

Attract
by Holo

The dense tropical foliage of the Alola region jungles were exhausting to trek through. This is what Adam was finding as he traversed the deepest wilds of Alola in search of rare Pokemon. The anteater was panting and sweating, the humidity making the air sticky and hot, even under the shady canopy of trees. He placed a hand on a nearby tree, leaning on it to relax and catch his breath. The tree pulled away, and Adam stumbled, barely managing to stay standing as the Alolan Exeggutor stood up and moved away. He sighed, exhausted, and kept moving forward, taking a drink from his canteen as he went.

The area was full of wildlife. Colorful birds and huge insects flew above, chirping, chittering, and buzzing. Nearby foliage rustled, and small wild Pokemon darted away as Adam approached. A bush ahead began to growl, and Adam stopped and began to back up. A wild midday Lycanrock crept into view, its teeth bared and fur bristling. Adam swallowed hard, his eyes fixing on the rocky points of the Pokemon's mane. It chomped at him, and he yelped and ran, crashing through the underbrush back the way he came. The Lycanrock chased, its four legs flying over the earth, gaining ground.

Adam hooked a left, around the Exeggutor he unsettled earlier. It groaned at him, and then turned its frustrations on the Lycanrock, firing a storm of razor-sharp leaves at it. The rock-dog skid to a halt, barking in anger as Adam took the opportunity to duck under a bush and out of sight. He kept going, worried that the dog would be able to catch his scent. The ground began to rise on his left into a steep rock wall, and he spied a cave behind a tangle of lush vines. The anteater ducked inside of it and vanished into the opening.

The interior of the cave was dark, and much cooler than the sunlit world outside. The walls were dripping with condensation from the humidity, and the vines had grown into the entrance a few feet before finally being choked by the lack of light. Determined to lose the Lycanrock, Adam crept into the cave, leaving the light behind. He opened his pack as he went, cracking a glow stick to light his way. He didn't intend to go too deep, just far enough to get the slip on the rock-dog.

The air grew more chill as he went. The sound of dripping water echoed through the caves along with the sound of his own breathing. The wet walls glistened with the green glow of his glowstick. He walked carefully, keeping his footsteps quiet.

A cold gust of air swept through the cave, bringing with it a sweet and irresistible scent. Adam sniffed the air with his long, narrow snout, and his feet shuffled forwards without his awareness. He followed the smell, the sickly-sweet aroma drawing him in, deeper and deeper though the black cavern. Up ahead, two eyes were shining in the darkness. Adam's feet hesitated for a moment, but then kept going.

His light shone on the scales of a Salazzle, a Pokemon native to the Alola region. It was difficult to see even with the glow; its dark-scaled body blended in with the shadows of the cavern. Its glassy eyes were purple, and a pattern like pink flames rose up over its purple belly. Adam stood, transfixed, staring at the Salazzle. It was smaller than him by a couple feet, and he had to look down to get a good look at it. She was just what he was looking for though. An Alola region native.

He coughed suddenly as the sweet smell in the air grew stronger, and he staggered, wobbling from one side to the other. His head began to feel light, a headache growing in his temples. That sweet smell, it was coming from the Salazzle. Her pheromones were intoxicating... and toxic.

He coughed again and started to back away, but the Salazzle followed him without making a sound. She stepped forward, staring at him as he dropped his glowstick to the ground. He realized that he must have been breathing her toxins for minutes already, from the first whiff of her scent that he caught, she had been filling his lungs with debilitating poison.

He tried to take another step away, but he couldn't. Her scent was too alluring, his mind too clouded and body too weak. He took a step forward and fell. The Salazzle caught him, and let him go, breaking his fall just enough to not hurt him. He tried to push himself up, but his arms were wobbly and useless. A dreamy smile crept onto his face as he gazed at the Salazzle. She was... so pretty, from down here, standing over him, staring down at him. He coughed again. It was starting to hurt. It was getting harder to breathe. His eyes half-closed, body trembling with exhaustion where he lay. Then he blacked out.

With her prey incapacitated, the Salazzle moved closer. The glow stick made her toxic fumes shimmer in the air. Adam's body was quite a bit bigger than she was, but that had never stopped her before. She grabbed his face, him still barely breathing. She lifted him up, just a little, and then began to cram him into her jaws. Her mouth stretched around his head, jaw unhinging and cheeks bulging and stretching. The anteater's pointed snout went down easy, making a small bulge in her throat. She gulped, using her practiced muscles to work down the huge meal.

Her throat bulged bigger than her head as Adam's head filled it. She grabbed his shoulders with her claws and pulled on them, using all her strength to force that broad part of his body into her. Her stomach groaned, greedy, ready for the huge mound of meat it was soon to receive. Salazzle got onto all fours, switching to crawling over her meal like a snake would. It was easier to work him in this way, almost like scooping him up off the floor and into her guts.

As she slid over his belly, any chance of escape was forfeit. If Adam hadn't succumbed to the poison and lack of air, it was now too late to fight back. Her tight body pinned his arms to his sides, and her small gut left no room to struggle. She clawed at his hips, swallowing them down, the process getting easier as the remainder of the anteater's body narrowed down to the point of his toes. Her stomach was stretched out huge, larger than her whole body, distorting her pink flame marking across her distended hide.

With a clack of her teeth, she sealed Adam away in her guts, which began to noisily churn him up. He'd pack a lot of fat onto her frame, possibly even immobilizing her, but all that meant was that she wouldn't need to hunt again for a couple weeks. With a gaseous, toxic belch, the Salazzle curled around her gut on the cave floor, ready to sleep off her meal.