitching legs emptied into it.

Tycho slowly came to, vaguely aware something was pulling him backwards and that his legs were getting warmer and wetter. And was he being lifted up? He attempted to push himself up with his paws, but abruptly found himself rising off the ground. Instead of solid dirt, his paws ended up braced on a slick, shifting mound that felt almost like rubber. And when he tried moving his legs, the mound moved with them.

The realization he was getting swallowed whole hit Tycho like a brick, and his thrashing intensified. By then he was already halfway down the toxicity's gullet, and gravity was intent on pulling him deeper in. Tycho wiggled and squirmed, banging a fist on the voracious pokemon in a desperate attempt to get coughed out. In response the toxicity sent a small jolt through his meal, stunning Tycho again.

The lion groaned, helpless. His paws were easily slid into the toxicity's maw, a few quick gulps bringing him up to his shoulders. He'd heard of pokemon eating trainers out in the wild before, but it was always something like an arbok or a gyarados—something huge. Not something about the size of a person.

Shoulders and neck slipped away, leaving only Tycho's head on the outside. He watched the outside world vanishing as the toxicity's jaws slowly shut, plunging him into darkness before a final gulp plunged him into the stomach.

Toxicity's bulging belly bounced as Tycho was emptied fully into it. The pokemon smiled gleefully and cradled his massive middle in both claws, admiring the sheer size of it. His hunger was finally gone, replaced by the lethargic joy of being utterly stuffed. He felt his prey squirming again, trying in vain to break free. There was no way he was going to give up such a delightful meal, though.

Within the stomach, Tycho was pushing at the rubbery walls of his prison. He didn't want to end up as a random pokemon's lunch, but his options were few. He could try sending out his tamed

pokemon, but if he couldn't force the toxtricity to cough up the pokeballs things would just get worse. At the very least he had to try.

But once again Tycho was outmaneuvered. The stagnant pool he'd been sitting in began to rise as the stomach walls grew slick. Immediately the lion lightheaded and dizzy, and found it harder and harder to struggle. The toxtricity had unleashed a poison attack to keep him at bay.

On the outside, toxtricity's belly ballooned a bit more from the use of venoshock on himself. The bulges made by Tycho's struggles lessened as his gut rounded out until it was impossible to tell he'd eaten anyone. Instead he just looked bloated, like he'd gulped down a comical amount of water—something toxtricity were known to do when trying to absorb more toxins.

The weight of the lion and the poison made standing difficult, so toxtricity carefully lowered himself into a sitting position at the base of the berry tree. His belly spread out over his lap, wobbling weakly from his prey's persistent squirms. They were bound to stop soon enough, and then he'd sleep off the meal of a lifetime. But until then he'd be a tad bit immobile. Oh well.

As he waited to fall asleep, he played with his distended middle. He was used to being fairly slim, so suddenly having a big, round belly was a new experience—and an increasingly fun one. The size, the shape, the weight...they were sensations he'd never realized were so wonderful. He found himself squeezing and wobbling the round mass, imagining himself even bigger, or just larger in general. The wiggling of the lion was nice as well, but he was mainly entertained by the heft. He had a feeling his diet was going to change dramatically from that day forth. The desire to feel huge was getting too strong to dismiss.

Resting against the tree, with a belly full of lion and sloshing poison, toxtricity fantasized of all new foods he wanted to eat—and the bigger, the better.

From the nearby tall grass, Indi looked at the bloated toxtricity with amusement. The blue jay adored poison pokemon, and by chance had set out that morning in search of toxtricity specifically. And not only had he found one, but one that was barely able to put up a fight! Luck was truly on his side to find a toxtricity that'd drunk itself to immobility. There wouldn't even be a need to weaken it.

A pokeball flew out of the tall grass, striking toxtricity right in the belly. The engorged pokemon started to burp as it glowed brightly, pulled into the pokeball in a flash of light. Still in the grass, Indi eyed the pokeball intently as it wobbled back-and-forth. Once. Twice. Thrice...and click! Indi practically jumped out, hurrying towards his latest catch. He smiled triumphantly at the pokeball and attached it to his belt.

"The day's already off to a good start! I wonder what I can find further down the route?" Indi strolled away, letting his new toxtricity rest in his pokeball for the time being.

The sun was just starting to set as Indi pitched his tent and set up camp. After catching toxtricity his luck hadn't held out. He'd done a lot of wandering and searching, but all he'd gained were a few stray pokeballs and some berries. Still, the toxtricity was a great find.

"Let's see how the newest member of the team is doing," Indi said, tossing the pokeball with toxtricity out.

Light flashed from the pokeball, and toxtricity was released, letting out a yawn as he stretched. His enormous belly had shrunk, yet Indi swore he looked noticeably plumper all around, as if he'd indulged on a huge feast. He laughed and brushed away the absurd thought. Obviously he just hadn't gotten a good look at toxtricity before catching him. And with the pokemon's water-filled belly catching his attention he must've ignored how thick he'd been to begin with. Of course Indi didn't mind a slightly heftier toxtricity, either. All his pokemon tended to put on weight rather easily, so toxtricity would fit right in.

The toxtricity's cheeks suddenly puffed up, and he let out another loud burp. A stained pokeball

flew out of his mouth, coming a rolling stop by Indi. He picked it up and chuckled. “Huh, poor guy must’ve been starving if he was chowing down on junk like this. But don’t worry, you’ll always be well-fed now that you’re with me!”

Toxicity’s eyes lit up and he smiled. He hoped his new trainer would find him food as good as Tycho had been.