

In the world of Pokemon, not every creature and critter running around was lucky enough to get taken up under a trainer or breeder's wing and cared for. Of course you had the constant waves of fainted 'mons that had to be taken care of by trolling nurses, but there were also the wild Pokémon just trying to get by and survive on their own - and Delta was one of those. The small, purple Floragato lived in a forest around a bunch of campsites, and so he made his living mostly off ransacking those camps or taking whatever trainers and campers had left behind. And tonight, the flower cat had found a prime target for his mischief in a small tent whose occupant had passed out *quite* a bit early~

So early, in fact, or seemingly so quickly, that the trainer had left their bag outside of their tent, just sitting out for curious cats to rummage through as they saw fit! Delta could smell all sorts of yummy treats in there: Poffins, curry ingredients, *Pokeblocks*, the whole nine yards...so the Floragato quickly got to work, trying to just rip his way into the bag at first before discovering that, amazingly, it came with some kind of system to open it! (This was known to most people as a "zipper".) The cat quickly undid said zipper, rooting through and pulling out all sorts of plastic bags, tins, whatever was full of delicious food for the cat's taking. In the process, though, Delta managed to find the trainer's belt, with all six Pokeballs still attached and the creatures inside slumbering away just as their trainer was! He just kind of tossed the belt behind him in the process of his digging through the trainer's bag, the balls clanking as they hit the cold ground. And one of them happened to land in *juuust* the right spot, right on the button on the front. And that was going to cause the Floragato some problems...

Though, in his frenzied food-searching, Delta didn't really notice or hear the *THUNK* of the Pokeball landing on its button behind him, or the sound of the Pokemon inside being forcefully ripped from its pleasant sleep and pushed out into the waking world..."ah, *sweet!*" was all the cat said as he grabbed a bag that was brimming with sweet Pokeblocks, putting that bag aside as he turned around, *more* than satisfied with the haul he had gotten from this trainer...but that was when he realized that he wasn't alone in this quiet night anymore. Standing right behind him, looming over the tiny Floragato in this little campsite, was a fiery Typhlosion - and he didn't look very happy to have been woken up by a thief...

Delta jumped nearly a foot up into the air, nearly letting out a scream-mewl before remembering that he was trying to maintain some level of stealth and not alert any other Pokemon to his presence. "E-easy, big guy..." the Floragato said as he quickly began to back away from the Fire-type, kicking the Typh's empty Pokeball towards them as he instantly dropped all his ill-gotten gains. Even with the Typhlosion still half-awake and groggy, Delta could feel the heat radiating off of the badger, and he knew that he absolutely did not want

any of that smoke whatsoever! The cat put all of his weight onto his back foot, ready to bolt at the slightest movement from the big, looming fire badger. And, once the Typhlosion reached forward in an attempt to grab Delta, the cat booked it - or, at least, he *tried* to. With how much smaller he was than the Typhlosion, it was pretty trivial for the Fire-type to just reach out and grab the cat by the scruff of his neck, lifting Delta up into the air as the cat quickly became a flurry of purple and white limbs. “HEY! Come on, let me go, I gave everything *back*...” the cat started to complain as he scrabbled and scratched about, trying to wriggle out of the grip that the Typhlosion had on his neck scruff..

The fire type brought Delta closer to its face for a moment, giving the flower cat a few brief sniffs before lifting Delta further up into the air - completely ignoring whatever blows the cat managed to land in the process - and dangling the Floragato right above his head, grabbing hold of that strange poncho that wrapped around the cat's neck down to his chest and casually inverting the cat while he continued to flail! Even in the relative darkness of the twilight camp raid that Delta had embarked on this evening, the cat could tell exactly what was happening to him right now, especially as he felt a wave of heat billowing up from beneath him. He was being held right over the Typhlosion's wide-open mouth, liable to be dropped inside that quivering, fleshy cavern at any moment if he didn't do something!

“Oh, *shit*--” Delta cursed under his breath as he started to flail around even harder, this time trying to reach for the flower bud that was around his neck. The trickster would often use it as a yo-yo of sorts, and even with the type disadvantage between the two Pokemon, it was probably his best chance at fighting back against the Typhlosion! The vine connecting said yo-yo to his body was usually hidden beneath the Floragato's thick fur, but it could be extended whenever he needed to use it, and now was as good a time as the cat could possibly think of! He reached for the yo-yo, pulling it through his fur and towards his open hand so that he could use it to batter the Typhlosion -

And then watched as the vine holding it cleanly tore off, falling *straight* into the fire badger's open gullet. It was getting too dark for Delta to actually see into the Typhlosion's mouth, but he certainly heard the thick, wet **ggLrk** of the open-mouthed swallow that came just a second or so later, the Floragato's only real line of defense disappearing into the Fire-type's broiling depths as quickly as it had been introduced to the scene. There was a seeming silence for a moment, almost as if the Typhlosion was in disbelief itself that Delta had failed to mount any sort of real fight, but that didn't last too long before the Floragato felt the grip on the back of his neck release. Normally, that would be a good thing. But in this moment, it just meant that he was left yelling into the dark, open air as he dropped down until his cries

were stifled by the squelching, pulsating innards of the fire badger's maw - and the Typhlosion's jaws **clamping** shut like a bear trap over Delta's exposed waist!

The cat found himself immersed in a sweltering, *wilting* cavern of heat, and he could only feel more steam billowing out from the deep throat that had just disappeared his yo-yo so effortlessly. He kicked and flailed around as best he could, but the bite force of the Typh combined with the absolute furnace that he had been stuffed into meant that he didn't have much strength left with which to fight back! All the fire badger had to do really was relax his throat muscles and let gravity do the work, Delta's head soon falling into that fleshy pit and being pulled deeper with one quick, powerful **glRRrgk~**. He was already all the way up into his shoulders now after just one swallow, feeling those tight, unyielding gullet muscles continuing to drag him down now that they had a good hold~ The Typh's greediness soon began to take over, though, Delta feeling a paw at his rear end as the Fire-type started to shove and push the rest of his leafy snack down inside. Delta could hear bubbling and sizzling coming from deeper within the fire badger's body, and he knew that things were going to get a *lot* more intense for him very soon...

glOuURrkh~

One more swallow was all that it took for the Typhlosion to completely devour Delta, the cat making a thick, wiggly bulge in the Fire-type's broad, cream-colored throat as he sank deeper. Rhythmic peristalsis dragging him down every couple of seconds or so, past the thumping heart of the beast as it stumbled back towards its owner's tent. Couldn't exactly get back into its own ball, and the tent was zipped up, so it looked like the Typhlosion would be sleeping outside with its latest catch...! At least it would be plenty warm for it outside, both from its natural disposition as a Fire-type and from the extra heat generated by its body as it went about churning the flower cat that would soon be packed firmly inside of its gut. The Floragato was still wriggling and mewling in the deepest reaches of the Typhlosion's throat, before one more powerful clenching peristalsis motion shoved his entire body out into the churning, sizzling gastric sack that would be his new home for the time being...and, almost *immediately*, the hostility of this new environment made itself *extremely* known to Delta as those stomach walls seized inward, against the cat from all sides and working those boiling, bubbling stomach acids into the Grass-type's sensitive, vulnerable fur...he really felt like a popsicle left out in the sun or something, just completely out of his element and at the mercy of a gut that has none to give.

And he had only been in the Typhlosion's stomach for a few seconds.

That was the kicker. He already felt so exhausted and spent, and he had barely spent any time inside the Fire-type...type weaknesses were one thing for battles, but when you were stewing inside the stomach of a Pokémon you were weak to, it was a whole other ballgame! Every little bubble of acid made Delta tingle even more; the heat and humidity of the constantly-moving chamber felt like it was cranked up to eleven, and the cat had absolutely nowhere to go...and yet, the stomach walls still continued to squeeze inward. Claiming and absorbing space that Delta didn't even know he had to give, every little crack and crevice between his body and themselves. A delineation that would continue to become muddier and muddier as the Floragato began to turn into soup deep inside of the Typhlosion's gut, pushed about by the constant movement of the churning chamber even as the fire badger began to slumber. Of course, sleep only meant that the Pokémon's body had more energy to direct towards Delta's inevitable digestion, so things somehow became even more overwhelming and intense inside for the cat as time went on.

For the next 20 minutes or so, Delta felt the constant tingling throughout his body gradually turn numb as those stomach acids did their job, melting the Floragato down into nothing more than a thick, nutritious slosh for the Typh's body to absorb...the heat generated by those innards as they worked and pulsed away was nothing short of dizzying, and combined with the swaying and sloshing, it was hard for Delta to even *move*, let alone make any kind of concerted effort to escape his new home! His brain was beginning to feel as if...it liked it here, like he just needed to settle down and close his eyes for a little bit, and then things would be okay. *Yeah*. Things would be all right for him, after a thorough trip through deep intestines that would leave him as wobbly Typhlosion ass pudge...perhaps the trainer would wake up in the morning, find this whole mess, and scold their prized starter for letting itself go so easily. Or, maybe, they would just shrug, take the extra XP that Delta offered, and go on their way... Or maybe, just maybe, they'd let it happen again.