

“Alright, here we go!” Pokémon trainer and photographer Lisa Fille gently steered the NEO-ONE off to the side. The miracle of technology obeyed and hovered gently off the well-trodden path of the area, and its commander braced for the sudden sensation of falling. Even though she expected it, Lisa still gasped then the world blossomed around her, and that familiar roller coaster-like plunging rose from within. Even though she never left her seat as the vehicle shrunk, Lisa felt as if she were floating, Poké Balls, camera, and other gear all getting smaller along with her by the second. The extended sequence from her perspective lasted a few seconds, and the protective energies that domed around her audibly powered down once the transformation was complete. What was once a vehicle the size of a small car was now no larger than an apple, its occupant no more than a slice. Lisa beamed out into the open air and brought her camera up to the ready. She wasn’t the first person to take a tour from the perspective of a Joltik, but photographs from this perspective were still very rare, and very exciting to shoot! Lisa, herself a heavy-set trainer, felt light on her feet when she stood within the NEO-ONE, steadying herself with one hand and aiming the camera with the other, and prepared to score some great shots from this unique perspective on the wild world of Pokémon.

Things went swimmingly for the young woman at the start. Pokémon paid absolutely no attention to her and went about their business running, playing, chasing, hunting, relaxing, flying, swimming. Lisa marveled at what all she would’ve missed out on had she been her normal size, adjusting her visor atop her head and running fingers through her hair after getting a great shot of a Dodrio thumping its way across the plain and making boulder-size rocks jostle about the ground. Were it not for the hovering and stability tech housed within NEO-ONE, Lisa was sure she would’ve been tossed and tumbled about with how quaking those steps were! About the only thing the NEO-ONE couldn’t do when exposed to open air was flush away the dust kicked up from the active bird Pokémon’s jaunt. Lisa coughed and shooed away the dust with her camera-wielding hand, brushing the clinging mess off her person once free from it all. By the time the dust settled, some of it clung to the vehicle, but at least Lisa (and the camera) could see. “It’s all worth it,” Lisa assured herself while readying the camera again. “The prof’ll really appreciate catching these wild shots!”

Lisa spent the next half hour filling the camera’s memory with decent shots. There were so many neat things she could get from these unique angles. She kept at it, planning to sit comfortably within the NEO-ONE for the duration, until she came across what was

obviously a nest! “Oooh!” Lisa admired, halting the NEO-ONE. She pressed a button to open its protective dome with a hiss, then clambered out, leaving all but her camera behind. The nest’s ring was about as tall as her, but it didn’t take the trainer much effort to pull herself up and over the edge, only to tumble in. She landed flat on her back with a giggle, and inched her back up against the wall to sit up straight. She stood from there, dusted and straightened her skirt, and peered about, seeing Pokémon eggs, recently hatched! “Aw, I thought there’d be cute baby Pokémon here, but it looks like they’ve grown up and have left mommy’s nest. Speaking of which, where’s—”

THOOM.

Lisa yiped, the sudden earthquake making her stumble backwards. She remained standing, propped up against the nest’s edge, and found out exactly where the mother was! Two huge talons perched on the opposite end of the nest. They were connected, Lisa observed as her gaze peeked up, to a curious Pidgey, who fanned her wings and shuffled them against her body. A loose feather floated down and Lisa managed to snag it at the root, the thing light as its reputation and twice her length. “Oooh, I wonder if this’ll grow huge if I bring it into the NEO-ONE with me!” Lisa set the feather aside and brought her camera up to face Pidgey, whose head twitched to one side, then the other, as birds were won’t to do. “Oh you look so pretty! Smile for the camera!” She held the device up to her face and closed one eye, peering through the lens to get the best shot. She zoomed in on the face, noticing that the bird Pokémon’s eyes were firmly focused on the tiny trainer in her nest. Lisa took one picture, then another, then had to pause because the sunlight was suddenly obstructing the view.

“What the...?” Lisa said, trying to adjust the zoom. She realized the sun wasn’t any brighter, just that Pidgey’s beak was suddenly shinier. She zoomed further, and realized that the Pokémon was... drooling? Pidgey’s beak opened and shut a few times in rapid succession, then tail feathers fanned wide and the beak opened, snapping down right for the picture-taking trainer! “Ack!” Lisa dove to the side, beak clacking loudly shut where she was an instant ago. One large eye stared at her and blinked. The drool was apparent, and Lisa realized exactly what she looked like to the comparatively large Flying-type.

She was a big meaty worm, ready to be snatched up for lunch.

“Oh no!” Lisa tried to use the camera, which doubled as a communication device and remote control for the NEO-ONE, but Pidgey didn’t wait for her soon-to-be-snack to marshal some kind of escape! She cocked her head and lunged down at the still-prone girl, beak closing right around one of Lisa’s generous thighs! “Hey, stop! Let me go!” Lisa demanded, still fidgeting at her camera. But a sudden yank backwards made her lose grip of the electronic, her body scraped along the bottom of the nest before being hauled up out completely, dangling by one leg. “Pidgey! Stop! Drop me, please!” Lisa’s breaths quickened, feeling warm bird drool run down her leg and work over her visible underwear. The white panties clung to the overweight trainer’s rear, making the cheeks quite obvious. Pidgey took note of the rather soft, plump ‘worm’ she’d caught, beak crunching harder around the thigh and loosening, tongue flitting at what skin it could reach. Lisa Fille writhed her body, twisting it while flailing her arms and free leg. “Let go let go let go! Please!”

But Pidgey maintained her grasp on the small human trainer. Lisa flailed more but the beak had an ironclad grip on her leg. She wriggled about, visor falling from her head and tumbling to the nest below. Pidgey hopped down from her perch into the nest proper, and settled down, lower body sprawling across the entirety of the nest floor. Now comfortably sat, wings huddled close, all sides pressed up to the nest’s edges, she was ready to eat! Drool increased, and Lisa swore she heard an ominous grumble from inside the Pidgey’s midsection. “O-oh Arceus! I-I think Pidgey’s gonna...” she whimpered, as Pidgey’s head tilted down. Lisa could almost reach the crest of feathers beneath Pidgey’s head, and she made a desperate gesture to try and grab onto them. Her fingertips grazed the edges of the softness, then lost all hope when Pidgey’s head jerked upward, beak opening. Lisa was flung mercilessly into the air, cartwheeling a couple times before reaching the top of her brief flight. She ended up facing straight down, and time seemed to slow as she saw the hungry Pidgey look up to the shrunken woman, spreading her beak wide.

“Eat meeeeeeeeeee!” Lisa squealed as she sank right into the awaiting beak! Lisa’s head and torso shot right down to the back of the throat, her head bending up and backwards crammed against the unyielding passage. Then with a twitch of muscle the throat opened up, and the wailing trainer was swallowed partway down, a thick gulp ringing in Lisa’s ears! “Hlllp!” Her whining was barely audible, the rest of her torso splayed across the salivating Pidgey tongue. Pidgey clenched her beak down around her juicy prey, the top scrunching at the small of Lisa’s back, bottom squeezing up between

her legs. Lisa felt hot slobber pour over her body, excess seeping out the beak, past her skirt, and down her kicking legs and now-dampened underwear. She begged for her life, to not be eaten, even as Pidgery rapidly opened and closed her beak, giving little tosses to urge Lisa inward. Lisa's kicking feet hit nothing but air for a while, until a well-timed thrust of Pidgery's head gathered them up under her own chubby frame. "Agh, noooo!" she despaired when her legs were immobilized, knees against her breasts, legs straddling the tongue, butt feeling her panties work up her crack, the cheeks now prominently displayed through now-translucent undergarments and the last thing the world would ever see of Lisa Fille. "D-don't eat me please, pleeease!"

Pidgery didn't care for the trainer's cries. She was a thick tasty worm as far as she was concerned, and contently tossed her head back again and again, until the protruding butt slipped fully into the bird Pokémon's maw. The beak clicked shut with the tongue worming its way up against Lisa's rear end. She wriggled her butt inside those jaws, a last pitiful effort to escape, but only found herself lurched back inches at a time, deeper down the Pidgery's throat, closer to an ominous-sounding destination. With every loud, quaking **ULK** and **GLP** Lisa slurched deeper, her terrified cries falling on deaf ears, butt painted in slobber as the tongue worked over the juiciest part of the meal. Pidgery was an efficient eater, and despite the rather unique taste, she was more concerned about filling an empty stomach! So she gave a heavier toss of the head, scrunched her eyes shut, pushed hard with the tongue.

And swallowed Lisa whole in one squelching, slimy **GLURK!**

"Eeeeeeeek!" the horrified, devoured trainer cried, her pear-shaped bulges squirming down the feathered neck and chest of the predatory bird Pokémon. Pidgery cooed contently, belly making a soft gurgle as her meal was swiftly squeezed into it properly. Lisa was hip-deep in birdie belly acids immediately, sloshed here and there despite Pidgery being patiently parked in her nest. She wiggled her tail feathers to get extra comfortable, then let her eyes droop into slumber. Her hunts earlier in the day were a failure, but now with a plump filling snack tucked away in her tummy, the Flying-type could now nap her day away in peace.

"Help! Somebody, hellllp!" Lisa was beside herself with fright. The acids had already worked into her clothes, and she could hear them sizzling away. The fluids that coated her skin merely made her itch, but she knew a lot worse was coming, particularly since

her toes were starting to sting. Her body was arched in the tight bird stomach, head, arms, and legs all sticking out of the pool of acids. Her chest, stomach, and butt were all buried in the fluid, and there wasn't anything she could do about it, no matter how she tried. Lisa pounded against the fleshy walls, hands balled into fists, hearing the slurching rebounds whenever she impacted them. The stomach only continued to loudly groan around her, secreting more fluids to drown and digest the eaten trainer up in! "Please! Pleease!" Lisa said with a sob, utterly blind in the darkness of the digestive tract, feeling a fresh wave of swallowed slobber and generated stomach enzymes wash higher up her body.

All the while, Pidgey napped, completely oblivious to the throes of digestion growing more intense within its fluffy feathered body.

Lisa tried to wake the bird up and escape for hours, but the bird didn't move, and neither could the digesting trainer. Eventually the continued protests and ever-climbing levels of fluid were too much for the girl, and she passed out. Her cheek smacked the walls of the stomach, then slid down into the roiling, churning pool of acids, back propped up in the motion. A bare ass, panties melted away, stuck freely out of the fluids, until the last of Lisa sank beneath and joined the rest of her.

A quick **grrrrgle** bubbled out from Pidgey's belly, but no more was heard.

Pidgey's meal was a rather fulfilling one, the bird full of energy by the evening. She stood and hopped out of the nest, stretching her wings and back, fanning her tail feathers, and showing no signs of having eaten Lisa Fille whole and alive: Perhaps she weighed a few extra grams, but the diminutive trainer's calories would be burned away in a few days' life of a wild Pokémon. Pidgey did notice the now-abandoned NEO-ONE, and occasionally pecked at or played with it. The camera was never discovered, eventually crushed on accident by a giant bird Pokémon talon coming down on it one day. Lisa Fille herself was forgotten completely by the Pokémon, and all that resulted from her (and the NEO-ONE's) disappearance was to more carefully monitor what was now considered a very dangerous endeavor of shrinking down, for the sake of capturing the perfect photo.