

## CHAPTER 01

At driest region, they say that we wait nothing to find strong Pokémons to catch unless that we want some ground or rock type. I say that desert or dry regions are my favorite places to find strong Pokémons and catch because the fire type is included at middle and the lucky to find someone is big not only because I have my favorite Pokémon saved and strong enough to put everyone down. But I believe that I chose the bad region to pilgrim.

I don't remember the times that I travelled at regions so dry like this with such rocks, cloudy sky and dust around of my boots. I am here because the legend of God Pokémon told about Koraidon. The theories and stories about that legend are few together with their talks, but the doubts are growing each day that passes with footprints being found. The photos and daily are telling a lot about these facts and it's crazy to believe that other one unknown Pokémon, with a fantastic gallery recognized, is born to fill numbers. His name is cool to pronounce; he should be very old and strong and this is one that I want to catch.

The region doesn't change, but the steps are firm without losing velocity; walk with pants, cap and backpack isn't easy. The rocks adorn the ambient together with few trees of naked branches. By the photos and theories, they say that he is red with leathers on the head, an exotic style to meet a native. The region is his face. I am very anxious to meet this big one and witness how powerful he is and how I was daring enough – or crazy – to catch someone so important. I see a hill with an entrance for a cave. Of course, this is hiding something at same time that is being an invite. I clean my forehead from the sweat, size is the tiredness over me. I was opening my wings to refresh a little.

Before, I sighed. Tired, but not giving up. I keep my claws to move and trying to see the darkness of cavern until that I was feeling the wind blows stronger and the ambient pulls a weird energy around me. I even had looked around to see if some Pokémon was provoking this change, but there is only me at this desert, what isn't anything good to think too. Never is good. The weather is heavy and the sky keeps closed. Something is different to witness. I tried to ignore these facts and put my body to move until the entrance of cave right now when I heard a strong earthquake coming behind me, shaking and stumbling. I quickly turned back to watch if a big stone fell and I was facing other thing bigger and with life: a red creature with leathers behind the head, big

claws and weirdly a black wheel on the chest. It's difficult to say if his eyes are red or brown; what I say is that my eyes are opened facing the tragic and wonderful Pokémon, the mind flowing away with the fascinating creature lifting his head and looking at me with eyes that freeze my soul. Is really Koraidon before my eyes? Or is other unknown Pokémon looking for a battle, what is a big unfair? His size is big compared with me. I hit on his knees.

– What the... – I whispered looking from top to down. – Who are you? – I shouted waiting an answer from a Pokémon that don't speak, but the surprised came after.

– I am who owns the region that you step – he said these words joining his arms and after opening rough, opening his chest. – Prepare for your battle!

He is changeling me for a battle, a Pokémon that speaks against my better. I was facing someone of incredible personalities and anatomies, even with this wheel at the middle. The mood is lifting together with the enthusiasm to battle someone so strong and tall.

Thinking twice, is he Koraidon, the sacred one that I am looking for? I am trying to believe what my eyes are seeing.

Not matter the topic! Take out the anxiety and prepare your psychological for this fantastic battle! I grab my Pokéball choosing the better Pokémon that I have to deal against this big threat and this is why I choose you, Arcanne!

I threw my Pokéball and red rays appear forming the big dog at my front and already demonstrating the big tall and bravura that Arcanne has to show against the legendary Koraidon.

– You are Koraidon, don't you? – I shouted to the big red.

– So you know about me – the Pokémon doesn't look like to feel intimidated or surprised with the argument shouted at this dry region. – The rumors flow free about my presence.

– I am not here for a dangerous line between life and death, but if you wish a worthy battle I can fill this desire.

And catch the big Pokémon, if possible. Also, it's really Koraidon that my eyes are watching and he behaves so incredible and imposing that is letting me without words to describe. He looks serious while my wild Arcanne was panting to spit fire and waits for the battle.

I could see the big Pokémon sighing and getting ready for the battle. I don't have idea of abilities that he has neither the weakness, but just battling to discover. Koraidon was opened for the first attack and I inaugurate ordering Flash Fire against the big aim. Arcanne heard and spitted a big flamethrower at point that the flames are hiding my view for Koraidon. Arcanne was with the guard stood; never is good to sing before the victory. This was what happened; two arms ripped off the flames and throwing the flames against us, but we were capable to dodge at time, mainly Arcanne that is very agile. Koraidon was giving slow steps until us and with the eyes focused for a thirsty battle. I am thinking in some strategy to shoot down the big aim and the scenery isn't a good ally at this moment. There isn't a good rock to make Arcanne jumps high or other stuff. The cave is behind me to run away.

Koraidon was coming until that advances with big velocity, hitting Arcanne with his big hand. I shouted for my Pokémon and he rolled, but recovered fast from the attack. Koraidon doesn't look to have patience for this short time.

– Don't lose your strength, Arcanne! – I shouted. – Go with Quick Attack.

Arcanne obeyed with the bark and began to run at Koraidon direction. This one tried to smash on the ground with his hand, but thanks that Arcanne is faster and was able to dodge, running by opponent's side with flames flowing from his maw. Even his mane is spitting fire at air with a beautiful bright. I went closer to watch the Arcanne's movements together against Koraidon and this big guy moves slow compared with the velocity that the dog has in advantage. Koraidon lifted his other hand and tried to attack with a punch, but he missed – thanks God – and Arcanne jumped over his hand until arrives at his head.

– Now Quick Attack!

I was anxious and with the hope flying at galaxy wondering to win against an unknown legendary and catch for me. How would be incredible have the claps for me when they see that I captured one fantastic Pokémon!

Arcanne jumped and his Quick Attack involved with fire was ready to put this monster down with a hit on the head. I was with bright on the eyes and seeing how fantastic is Arcanne and how incredible I am to defeat a legendary Pokémon. I heard the sound of hit over the head and I was watching with such admiration and hope that Arcanne executed the attack with success. It was when Koraidon reacted spreading his body and making Arcanne fly a little, moment this that the big one stretched his arm and grabbed my Pokémon. He was pressing the big dog and I was watching this with opened mouth. I had ordered Arcanne to use Flash Fire again, but Koraidon acted with a weird ability that let me in shock. He opened his maw together with Arcanne and threw my Pokémon inside, closing and making a volume in his chin.

– Hey! Stop! – I shouted running until the eater. – Pokémons aren't food! Spit him!

I just saw his eyes watching me with sharp expression that penetrated my soul and froze my body. The volume in his mouth was notable with Arcanne barking inside while I was fearing the penalty falls over my back. The way that he looks, the preponderance are signals from a legendary Pokémon.

My hands are shaking and tried to find other Pokéball to put at battle and try to save Arcanne from this hell. Again I was surprised by Koraidon's attitude when he lifted his hand and punched me at ground, smashing my body and provoking high pain. My head was out from his big red fingers that are being a heavy stone over me while I see the tenebrous eyes of big demon that was keeping my Pokémon being washed by the disgusting saliva. This is horrible to think. I tried to move one muscle from my arm, but it's impossible with this hand over me. The head was close to me, lifted a little and made a loud sound of swallow; the worst is see a volume being made in his throat and disappear from up to down.

I can't believe that Arcanne, my favorite Pokémon, my stronger guide, is now snack from this legendary that looks like more dangerous and difficult that I thought. My stupidity brought me in fail.

– You are daring to put your own life in danger against a God – Koraidon shouts pressing his hand over me at this dirty and dry ground. – Now that your Pokémon is part of me, you should be part too.

– What... What are you saying? – I try to say with few breath and concentration. He over me is hard. – Spare me, please, but spit my Arcanne. He doesn't deserve...

– Don't pay yourself as saint, fool! – he pressed a little more. – You are like the others that tried to catch me.

– Am I not... the only one...

– And maybe not the last one. You are worth to be just one thing: a servant.

## CHAPTER 02

This word is a lot for me. Be servant from legendary Pokémon that is authoritarian, ate my Pokémon and is smashing me with the weight of his hand. I was trying to knock on his hand and ask for mercy, but only this won't be enough to free me from the fury.

– I accept, I accept – I gasp. – But, please... don't hurt me...

It's being painful to endure such weight! The weird eyes over me with a bad expression that the boss is always of bad mood and feeling that my life will be tied on the neck and waiting that nobody pulls me to hang. I tried several times to knock his hand, paw, whatever until that finally he lifted and let me free from the horrible weight; I was breathing fast and resting with my body lied. How big was his pressure over that I really needed one hour to rest and recover my energy.

I was looking up at this ugly sky and I sense the earth trembles with Koraidon steps provoking a discomfort and vision blurs with the clouds. Thinking about him, I don't have idea of what this big creature will be capable to ask for me to do and it can include everything since clean his paws until hunt for him if I don't want to become the next lunch.

He couldn't wait one more second and I was with this thought in mind, mainly now that I am his new servant, one more from others. I don't know if he ate other trainers and I don't have the courage to ask if I will receive the same sentence. I lift my spine and sit at ground to see Koraidon sat a few meters away.

– You must take off your clothes – he said as an order.

– But and my Pokéballs? – my real worry is with what he will do with my body, not my Pokémon. Thinking twice, nothing prevents him to free my Pokémon just to eat like he did with Arcanne or even eat with Pokéballs and all.

– You don't have to worry with them at the desert that nobody puts the paws here – the proofs are the victims that he should have eaten. – Hurry your steps because the time is short.

I don't know why the time would be short for a legendary Pokémon that has nothing to worry with the big power and unknown abilities that he has including the wheel on

his chest. I even think if there is other similar to him. If there is, of course sweeter than this wild.

I lift feeling my legs shake afraid by his order and don't wishing to be used as a toy, if he understands this word. I take out my backpack and put close at stone, together with my cap; after, I take off my shirt and good is that I feel the breeze blowing calm at this empty place; I open the bottom to take off the pants and the boots that helped me to travel at this region; finally, the underwear. How is shameful to get naked before a God with my slit hiding my genital organ.

– You don't want to compare our bodies, do you? – I tried to divert my vision. His body looks like layer too with few furs on the head because of leathers.

– This would be a waste of time – he buffed. – You looked like to be so daring and courageous to accept my challenge and the poor destiny that your little Pokémon had.

– He should be scared – I looked at his stomach wondering how Arcanne is suffering and alone at this horrible stomach. – Please, spit him and do whatever with me.

– Is it an offer by your life? – his voice tone increased rough with the last words spoken. My layers ruffled with the voice and I felt a cold wind blows my body.

– He is my favorite and I don't want to lose him.

– So you should put the better of you.

– How?

“How” is a dangerous word to use when you have a big predator provoking with authority and cruelty. I shouldn't have said it.

He was lifting and coming until me with heavy steps that shake the earth with notable admiration and lifting dust; with it, the fear grows with the shadow size getting over me. I don't know why I don't take out my eyes from him; they are penetrating and deep. I look to his big paws, the weird chest with wheel, the long arms and the head. I don't have where to see and I don't have one possibility to run way with success; he would catch me easy with my vulnerability and maybe have the life ended by his fury and it's a characteristic from legendary Pokémon.

– What will you do, great Koraidon? – I looked up with the mouth trembling by the size and giving my vote for him.

– Don't say too much, poor trainer – he lifted his right paw and moved over me, standing quiet and threatening me to stomp and break my bones. I knew what was coming from this gesture. – You have the unhappiness to meet me.

– Why unhappiness? – I didn't notice that my body was bending the knees. I was being automatic. – I thought that it's a pleasure for you to have a... – I have no idea what the hell I am speaking with my eyes trying to look at other direction.

– Pleasure isn't the right word to define the destruction that I will do with you and your stupid Arcanne.

I really can't wonder the size of destruction that one legendary Pokémon can do with one simple and helpless person. My body under this big red paw threatening to smash my scales, the fear, the heart beating faster, the sweat creating and a big pressure are signals of unhappiness. I still try to see if I will enjoy something from Koraidon, what is a difficult task.

The paw was closer, the heat was increasing, the heart faster than never; he lifted just to have impulse and goes down with this dirty paw over my face and body, pushing and smashing. My eyes met the darkness and the ears are witnessing the muffled sound, the bad meaning of my body under a big foot and rubbing on the dirty ground. My scale was already sweaty; now is dirty and tired, weakness hitting me with a knife tip. His claws are strong and heavy that is possible to drown me at this land.

I don't want to describe what I am feeling; it's a despair jumping from my maw with my members unable to move one centimeter. I am being a cloth rubbed by a big paw that I never wish for someone.

Koraidon is really an impressive legendary Pokémon that the villagers are right about his existence, missing telling the origin, but they don't know how powerful and cruel that he can be for who challenges him. On true, he was who challenged me and asked for a battle and I was looking for him with the stupid hope to capture and snub for everyone that I captured one legendary monster that belongs to me. Now I belong to him.

And how is my Arcanne? How is he surviving inside of Koraidon's stomach? I don't have courage to wonder how he is scared inside.

The light came; he lifted the paw just to smash again and stronger. I didn't have time neither to stretch my arms and have the stupid chance to prevent his weight. I try to move my members, but all is being impossible. He isn't letting me to breathe. He lifts again the paw just to smash again and rub me on the land, this disgusting land. I don't have courage to lick.

– You are enduring very well for a trainer – Koraidon comments. When he rubbed back, my head was free to breathe from the horrible smell. – Your flesh is better than from others that I already stomped.

– Your paw is heavy – I pant. The suffocation is killing me. The paw is pressing my stomach.

– This isn't the case – he buffed. – You still are the fool to look for me.

– But you who found first and challenged me – the last word he pressed me. I coughed.

– Don't run from my topic. I think you miss your dog.

– Please – trying to form words with the pressure over me. – Spit him and put me on his place.

Such is the mercy that I was feeling for Arcanne. I am very worried about my best Pokémon and I don't know if Koraidon has feeling to spare lives. It's horrible to wonder that he digests defeated Pokémon; it isn't an interesting reward for nobody. But he got in silence with my ask. I don't know if it's a good signal.

I try to pull my body from the paw stood over me and it isn't being easy to get out of this situation so disgusting to tell. My relief was when he lifted the paw and let my body free from the terrible weight; I breathed a lot to recover the maximum of air and my psychological should be treated after that I get out of here. I don't have idea why Koraidon lifted the paw, but, whatever it is, nothing that is good can come.

## CHAPTER 03

– Are you tired of me? – Koraidon offered a weird question. I believe that nobody would enjoy being smashed.

– I did enough for you – I coughed a little. – Please, let my Arcanne free.

– I can't do it, but I can guide you until him.

I don't know what it could mean and I'm scared that worse stuffs can happen in minutes and I wasn't wrong. He stretched the big arm until me and grabbed with careful and I could notice that his hand is hard covered in scale, long fingers that can curl my body easy – or I am the little at story. He raises me to his head height and was facing me with these cold eyes; I never saw him sketching a smile and maybe never I will see from some bored Pokémon. Maybe legendary Pokémons act like that.

– Please, let me free – I asked scared. His muzzle is closer and I fear for the worse after the hard work to endure his paw or foot, I don't know what to describe. – I don't want to suffer more.

– You don't have other exit if not this, fool.

After that he said it, he opened the maw at my front and my body froze watching this disgusting scenery: a mouth with a long pink tongue, sharp teeth very occult from lips, bridges of saliva up to down and a dark throat where my Pokémon travelled. Now I see the scene of horror that he suffered inside of this disgusting Pokémon.

– No! I don't want to be eaten too! Please, stop...

It wasn't enough to shut his mouth up and neither to hear my supplications; he literally threw me in his maw and closed, my face hitting on the tongue and get wet easily while I have my legs outside. I don't know why, but I moaned; the bite was strong to hurt me and this scene is not good to wonder with the disgusting feeling that nothing will be satisfied after this. The place is warm and stuffy, weird noises are possible to hear that let my ears in extreme discomfort and the saliva is really horrible. With a fantastic strength from lips, he sucks me deeper with my entire body locked in his maw and rubbed of pure "sauce".

I try to fight against this cave and try to turn, but the maw is very tight to make any moves; turn back would take time and complicated with this platform slippery. The place turned up with the sense that Koraidon lifted the head to swallow me. I tried to avoid, but it was stupid of my part; I was slipping into the throat and I was meeting the darkness and a place completely tight to travel with horrible noises letting me deaf. The ambient is nauseating, the walls moving to me and closer while I felt the heat increases suddenly. I must try to hold my breath if not I will faint.

Seconds passed very fast that I was slipping with the impression that I was falling from the sky at night with the spot of light at deep of place. I was arriving at my nightmare: the stomach.

I didn't have time to see what there is at chamber and with a kind of spit I fell at this hot pool; the first thing that I did was to swim up to take a breath from this hell and look around. The liquid in strong color and the flesh walls moving dizzy to let me uncomfortable. I felt something weird bites my leg and I tried to jump to despite from this threat. When I looked down and saw the cream fur, I noticed that it's my Arcanne worried and melting as goop. His mane is decreasing with the flesh. I got scared with what is happening with my best Pokémon and I have sure that the next to melt is me.

– Take me out of here! Please!

I knocked the wall with this weird texture of flesh and tried to scream to call by Koraidon. I don't know if he is hearing and I don't know if he will answer. Arcanne was behind me trying to bark and help me too. At least, comfort he is trying while I am not feeling comfortable in nothing that I can find. I feel my scales burning and my body having a strong alteration that isn't satisfying me in nothing that I can say "safe". If digestion was the end that all the trainers received from Koraidon after a lost battle, I can prove that I am only more one. I just can't tell to anybody about these theories and facts.

The more I try to knock, more is being useless to call his attention. I looked at my hands and I was noticing that is melting in little drops with these punches. I looked at my body and I was scared that I was suffering the same with the rest of parts. Arcanne is by my side rubbing his melted hot face on my thigh.

What could I do? Murmur? I have nothing to do and neither to think; my choices are being directed to accept the destiny and the bad ending that this story ends. I land my back on the wall and watch the hot and disgusting pool of weird color burning my claws and melting in long minutes as slow death. Arcanne crosses his face under my arm and lands on my body, barking. On true, happy that I was back for him. Maybe he wouldn't like to disappear alone – and neither do I. He is being my unique reason to comfort me at this hell based in intestine and defeated by a legendary Pokémon, a new God that is born to bring challenges and pleasure in exchange for each victory won over the trainers. I look up and I see the flesh roof with the little hole where I came from; who dare I could see the last bright of Sun over my face, the blue sky and until the birds singing to not endure this bad noise.

– Now it's you and me at other life.

I say it to Arcanne believing in a utopia that there is another life after a digestion; Arcanne barked licked my face with his hot tongue capable to warm me more than the liquid and now is wait to see the rest arrives for us. I pray that the trainers don't try to look for Koraidon if they don't want the same destiny than me and others before.