

~Deep Forest~

Part 1

“I shouldn’t be doing this...”

It was the pitch black darkness of midnight. While everyone else was asleep in their houses, one young Pokémon, a mere child, timidly walked alone into the dark forest neighboring the village. From the back of the Pokémon’s head and its tail two small flames blazed, shining amid the darkness.

“Quilava...” the Pokémon uttered nervously. It was the Pokémon’s name and its cry, voiced in times of stress such as these. Alone in the dark forest, the Quilava quietly whimpered its name as it walked.

“I already want to return...” Quilava muttered to himself. “But if I don’t bring any evidence back with me I’ll be mocked again...”

Quilava hung its head down sadly as it walked. He was a cowardly Pokémon, always being made fun of by the other children his age. Upset because of this, Quilava was determined to become strong like the other Pokémon.

To prove his courage to the other Pokémon Quilava had decided that he would venture into the forest on such a night as this one. In the heart of the forest sat a large fountain which had once been the home of some great creature. It was said that the creature’s scales could be found around the fountain and that they were quite beautiful. Quilava knew that if he could bring one of the scales back to the village all the Pokémon would finally know of his courage.

“It’s scary... I need to hurry and return soon, If I don’t they may notice I’m gone...”

The trees of the forest closed behind Quilava, the dark night seeming even darker underneath the tall trees and their wide branches. Nervously Quilava walked, guided only by the dim light of the fires on his back.

“Ah!”

Quilava suddenly stumbled and fell down as his paws caught in small holes in the dirt path. As he fell he knocked his head against the ground, the flames on his back extinguishing.

“It hurts...” Quilava mumbled as he got up, sitting on his rear as he wiped dirt off his face, swollen slightly from the impact. A few tears fell down his face as he cried slightly from the pain.

Wiping away the tears Quilava repressed the thought of simply running all the way back to his house and forgetting about retrieving the scale. A little courage flowed through his body and the

flames on his head and tail flared up again as Quilava lowered himself to all four paws, ready to set off again.

Continuing to follow the path by the light of his flames Quilava walked deeper into the forest, steeling his courage and determination.

~~~~~

Turning and twisting, Quilava followed the path deep into the forest, looking around intently for the fabled fountain. At last Quilava reached the heart of the forest where the path ended, but looking around he saw no fountain.

“Where is it...?” Quilava panted, tired from the long walk. “It should be around here, this path was supposed to have led to it... Was I lied to?”

Spinning around, Quilava closely examined the surrounding woods. There was not even a glimpse of the fountain. As he looked back the way he had come, Quilava found that the path he had been following seemed to have disappeared. Groaning and at a loss, Quilava sat down on the ground, realizing that he must have gotten lost.

Just as Quilava was about to weep and cry again a strange voice was heard from the trees. Perking his ears up and straining to hear the voice, Quilava was unable to make it out.

“It is here. The fountain is here...”

Quilava jumped up, surprised at the mysterious voice that was now so clear. Panicking at the thought of what it could be from, Quilava twisted about as he looked for the source of the voice, finding no one.

“Am I hearing things today?” Quilava quietly wondered.

Listening for the voice again Quilava didn’t hear anything. The panic at what it could be again crept into Quilava, fear spreading to his face as he lowered himself closer to the ground.

“It is here. The fountain is here...”

Again! Quilava heard the voice drifting through the trees again, causing him to jump in surprise. “Ah!” He screamed. “What is it...? Where’s it coming from...? Maybe this place isn’t safe...”

Quilava was scared of the mysterious voice, fear in his own voice as he spoke to himself. But it came to him that this was the reason he came to the forest, to prove he was courageous. If he were to turn back now and find his way home, the trip would have been for nothing. He couldn’t let himself leave the forest without getting the scale to prove he was there.

Locating the direction the voice was coming from, Quilava turned to face it and slowly began to walk blindly through the trees towards it, letting his ears guide him.

~~~~~

As Quilava walked in the direction the voice was coming from it repeated itself many times, as if guiding Quilava towards it. When he would turn off course the voice would even call to him again, “It is not there, it is over here.”

The voice calling him deeper into the forest, Quilava wondered why the voice wouldn’t show itself to him. Regardless, thanks to the voice Quilava knew he would be able to find the fountain now. Barely thinking about where he was going, Quilava followed the voice to his destination. Coming out of the trees and into a clearing Quilava found himself facing a large circular pool of water, surrounded on its edges by a low height of stone that encircled the fountain. Moonlight shone down through the opening in the branches above, casting a silver light on the fountain.

“Amazing... This is it, the fountain... I did it...” Quilava whispered excitedly as he dropped to the ground to rest, placing a paw over his heart and trying to quell his excitement.

Even during the day the forest was dark and eerie, and to tell the truth Quilava had hardly been in the forest even during the day before. But he knew that if the others knew he ventured all the way to the fountain during the night and managed to find a scale there would be no doubt about his courage any longer. Some would consider it rash of him, however no longer would he be laughed at once he returned.

“But if I don’t find the scale and return soon, the others may begin to worry... *It* may also come out...”

For years stories had circulated around Quilava’s village about the fountain, old fables and myths designed to scare the children but with doubtful truth to them. Some said that a ghost guarded the fountain, while others said the guardian was a horrible, ugly, snake-like Pokémon who devoured anyone who approached the fountain.

Thinking over the stories Quilava began to feel frightened again. He did not believe the stories, but he couldn’t help but wonder what would happen if they were true. Getting up from his rest, Quilava scurried about the clearing, looking for one of the scales. He looked all around the edge of the fountain, his frenzy quickly rising as he saw not a single scale.

“It could be anywhere... Where is it?”

If the beauty of the scales were to be believed Quilava should have easily been able to spot one even if it had sunk to the bottom of the fountain. Lifting himself onto the stone wall Quilava peered into the fountain, looking for the glint of a scale. However, he could not even see the bottom of the fountain as it was deeper than he had expected.

Realizing that there were no scales here and that either the scales themselves were a lie or this was the wrong fountain, Quilava sunk to the ground and leaned against a tree at the edge of the

clearing, staring at the stone wall of the fountain. He began to cry again, letting the tears roll freely down his face.

“What are you crying about?”

It was a beautiful voice, similar sounding to the one that had led Quilava to the fountain. Jumping up from where he sat, Quilava looked around but again could not see where the voice came from.

“Is...is someone there? Show yourself...who are you?” Quilava nervously asked, trying to sound brave despite his courage rapidly reaching its limit.

“You want to see my appearance?” the voice asked. “I will show you if you approach the fountain.”

“Yes...I want to see...” Quilava said, nervous but enraptured by the beautiful voice.

The beautiful voice answered Quilava again but this time it seemed to be in his mind, beckoning him to approach the fountain. Standing up, Quilava took a few uncertain steps, drawn by the mysterious voice.

Halting a few times as he was scared, Quilava nonetheless slowly approached the fountain, the voice seeming to call to him in his mind every time he paused.

At last Quilava stood at the edge of the fountain again, looking out across its surface. Thinking he could see some movement below the water’s surface he jumped back slightly.

“What was that? It looked like a head...”

Quilava’s mind told him he should have run away right then, but the combination of the beautiful voice and the thought of getting the scale kept him rooted firmly in his place.

The surface of the water begins to ripple, Quilava watching it with a mix of fear and joy. Something suddenly broke through the water’s surface, water spraying everywhere and causing Quilava to wince and his flames to flicker. Looking up at what had come out of the fountain, Quilava was amazed when he saw that it was a Pokémon with a long, snake-like body, its colorful and beautiful scales glittering in the moonlight. Quilava had heard of it a few times before, although he never thought he’d ever meet one, and knew that it was called a Milotic.

“Wow! Amazing!”

Inside Quilava’s head he realized that the Milotic matched the description of the snake-like guardian who devoured all who approached the fountain, and his mind told him again that he should run and get away from it. While at first captivated by the Milotic’s beauty, Quilava’s sense finally seemed to reach him and he began to back away from the fountain slowly.

However, he found that the splash of water had made the ground wet and hard to move well on lest he wanted to slip.

Milotic watched Quilava back away intently before giving a small sigh.

“It is impolite to ask to see me and then try to leave,” she said.

Quilava suddenly stopped. “I...I am sorry. You surprised me.”

Milotic spoke calmly and Quilava hoped she wasn't offended by him trying to get away. Gathering his strength together again he bowed slightly to Milotic, hoping to please her.

“It is good that you apologize. Why have you come to this part of the forest?” Milotic asked.

“Well, I, er...” Quilava stuttered, not sure how to ask for what he wanted.

“Out with it, I do not have all night. Why on Earth have you come here?!”

Milotic's anger took Quilava by surprise and he jumped slightly, watching as her tail swung around to her side, waving threateningly as if she would hit him with it if she was angered anymore. That was when Quilava noticed it, the blue scales that lined Milotic's tail. They matched the description of the scales he was after exactly!

“I am sorry, Ms...” Quilava muttered, hoping to calm her back down again.

“What is it then? Why have you...oh, I get it. Do you want one of my scales?”

Milotic must have noticed Quilava take notice of her tail, but she remained so composed it was as if she knew from the beginning that the scale was the reason Quilava had come.

Desperately Quilava began to explain to Milotic why he wanted the scale, telling of how if he brought the scale back to his village it would prove his courage to them. If he were to return without the scale, it would be unbelievably mortifying for him. Not hiding anything, Quilava told it all to Milotic.

Throughout it all Milotic fell silent, nodding slightly. After Quilava had explained his story Milotic spoke again, “You entered my forest without permission, and sought to enter its most sacred place. I hid the fountain's location from you, but growing curious I invited you here to hear your explanation. I thank you for being honest.”

Hearing this Quilava began to worry slightly, wondering why Milotic was being so calm with him if he wasn't supposed to be here without permission.

When Milotic said no more Quilava idly commented, “You are nothing like they said you would be. There are stories that say you are a ghost and others that say you're an ugly snake Pokémon, which you are actually...”

Milotic bristled. “Quilava, what did you say? Did you just call me ugly?”

Milotic’s tail suddenly whipped forward, slamming into Quilava’s side. Letting out a scream Quilava was tossed to the ground, feeling pain in his side like he hadn’t felt before. Getting to his feet he was barely able to dodge more attacks from Milotic’s tail, sometimes getting hit slightly when he wasn’t able to move fast enough.

The tail was drawn back underneath the surface of the water as quickly as she had begun attacking him, leaving Quilava panting as he tried to ignore the pain in his side.

“I...I did not...mean to...offend you... You...misunderstood me...” Quilava gasped, barely able to get the words out. Quilava was now extremely frightened of Milotic after the display of her fury, and the second part of the old stories sprang to his head again.

Milotic was visibly boiling with rage. Quilava seemingly, accidentally, calling her ugly having sent her over the edge. For a moment Milotic thought to herself about what to do, trying to regain her composure. Such rudeness from the child... First he had tried to shirk away, then he had stuttered in answering a question, and now he had insulted her.

Milotic looked down at Quilava who was shaking with fear. His comment may not have been meant as an insult, but he had to be punished nonetheless to learn that you had to be careful with what you say. But also, he had spoken of other Pokémon who had bullied him in his story. Those other rude children of his village would have to be dealt with in time.

“Quilava?” Milotic said calmly again.

“Y...yes? Will you give me a scale?”

“I have decided. You may not have my scale.”

Quilava was greatly disappointed by the answer, but seeing how angry Milotic had become all he cared for now was getting away safely. He was worried that if he stayed around much longer, something terrible would happen.

“I...I... Thank you for listening to me. I...will go now...” Quilava muttered, turning around to leave.

“You may not leave, Quilava. I am not done with you yet,” Milotic said coldly.

“Wha...what else do you want? Why can’t I leave?” Quilava said dreadfully, fearing the worst.

“You want to know?”

Milotic extended her neck over to where Quilava stood, staring into his fear-filled eyes. Stretching over his head, Milotic opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out, gently licking Quilava's ears.

"Ah!" Quilava screamed, the stories coming back to him in a flash. Ducking his head to get away from Milotic's tongue, the flames on his back sputtered and his fur bristled up. Saliva dripped down his ears and onto Quilava's face, the cold, slimy feel of it causing him to shiver.

Having tasted Quilava Milotic pulled back slightly, again staring him in the eyes as he bared his teeth and flared his flames up as much as he could, trying to look menacing. It was not possible to satisfy Milotic with just such a small taste, the fate of Quilava having been decided. Milotic opened her mouth, allowing Quilava to stare straight down into her throat before closing it again.

"You cannot get out of this forest any longer, you would not be able to escape," Milotic said.

"You lie...that's not possible; I'll find a way..." Quilava couldn't understand how the path out of the forest could simply disappear, or how, even without the path, he couldn't find his way out eventually. Then again, the path did seem to disappear when he got lost.

"I never lie," Milotic said, before falling silent.

Both of the two Pokémon remained silent for a moment, neither risking making the first move. However, Quilava quickly found himself unable to endure not doing anything. Turning around he began to run towards the trees as fast as he could.

However, Milotic moved even faster. With a splash of water she whipped her tail out from under the surface of the fountain again, the tail flying towards Quilava. Unable to fully dodge the attack the tail managed to hit Quilava in the leg as he was jumping to the side. He screamed as he collapsed to the ground, the pain in his side now spreading to his leg.

Before he could stand back up, Milotic had wrapped her tail around Quilava's leg and was pulling him through the air, back to the fountain. Quilava struggled and thrashed about as he watched the tail lower him to the water beneath, plunging him underneath its cold surface

Quilava screamed and sputtered as the water instantly extinguished the flames on his back. As the water soaked his whole body he could feel his strength being sapped from him as he struggled to breach the surface and breathe. Still holding his leg with her tail, Milotic dragged Quilava to the center of the fountain while he pitifully flapped to get above the water, grabbing whatever breath of air he could.

"Why...why are you doing this...?" Quilava gasped between breaths. "Please, stop...Milotic..."

Quilava sputtered as he accidentally breathed in some of the water, coughing as Milotic prevented him from attempting to reach any of the edges of the fountain.

"You have not understood yet?" Milotic asked.

“You are...killing me... Please...I have done nothing...”

Milotic pulled some of her body out of the fountain water, the thick mass of her snake-like body wrapping around Quilava, pushing him under the water again. Weakly he struggled to get to the surface, but it was no use now that he was tightly in Milotic's grip.

The sinuous length of Milotic's body flowed about him as she adjusted Quilava's position, moving him about in the coils of her body. Finally he was brought back above the water, tightly constricted by Milotic with only his head capable of free movement. The lower half of his body was completely immobile, tightly squeezed by Milotic leaving no room for him to move. His voice hoarse from being submerged under the water, all he could do now was groan as he looked up.

Milotic lowered her head down over Quilava, opening her mouth again and sticking out her tongue. Again she began to lick over Quilava's ears, muttering, “Do you understand now?”

“You are going to... Please...” Quilava whimpered, struggling his hardest with all the strength he had left, but unable to move even an inch.

Milotic shifted Quilava and began to lick over his back, his body convulsing at the feel of the saliva slathering his body. Pleased with the taste of the Quilava, Milotic continued licking him for an extended period of time, her mouth dripping saliva onto Quilava as she slathered his face with her tongue. Saliva coated every visible part of Quilava's fur which was now tousled and in disarray from Milotic's tongue.

“Delicious...” Milotic murmured

Quilava could merely gasp and whimper, not enough strength left in him to fight any longer. Even the flames on his back would no longer ignite. His red eyes drooped sadly as he realized there was no longer any way out of this.

“Since you have not answered me I will teach you what happens when others anger me. I am going to eat you and any more rude children who enter my forest,” Milotic said sinisterly as she temporarily paused her licking before resuming.

“Qui...qui...” Quilava could merely gasp, too saddened and weak to bring himself to say anything, only able to submit himself to the dominance of the Milotic.

Quilava tried to move his body again as he felt Milotic loosen her grip on him, but found that the constriction had left his body numb and he was still only able to move his paws a few centimeters.

“That will be enough tasting. It is time.”

Milotic finally stopped licking Quilava and loosened her grip even more, his saliva-slicked fur causing him to slip on Milotic's smooth body and slide down some. Milotic looked over Quilava, some more saliva dripping down from her mouth and landing on Quilava's head making him wince.

Leaning closer down over Quilava, Milotic quietly whispered to him, "You will be safe, child. Come into my stomach and sleep..."

Milotic's mouth slowly opened, a waterfall of even more saliva spilling down upon Quilava and thoroughly drenching him more than he already was. The mouth approached Quilava as Milotic lowered her head, and all Quilava could do was wait and watch the wide mouth approach.

My friends... Quilava thought, wondering what the few friends he had would do after he was gone, and if the bullies would now turn to them to pick on.

Milotic's wide maw descended on Quilava, Milotic nudging his head up and forcing him to stare up at her throat as she took the tip of his muzzle into her mouth, giving him a good smell of the nasty scent of her throat. Gently she pushed down on his head more, enveloping the rest of Quilava's head inside her mouth in its entirety, her own mouth swelling to accompany the Quilava within.

Quilava was gradually pulled into Milotic as he was eaten whole. Her tongue twisted around Quilava's body like a hand and pulled Quilava along, bringing him ever closer to the throat. Saliva pooled up underneath Quilava's body in the base of the mouth, slicking down his belly and helping him move along smoother.

As much as he tried, Quilava found he couldn't avert his eyes and could only stare at the opening of the throat ahead of him as he was drawn into Milotic.

My family... Quilava wondered how his family would react when he didn't return by tomorrow. Would they come looking for him in the forest? Would they find the fountain? Would Milotic be there and tell them what she had done to him, or even worse...

Milotic took her time gulping Quilava down, greatly enjoying the feeling and taste. Quilava's waist was now in Milotic's mouth, his rear legs hanging out of the mouth and kicking as much as he could, which admittedly wasn't much. Slowly Quilava felt himself squeeze into Milotic's throat. From the outside a swollen bulge was visible as Quilava slipped into Milotic's gullet.

As the tight walls of the gullet closed over Quilava's head he closed his eyes sadly, unable to see anything in the darkness anyways. He felt the movement of the throat pulling his head down, the rest of his body following and assisted by the tongue which had to do less work now.

Milotic was pleased as she felt Quilava slide into her gullet, the tight pressure of Quilava within herself pressing against her from the inside out providing a unique feeling. Meanwhile Quilava wasn't enjoying it near as much, the tightness of the gullet preventing him from making even the slightest movement.

With Quilava's head and shoulders in Milotic's throat, all that hung out of her mouth now was his rear paws, the rest of his body lying inside her mouth. Lifting her head up, Milotic gulped and extended her head upwards, taking in the last of Quilava as he fell farther down her throat.

Milotic closed her mouth around the rear of the Quilava that rested within, the rest of the body visible only as a large bulge in her throat. Pleased that the entirety of the Quilava was now within her own body Milotic continued to gulp the Quilava down to his final destination.

As Quilava felt his feet come to rest on the bottom of Milotic's mouth, her tongue wrapping around them and slathering them with wet saliva, he thought more about the village he would now never return to. There had been so much he had hoped to achieve some day, but in trying to prove to the world how strong he could be, this is what happened to him...

Milotic felt the Quilava's rear paws slip into her throat, the bulge that marked the Quilava within her slowly traveling down towards her stomach. All Quilava could feel now was the gullet dragging him ever onwards. One of his ears was pressed up against the wall of Milotic's throat, allowing him to hear all the sounds of the muscles gulping him down.

Before long Milotic felt the Quilava fall into her stomach, which didn't allow for much more movement than her gullet had.

"Delicious! I didn't know that young Pokémon tasted so good," Milotic exclaimed as she licked her lips with her tongue and patted her bulging stomach with one of the long fins that hung from her head.

Quilava sadly and weakly struggled in the tight stomach which pressed and rubbed against his entire body. As he gasped for breath and weakly pawed at the walls for any possible way out, he felt digestive fluids begin to seep into the stomach and cover his whole body.

"Qui...qui...help..." Quilava muttered in the voice which would soon vanish from this world forever, his short journey at its end only to begin anew in the afterlife.

The body in Milotic's stomach was heavy and weighed her down in the water of the fountain. Gliding to the fountain's edge she slid over and onto the grass, coiling her body around herself like a giant snake as she settled down to rest after eating such a filling meal.

"It is time for us to sleep... You have received your punishment now, and the others who abused a child such as you will receive theirs in time as well..."

As Milotic settled down for sleep she listened to the churning in her stomach, rubbing it as she knew the digestion of the Quilava within had begun.

Milotic's red eyes closed as she drifted off to sleep with her head resting on her stomach, the matching red eyes of her pitiful prey glazed over with a grisly mask of death.

To Be Continued...