

A Blueberry Prank

A Story Commission for Tails230

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Content warning: Blueberry inflation, near bursting, micro

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Lightning struck through the cloudless sky, striking on top of Glaurung's house. Each lightning made cracking sounds heard for miles. Despite the lack of lightning poles, it left no marks, not even the tiniest burnt mark on his home. From the outside, it looked as though it only held a single room with a chimney.

The inside, though, told a different story.

Within, the house stretched for at least three stories high, half a mile wide, and a quarter of a mile long. Even the smallest room stretched taller and broader than the house's exterior. Many held treasure, some priceless gold and gems, while others had games of many types. From a science fiction perspective, one might think that Glaurung achieved this impossible feat by folding the interior's dimensions to fit with the exterior.

In truth, Glaurung did it through his vast, almost ocean-sized amount of magic.

"Gehehehe! GAHAHAHA!!"

Glaurung rubbed his scaly fingers and palms together, the palm's thick leather-like padding scratching against the other. His long, light-yellow claws glinted from the pale blue light before him, the only light source in the dark room. His black scales, which encompassed much of his body, absorbed much of the light instead of reflecting

them. He wagged his long tail, which held light-yellow plating underneath and ended with a light-yellow fluffy tip. He grinned wide, with his ear-fins twitching with excitement.

"Yees. Yeeees," Glaurung said to himself. "This will be great. I can feel it."

More lightning struck his house, which energized him more. Glaurung, being a showoff type of mage, generated the lightning strikes for dramatic purposes despite the lack of viewers. He spread his wings, black with a pale gray inner, wide behind him. His eyes, bright yellow surrounded by light-yellow sclera, glittered with joy.

"That's it," Glaurung said. A hint of madness came to his voice. "Almost done."

More lightning struck his home, almost like some light show. The seconds ticked down, which increased Glaurung's excitement. His long black scarf, which stretched between his wings and rubbed against his tail, flowed behind him for theatrical reasons. His grin grew wide enough that his white fangs poked his lower lips.

A ding sound came.

Lightning stopped striking his house.

The lights turned on, with yellow and white drowning out pale blue.

Glauring stretched down and, without any oven mitts, pulled out a blueberry pie from the oven.

"It's finally READY! My next big PRANK!"

From all appearances, the pie looked normal from the tin bottom to the yellow-brown crust on top and bottom, with some blueberries poking out. It emitted a sweet, fruity aroma that caused Glauring to drool. He felt the temptation to eat it whole but instead set it aside to let it cool.

He glanced all around the kitchen and clicked his tongue. Dirty dishes lay on a countertop or in the sink. Loose flour, some dough, and a few blueberries littered on another countertop. Empty boxes, cardboard and plastic alike, lay on the floor.

In short, his kitchen lay messy, like a warzone.

"Can't have that, can we?" Glauring extended his left hand-paw to call for his staff. The staff, holding a chaotic design with twists, spirals, and topped with a four-point bright green crystal, floated over to him. He waved it over his head, with the crystal emitting a green glow. "Let's clean it up."

The kitchen faucet turned on at once, spraying steamy hot water on top of them. The soap bottle hovered up, sprinkling a bit of soap on the hot water and the sponge until they foamed up with water. The silverware, bowls, plates, and more moved independently, washing themselves in the soapy sink. The ones with the blue and purple stains took longer to clean, Glaurung noted. Once done, they wiped themselves with a towel before laying inside cabinets or shelves.

Empty boxes hovered up before flying inside the recycle bin—one of the last used to hold frozen blueberries, which Glaurung enchanted for his prank. Once inside, the content teleported into a random recycle facility, leaving the bin empty.

Sponges, towels, brooms, and dustpans floated around Glaurung, sweeping the floor or wiping the countertops. Once they gathered every bit of the mess, they dumped it into the trash, where they got incinerated. They hovered back to where Glaurung summoned them, lifeless once more.

Glaurung spun around his kitchen with his free arm outstretched, with it spotless again.

“Yes, yees. Excellent.” Glaurung leaned against his staff that stood as tall as him. He rubbed his pale yellow

hair-fur, nestled between his long, bright yellow horns.
"Chris will never know what hit him. Or rather," Glaurung rubbed his belly, "what will swell within him."

#

Glaurung carried a plain white box containing the blueberry pie over his right arm. He hummed to himself, off-key to everyone but him. Various trees stood around him, with the leaves green with a hint of browning on the tips. He glanced around the park, filled with multiple types like humans, anthros, ferals, Pokémon, and more.

"Now, this is one of Chris's favorite places to play at," Glaurung said to himself. He skimmed around the park, from the swings and slides to the fields and benches.
"Now, where would an orange, three-tailed kitsune be?"

He twisted all around before he sat on one of the stone benches. Though uncomfortable for an extended period, he hoped to spot his prey before long. Besides, whenever Glaurung went on his eating spree, they at least lasted longer than plastic-covered steel benches. He set the box beside him, trying to ignore its sweet aroma. He counted, adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing randomly to distract himself.

As soon as he reached negative fifty-six, a voice interrupted his thoughts.

“Hey! What’s with the stupid getup!?”

Glaurung flinched and turned to the voice’s source. An anthro hyena stood there, looming over him with a toothy grin. His pale violet shirt strained, trying to contain his broad chest and thick arms. Glaurung rolled his eyes, wondering how the hyena’s toothpick-like legs carried his body’s upper half. The hyena reached over and rubbed Glaurung’s cerulean blue shirt, which was sleeveless and torn up at the bottom to expose his belly.

“Heeheehee! You look like some lost, stupid, homeless dude!” the hyena said. He flexed his right arm enough to rip apart his sleeve. “THIS is the only reason to wear sleeveless shirts!”

Glaurung sighed. Part of him wanted to use his magic to expand his muscles to tower over that annoying hyena. On the other hand, if Chris saw him, he would run the other way fast; he would not forget Glaurung fattening him to the point that even surrounding buildings felt small. It annoyed Glaurung, who loved showing off, but he should be subtle this once.

Glaurung said, “It’s called personal preference, buddy. I like having my shirt like this. It’s excel—”

“It’s STUPID to me! Heeheehee!” The hyena shook his head. He lifted his stick-thin leg and slammed it next to

Glaurung's hip. "You looked as though you couldn't *bother* to get clothes from a store, so you snagged them out from the trash instead!"

Glaurung breathed in and out and closed his eyes. He counted again in his head, going from one to ten. He flinched and opened his eyes, realizing that he acted so *orderly*. That hyena managed to dig deep under his scales. At that point, slight thundering came from above their heads, though only a couple of parkgoers looked up in confusion. He finished counting and said, "Technically, they were like that when—"

"And look at your pants there!" The hyena poked Glaurung's dark blue jeans, with them torn halfway down his knees. "Anymore lost, and they would be *shorts*! Heeheehee!"

The cloudless sky rumbled like an oncoming thunderstorm. It took everything Glaurung had not to explode in fury. Instead, he lowered his eyes and said, "If you let me finish explaining what happened—"

"And that stupid scarf you wear around your neck!"

Glaurung felt something snap in his head.

"What did you say about my scarf?"

"It's in the middle of *summer*, stupid! Heeheehee! You should be *baking* with that thing on!" The hyena howled with laughter. "The only thing worse is if you wore a stupid cape instead!"

The sky turned quiet as though in anticipation. Though the thundering happened thanks to Glaurung's love for the dramatic leaking through, it all paused. Glaurung stood up, with his wings folded behind him, and stared at the hyena eye to eye. Despite the fury he felt, it chilled like the dead of winter instead of burning or electrifying.

Glaurung said in an uncanny calm voice, "Oh, you made a big mistake."

The hyena howled in laughter again before walking away, ignorant of how much he angered his victim. Glaurung let him gain some distance before following, taking it slow. No more time for the flashy theatrics he loved so much; instead, invest it all in getting payback with interest.

The hyena glanced back, and whether some survival instincts picked up Glaurung's raw anger or he wanted to prank another, he sprinted away. He stumbled onto the ground before getting up and running.

"It doesn't matter how far you run," Glaurung said through twitching lips. He spread his wings and jumped to the sky. "Because I *will* find you."

#

Nevah slid down a slide while giggling to herself. She wagged her poofy tail, dark gray on top and white on bottom. She jumped joyfully on the slide's bottom, easy for a feral Eevee like her. Her long ears, dark gray with black tips, wiggled at a sound, and she turned to the source. For a moment, a familiar dragon walked away before disappearing instantly. She blinked and stared with her bright orange eyes but saw no trace of that dragon.

"Vee?" Nevah hopped down from the slide, landing on all four in the sand. The light gray sand engulfed much of her white paws, turning dark gray above the knees. She took a couple of steps over in that direction before she paused. "Was that?"

She reached up and rubbed the blue gem hanging around her neck. It lay above her white fluffy 'collar.' She folded her ears back while frowning, remembering that mean dragon, Glaurung. The last time she saw him, he foxnapped Chris, fattened him until he swelled larger than trees, and inflated her to a similar size when she tried to save him.

A minute of waiting passed, and that dragon did not return.

"Vee. Maybe I imagined him."

She shook her head and turned back—

A sweet, fruity aroma flowed into her nose, which she wiggled. She sniffed, sucking in the smell while trying to trace its source. She closed her eyes and let her nose do the following. She smelled more, walking away from the slide set, stepping out from the sand, and going to the stone bench.

"Vee? Is that?" Nevah opened her eyes at the white box above. She hopped onto the bench and opened it with her nose. She gasped at the excellent blueberry pie lying within, from its yellow-brown crust to the blueberries poking out. "Vee! Blueberry pie! My favorite!"

She twisted around, trying to find the owner of this pie. No one reacted to this strange-looking Eevee with a husky fur pattern standing next to this pie. She giggled to herself and reached within the box before stopping herself. Next to the slide set lay a swing set, where Chris swung despite being in his feral form. If he saw this, he would demand that she share this pie.

"Nah. He always eats too much." Nevah shook her head.

She shut the box and nosed underneath it. She wiggled until it lay on top of her head. Joy filled her head as she hopped off from the stone bench. She glanced around with her new blueberry pie, hoping for a good place to eat in privacy.

Despite that, too many folks visited the park on this fine day. Someone would spot her whether she ate it on a slide, on a tree, or under a canopy. Instead, she laid her hope elsewhere, outside of this park.

"Vee," Nevah said. She glanced around for a spot before she paused. A forest lay nearby, with trees thick enough to block any visible view. "That looks like a good place as any." She hurried over to the forest. "This will be a great pie! I just know it!"

#

"Ah, the nerve of that jerk," Glaurung said to himself. Steam flowed out from his ear-fins despite his satisfied expression. He patted his right pocket. "At least I caught up and punished him." He shook his head, still annoyed by that hyena. "Next time, he'll think twice before insulting me, the awesome dragon mage Glaurung!"

Glaurung huffed out as he sat on the stone bench.

"Now then, to find that sneaking kitsune and feed him this—" Glaurung reached to the side for the pie, only to rub his bright yellow claws against thin air. He turned to the right, wondering if he placed it farther from himself.

Instead, he found it missing.

"Oh, COME ON!" He stood up and searched all around the bench, even under it. "I leave you here for one minute, and somebody went and took it! Are you kidding me?!" He huffed out some electricity from his snout. "First, a jerk insulted me, and now this! What is this world coming into?! Does it know who I am?!"

Glaurung growled for a few seconds. He breathed in and out, trying to calm himself. He rubbed his three fingers up and down the bridge of his snout. His anger vibrated on the back of his head, but he thought more straightforward.

"OK. OK. Let's try to reason it out." Glaurung paced back and forth. "Whoever took it might have realized what it is. After all, why else would someone give you something with blueberries within them and not expect it to inflate you with blueberry juice? That's just common sense!" He rubbed his snout some more. "Still, where will they take it?" Back home? No. If they did, they might forget what it does and risk eating it, or, even better, someone else might find it and

eat it. In one of the trash bins here? No. That might risk any rats or such to eat it."

Glaurung turned to the forest and felt gears clicking in his brain.

"A-HA! They took it there!" He pointed at the forest. "That thief is very clever. They knew that the best way to counter this cliché they must take it deep into this forest. That way, they can dispose of it without any prying eyes. A perfect way to counter my prank, but they underestimated how smart I am." He grinned. "Another win for logic."

Glaurung rushed toward the forest until he paused. A pale orange flicker came at the corner of his eyes. He turned to the source and gritted his teeth. Chris sat there, his back to Glaurung and swinging on a swing.

Glaurung raised his fist and shook it. "You got lucky this time, Chris!"

Christ did not look up and instead continued swinging.

Glaurung growled and ran into the forest.

#

Nevah wandered deeper into the forest with a happy smile. She balanced the white box above her head despite the bumps and scratches. She wagged her bushy tail while avoiding bushes along the way.

"Vee~! This is a good find~!" Nevah said to herself.

She slipped the box off her head and rubbed her front paws together. With her nose, she pushed the box top open. The pie's sweet, fruity fragrance filled her nose instantly, causing her mouth to water. She sat down and stared at the paw for a few seconds, letting it all sink in.

"Vee, this looks so delicious," Nevah said.

She pushed the tin down, making it slide off the crusty pie edge. Despite the lack of thumbs, she succeeded without cracking the pie crust. She lifted the pie and stared at it for a few more seconds, enjoying every bit. She giggled to herself, her tail wiggling with every giggle. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth—

A distant voice came from the side, loud enough that Nevah opened one eye and turned in that direction.

"Darn thief! I swear, if I catch you, I'll make you suffer!"

Nevah flinched, opening the other eye and widening both in shock. How did this pie owner figure out where she went? She thought of multiple reasons, such as simple observation or a magical tracker. Heck, perhaps he held just as good as a nose, if not better, than her own.

Regardless, this tracker must be smart.

"I'll find you, so make it easier for yourself! I mean, do you have ANY IDEA who you stole from!?"

The voice, having an arrogant with a hint of slither tone, sounded familiar to Nevah for some reason. She felt anger despite herself, as though she knew the voice's owner as a mean bully. She thought of putting the pie back in while sneaking away for a moment, but that voice's tone killed that idea.

Instead, she opened her mouth as wide as possible before stuffing the pie in. The sweet, savory blueberries filled her tongue and cheeks, enough for her eyes to glittered. She chewed on it, enjoying the taste more. After she finished chewing, she gulped it down and sighed.

The rustling trees and bushes grew loud, along with some pawsteps. At once, a black figure stepped out from the bushes. He pointed a bright yellow claw at her "A-HA! There you—"

Glaurung the dragon and Nevah the Huskyvee stared at each other in silence.

"YOU!?" they both said to each other.

"I thought I saw you in the park!" Nevah twisted to the side, arching her back low. "You mean dragon, you!"

"Still held a grudge on that?" Glaurung snarled. "I restored Chris after having fun, didn't I?"

"After you inflated me into a blimp, you did!" Nevah growled at Glaurung. "And you still foxnapped my friend in front of me! Vee, that is horrible!"

Glaurung shook his head. "Yeah, yeah. Whatever. So, you pie stealer, where is it? I KNOW you stole it!"

Nevah twisted her growl into a sneer. "Vee, I ate it."

"*WHAT?!?!?*" Glaurung twitched his lips. "Do you have any idea, any idea, of what you ate?!"

Nevah snickered. "The best pie I ever ate."

Nevah's black nose turned into a shade of blue.

"It was beautiful, a thing of beauty! One of my best works yet!" Glaurung curled his lips back, gritting his teeth. "It was meant for Chris, not you!"

"Vee, it was a nice pie," Nevah said. Despite still arching her back for combat, she enjoyed needling Glaurung.

The blueness, meanwhile, spread over her face, with the dark grey streaks over her eyes taking on a darker shade of blue.

"I bet it was! It took everything, every bit of my willpower, *not* to eat it! Do you know why?" Glaurung stomped on the ground. A Lightning struck nearby without bursting a tree into pieces. "It was the first time I ever did a blueberry inflation!"

"Vee, you could always make ano— Wait. Vee?"

At that point, Nevah's orange eyes turned blue.

"Yeah. However, you figured out my joke for Chris and saved him!" Glaurung huffed. "And now you're becoming a giant blueberry instead."

Nevah widened her eyes in horror. She stopped arching her back low and instead stood on her hind legs. The blueness went down her neck and body, replacing her original fur color. It reached her legs, changing dark gray and white fur into dark blue and bright blue. She flinched and rubbed her legs together, hoping to wipe away the blue, but it still remained. By the end, it reached her tail, changing it to the two blue colors.

"Vee! Stop it now!" Nevah's stomach growled, though not out of hunger but out of fullness that increased. Her tail puffed out, a sign of an incoming inflation. "VEE!!"

"And now I must return home and make another blueberry pie." Glaurung paced back and forth. He

ignored Nevah as well, focused on his thoughts. "At least, if I have time. But it'll take hours, more than enough time for Chris to escape the park."

Nevah's tail felt heavy, enough that she lay it down. She winced at it rounding out. Chris often joked that her tail is sometimes its own entity. Though she often got annoyed by those jokes, given how it swelled to rival her size, she sometimes wondered.

"So, as a result, I need to improvise a backup plan," Glaurung said. "Hmm. Would it be possible to do chocolate inflation with pie?"

Nevah's belly gurgled, with it rounding out as well. It lay squishing against the ground despite her standing on all fours. It groaned from swelling blueberry juice, which embarrassed her. It swelled, lifting her legs off from the ground. Her tail also vibrated, catching up to her belly in size.

"No. Brown is an ugly color. I mean, what would people think of a round, brown ball?" Glaurung shook his head. "People would think a giant rabbit left it there!"

Nevah coughed, leaking some blueberry out from her mouth. Her legs sank into her swelling belly, losing movement on them. The necklace grew tight around her

neck, stretching along with her size. She groaned, with an increased helpless feeling filling her up.

"Arg! I can't think of anything else! What do you think, Nevah?" Glaurung turned to her and flinched in shock. "What the?"

At that point, she stopped swelling from blueberry. Her head and neck lay sunken in her belly as much as her legs. She wiggled as much as possible, but only her paws, ears, eyes, nose, and mouth moved. She grew to an impressive size, at about Glaurung's height of six feet tall. She whistled and glanced behind her, spotting her tail, which swelled as large as her stomach.

"Daaaaaaaang! Now, that is some impressive swelling there!" Glaurung reached and rubbed Nevah's chest area. It felt firm to the touch. "You know, I believe you grew a lot larger than Chris would have, and this is only the first stage."

"First stage!?" Nevah widened her eyes.

"Yeah! I mean, if you are going for a blueberry inflation, you got to do it right. And to do it right, you have to go big!" Glaurung winked at her. "You might have sacrificed yourself to save Chris from this fate, but this is even better!"

"Thanks," Nevah said with a heavy amount of sarcasm. "But you got it all wrong. I didn't—"

Her stomach made a loud gurgle, louder than before. Nevah flinched while squeezing her paws' digits together. Glaurung grinned wide, reaching around and rubbing her belly area. His tail and ear-fins wiggled fast from joy and anticipation.

Nevah groaned, with her swelling with more blueberry again. Her legs sunk into her belly more, enough to prevent her from moving a single digit. To think that discovering an outstanding blueberry pie would be the worst thing today.

Glaurung, for his part, grinned as wide as his face allowed. Nevah felt tighter to the touch, which made him happier. To think that this happy accident happened because he lost control of his temper. As a result, he ended up with a larger reward instead.

Nevah yelped, her belly swelling significantly enough to press against her cheeks. Her necklace still stretched around her neck, trapped between her head and stomach. Her blue shade shifted, turning into a violet tint. A regular violet color dominated her belly, underneath her tail, and much of her face and legs; a dark violet color dominated her back, around her eyes, much of her ears, and the top

part of her tail. She groaned, feeling tight all around her body.

Glaurung snickered and rubbed her belly area as much as possible. "You're going to get biiiiiig~!"

Nevah blushed, though the violet color hid the redness. Her swelling body pressed against a couple of trees. She grunted from the tightening feeling, which bulged her eyes out. For a moment, she feared that it would cause her to explode. Instead, the trees cracked and fell against her growing belly.

Her head rose higher from the ground, reaching the branches. A couple of them rubbed her face before she swelled higher than them. Her head sunk deeper, enough to prevent her from talking. She felt immobile, unable to move an inch except higher.

Nevah's head rose above the highest tree tops around her. In the distance, she saw the park where she snagged the pie. She thought she saw Chris watching her for a moment before walking away. If it were possible to explode from embarrassment, that would be the time.

At that point, she finally stopped swelling from the blueberry juice. She towered over the trees, with her belly bending a few of them away. Her tail swelled along with her, just as large and round. As for her head and legs, they

sunk in deep enough to make her a perfectly shaped orb plus one. From a distance, any casual watcher would think they saw two rounded blueberry inflation victims instead of one. That made her blush harder despite it being impossible to view even close-up.

"Sweet, sweet, blueberries," Glaurung said below her. She wiggled an inch on her tail, much less than she needed to flatten him. "You did an excellent job swelling. I'm proud of you."

Nevah emitted a growl, one of the few things possible in that state.

"I mean it. Jeez, from a touch, I bet you could explode at any moment!"

Nevah flinched in horror. The thought of exploding in a blueberry tidal wave frightened her; even imagining Glaurung drowning in the juice did little to soften her fear. Her violet eyes shook in horror.

Glaurung snickered. "Yeah! So full and tight, like an air-filled balloon."

In his mind, he laughed at Nevah's frightened expression. Under normal circumstances, Nevah would explode into a shower of blueberry juice. If that happened, Glaurung would lose the one thing he loved most: an

oversized belly. As a result, he added an extra spell in the blueberry pie that prevented the eater from popping for any reason. If she had given it thought, she would realize it.

Glaurung glanced at Nevah's side, where what remained of a tree she shattered from her swelling body lay. Its pointy end pressed against her belly in a futile attempt at popping her. He noted that it proved the spell work, though he wondered if he should add more blueberry juice to her.

Instead, he rubbed her belly, squeezing it while teasing her.

#

"Let me get this straight," a Pokémon nurse said. She lowered her eyelids to halfway while staring at Glaurung. "This poor Pokémon ate your cursed blueberry pie while you weren't looking?"

"That is what happened," Glaurung answered. He rubbed Nevah's sides up and down. "I was too late to save her."

"And you swear that you didn't force-feed her, trick her, or anything of the kind?" The nurse's deadpan voice went down to Nevah. "That she ate it of her own will?"

"Exactly! I had another victim in mind!"

"I see. Though there is one thing I don't understand." The nurse pressed Nevah's face with a finger. It covered it up with not even the ears poking out. "Why is she so small? I know her. She should be much bigger than that, like a house from your description."

Glaurung grinned while rubbing the back of his head. Nevah lay on a mobile tray in a Pokémon Center, about the size of a basketball. She looked silly and adorable at that size, especially in how much her legs and head sank into her belly.

"Now, do you expect me to carry this house-sized, maybe more, blueberry without trying to cheat a little?" Glaurung held a smirk on one half of his face. "After I had fun with her for an hour or so, I shrunk her into a more portable size. Though, if she were any smaller, she would be an excellent pair of stress balls."

"I see." The nurse shook her head. "And when does this shrinking spell wear off?"

"Hmm. I say about a day or so."

"Great. Just great." The nurse shook her head. "We'll need extra care to dispose of the blueberry juice since—"

"That I can handle." Glaurung winked at her while grinning wider.

The nurse stared at him for a couple of seconds. "Sigh. Not my problem, in any case. Just wait in the lobby while we take care of her. OK?"

Before Glaurung responded, the nurse pushed the tray with a blueberry Nevah. Glaurung watched them until they strolled past a pair of doors, which flopped shut. He nodded to himself and crossed his arms while walking over to the lobby.

The bright white walls reflected so much light that it made the lobby and the Pokémon Center brighter, making Glaurung stick out more. He snickered, sitting beside a trainer with a bruised-up Granbull. The Granbull glared at her rival, a Toedscool with bruises all over his body. Across from Glaurung lay a Pokémon Trainer, who held a Jolteon with a swollen belly on her lap. The Jolteon rubbed her stomach with a happy expression.

A half-hour later, the nurse carried Nevah on a tray, no longer round but remaining violet. She lay on the tray, exhausted from getting juice pumped out from her, with her limbs splayed out wider than usual. The nurse also carried a jug of blueberry juice and handed it and Nevah to Glaurung. Glaurung held Nevah with his right hand, using magic to levitate the jar.

"Now, remember, when that spell wears off, it'll also cause this blueberry juice to return to its original size," the nurse said. Her tone held a half-sarcastic style to it. "I'm sure you'll responsibly dispose of it when that happens."

"Don't worry. I'll keep that in mind," Glaurung said. He nodded to her. "Thank you."

"No problem." The nurse turned to the battle-worn Pokémon and said in a kinder tone, "I'll take you two in next."

Glaurung left the Pokémon Center instead of staying to watch what happened. He kept a thumb on the tiny Nevah's belly, rubbing it with a thumb. Already, he thought of the perfect way of 'disposing' it with help from Chris. He snickered to himself while wiggling his ear-fins.

"Oh, that would be so good," Glaurung said to himself. Nevah groaned and lifted her head. "Ah, good. You're awake."

"Vee? Huh?" Nevah turned to Glaurung's head looming above her. "VEE?! Why are you so huge!?"

"I'm not huge. I made you a quarter of an inch small," Glaurung answered. He winked at her. "It's the only way to transport you into a Pokémon Center."

"Vee! Turn me back this instant!"

"Don't worry. It'll wear out tomorrow. In the meantime, you can join my little buddy here." Glaurung curled his fingers around her to block off any hope of escape. He stuffed her into his right pocket before releasing her. "Have fun, you two~!"

Nevah yelped, flailing as she tumbled down, bouncing from one fabric to the next. She crash-landed head-first at the bottom and then tumbled onto her back. She groaned and rolled onto her paws, her back creaking with every moment. She lifted her head far more flexible than expected, a temporary side effect from being bloated with blueberry.

Nevah growled, pressing her paws together. "I swear, you mean dragon, I'll get payback on you. I'll make you wish you never crossed me. I'll stuff you like—"

"Heeheehee. You too?"

Nevah flinched at this new voice. She flipped her head back so it pressed against her back, finding this unique voice.

There, a muscular hyena leaned against a fabric wall, having a mix of defeat and intrigue in his expression.

"Vee?"

About Author

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