

What Did We Do To Deserve This We Did Nothing Wrong
By Angelus

"Why is this happening to us," Rose complained about the situation her party was in. For her part, the Leafeon was laying on the ground on her back, stuck to the floor by an incredible gravity well. It didn't hurt, but she couldn't move, save to open her mouth. Her legs were splayed out flat against the ground, which was a little uncomfortable, but her attempts to squirm amounted to nothing. She was so stiff it was like she had been petrified.

Some distance from her, but within earshot, was Slough, a Seviper who was a fellow member of Team Nightflower. The serpent was stretched out straight, and his long body was rigid, almost like it was frozen. The blade at the end of his tail was tilted to one side, like a scythe. "Because your husband got his fat ass stuck in the portal and pissed off Giratina, that's why," Slough hissed as he was levitated off the ground and swung a few times like a golf club. It was obvious that his tail blade was meant to be used as the head of the club, as he was swung through the air by an invisible force.

"It's not like we ASKED to get sucked into Giratina's messed up Distortion World. We were *abducted*," Rose said defensively. She tried to crane her neck to look at Milkbone, but she couldn't move an inch. It hardly mattered, as the scene was about the same as it had been a few minutes ago. The portal back to the real world was open as wide as it could go, and unfortunately, Milkbone's tremendous stomach had wedged in the portal. Grey dog gut squished around the sides, bunched up against the wall between dimensions from all the fruitless shoving that had been done to Milkbone's back half. Giratina, to its embarrassment, couldn't muster enough power to open the portal any wider, and so it took to blaming the situation on the Pokemon that were around and punishing them for it.

Giratina was sitting on an island floating above the scene, with its head resting over the edge so it could watch what was happening. Without so much as blinking, it broke apart the landmasses that Rose and Slough were on and tilted them at right angles to each other. Each piece retained its own gravity though, making it impossible to tell which way was up.

Slough watched as Rose was moved away. To him, it looked like she was pinned to a wall. "So even though none of this is our fault, Giratina is still going to make us play some crazy Distortion Golf until Milkbone slims down enough to fit through the portal?" Slough huffed, upset, as he teed up to the ball.

The ball was a Sandshrew, and it was no more happy about this than anyone else. It was stuck, curled up in a ball, unable to uncurl. They tried to speak, but with their head buried against their belly, it was just muffled, unintelligible sounds. They wiggled about on top of an oversized golf tee, but couldn't manage to roll off of it.

"Look at the bright side, at least you're not the ball," Rose shouted to Slough.

"I'm not THAT much better off, unlike you," Slough retorted as he was pulled back, and then swung forward, smacking the Sandshrew off the tee and sending it sailing through the air. The path it took was... complicated, but suffice to say that instead of bouncing off the nearest wall, it landed on it, very near to Rose.

Gravity was a mess.

Slough was dragged to the Sandshrew ball against his wishes, and he huffed and grumbled about being used as a living golf club. There was a moment of vertigo as he felt the shift in gravity as he approached Rose's landmass, but he adjusted quickly. He teed up again as invisible hands angled him towards Rose. He was pulled back, and swung, hitting the Sandshrew with a loud *thwack*. They skittered along the ground at great speed, bouncing a couple of times before slamming into Rose's open mouth and dropping into her belly before she could gulp.

Rose writhed, or at least tried too, but she was still quite rooted to the ground. Her stomach was swollen into a perfect little sphere by the Sandshrew, and she groaned, trying to rub her face. "That HURT!" she whined to Slough. The Sandshrew had gone down easy enough, but had still smacked her in the face at high speed on the way in. Her face was a bit red from the hit.

"Not like it's any nicer for me," Slough said flatly. "Or for the ball."

"Well, we just gotta go along with it until we can get out," Rose said with a sigh. Distortion World began to shift around them, with rocks and land masses moving through the void to arrange themselves into a new golf course to play on. Slough groaned as another Sandshrew, or maybe the same one, who could tell, was placed onto the huge golf tee and set up for another game. Rose wished she could press her paws into the sphere of her belly, but her situation wouldn't allow it. She gave a resigned sigh, and tried to open her mouth wider to prepare for the next round. At the very least, she wasn't going to let herself get smacked in the face again.