Scolipede was tired. Part of that was from physical exertion - he'd roamed a great many miles today, on not a whole lot of sleep. The other part of it was an internal tiredness, brought on by a lack of food. Normally, he just ate whatever came his way. Berries, Pokemon, Trainers, it didn't matter. It wasn't a matter of animosity or malice, he just needed to eat. Then, a few days ago, all the Trainers and Pokemon in the region had vanished.

He didn't know why this had happened. One day he'd just come out of his nap to find the fields around him entirely empty, as if something had called those who lived and lurked there away. After an impotent search, Scolipede had set out for fuller pastures. He'd found the occasional Pokemon lurking about, but nothing substantial. His stomach was set to gurgling at all hours, desperate for some sort of nourishment.

After several days of searching, he finally found a clue. Some foolish trainer had been here, he could tell from the fire they had made. The coals were still smoldering. Trainers liked to come out here together - if there was one, there would likely be others nearby. Scolipede's hunter's instincts kicked in, and he examined the surroundings for clues. He looked closer, eyes and nose pointed at the ground.

Then he saw it, a pair of faint footprints in the mud. They trailed off into the distance, before disappearing. Scolipede started after them, and was soon rewarded with a distant smell ticking his nose. Then, after that, the sight of smoke rising to the sky. He continued onwards, until finally, he came upon a forest. The smoke originated from somewhere within. Scolipede beamed, knowing his hunger would soon be at an end, as he plunged inside.

As he barreled through the woods, the smells only grew stronger, and there were sounds too. There was food ahead, and plenty of it. The darkness of the woods managed to conceal his large form, revealing only a glowing set of yellow, half-closed eyes.

Soon, there were voices. He crouched down, trying to make himself small as possible as he crept forwards. There were two people arguing, one a man, the other a woman. Ahead, he could spot the edge of the treeline, and the start of some quaint little village hidden away in the woods. It would be the perfect thing to fill his belly. Scolipede crouched, and waited for his change to strike. He crept a bit further, so he could see the two people that were arguing, and he bided his time.

"Sheesh, I don't get why you're making such a big deal out of it," said a male Trainer with fiery red hair and a Charizard at his side. "We were just there an hour or two! And if anything came across us, we'd be able to handle it."

The other figure, a Pokemon Ranger with a stern glare, spat back, "You damned idiot!" She composed herself, clearly trying not to lose her shit. "I am telling you, this isn't some game. People's lives are on the line here. You think you can take that thing on, but so did every other Trainer who went after them. What makes you think you're so special?"

A laugh came from the man, as if his skill were self-evident. "Baby, you don't gotta worry. I got dozens of Gym badges from across tons of different regions. My Charizard alone could take on a Legendary and win, easy. Just stay calm."

Scolipede heard a sigh deep as the ocean escaped the Ranger. "I had my team evacuate that field for a reason! The Scolipede that lives there isn't normal, it dispatched several of the expert teams we sent after it and devoured them alive! Each of them had as much training as you do! So no, I'm NOT going to 'remain calm!' What if you lured it back here, and-"

Her eyes passed his shoulders, and fell on the yellow orbs staring back at her from the woods. Scolipede watched her hand jerk down towards her Pokemon satchel as he leapt from the treeline, and fell on her. There was a chorus of gasps and cries from his side - evidently this little argument had generated quite the audience.

Scolipede snapped his jaws down on her satchel, and swallowed. The Pokeballs inside of it rattled down his throat, and landed in his soft belly. Within moments, they opened, filling his belly with a feast's worth of food.

The Ranger screamed, and desperately tried to crawl out from under him, but it was too late. Scolipede grasped her torso in his mouth, and tossed his head backwards as she slid struggling down his gullet, before being reunited with her team in his belly. Feeling all this new food stuffing him, Scolipede let out a sigh of relief.

The hotshot trainer didn't seem so bold now. He looked up, shaking, mumbling to himself, "H-How big is this thing?? It's bigger than any Scolipede I've ever seen!"

He slapped his face, regaining his composure. "I- I can't give up now…! My Charizard will take this guy out in a second! Go, Charizard! Tackle him over!"

Scolipede turned towards the annoying voice, and saw his hesitant Charizard work up the confidence to execute this blatantly terrible command. Somehow, he managed to work up enough confidence to fling himself at Scolipede…

Only to end up flying right down his gullet as the superior Pokemon opened its jaws. Scolipede closed his mouth around the Charizard, slurping down his tail as if it were a noodle. Then, he

tossed his head back, and gulped. The hotshot trainer watched this like someone watching a boat at sea capsize. He let out a shriek of horror, and flung every Pokemon out of his bag at once. Scolipede ate them as they emerged from their Pokeballs. There was a Sylveon, Machamp, Samurott, Zoroark, and a Zeraora.

Each of them tried to throw out a paltry move as they were devoured, but Scolipede was just too quick and strong. He felt his belly gurgle and churn as it melted down all of his new food. It rumbled on occasion, when some bold Pokemon tried using a powerful move to escape. But Scolipede had lived a long while, and hardly flinched at any blow anymore, so they didn't do much of anything.

The hotshot trainer looked up in horror, and ran away into the surrounding crowd. Scolipede looked over them, seeing that there were a few dozen people living in this town, some of them with Pokemon of their own. He thought that this would be plenty of food to fill himself with - with how large he was, his belly hardly felt full with the dozens of Pokemon already inside of it.

Realizing the danger, the townspeople scattered, and Scolipede got to work. He tossed some up into the air, before catching them in his mouth as they came down. He cornered others against the walls of their homes, saliva dripping from his teeth as he grasped them with his tongue. Others fled into the woods, but their crashing made such a racket Scolipede was able to gather them up easily. Some of them ran into their homes, only for Scolipede to poke his head inside and fish them out, as if from a stream.

All the while, his belly grew louder and more raucous as more were added to its number. It grumbled and growled louder, until it was like an engine. Beneath that sound could be heard the screams and desperate yipes of dozens of both humans and Pokemon. The first ones he had eaten were already melting down, getting pumped away into his soft fat.

The only one he seemed to have lost track of was that hothead. He'd scampered off somewhere, using the crowd as a way to escape. Scolipede lumpered about, impeded by his massive belly, knowing that he couldn't have gotten far.

Then there was a crash from a nearby basement. The doors to it were open like a mouth, and a scream rose up from it. The trainer emerged from it, in a dead sprint, only to run directly into Scolipede's belly. His eyes were closed, and he hugged it, seemingly not knowing what it was he was holding on to.

He gasped, saying, "Oh thank Arceus you're here! There was this Scolipede and it a-ate everyone, and I hid in there and I thought I heard him in there somehow and I-"

His eyes opened, and a scream cut through the air. He scrambled backwards on all fours, looking up at the building-sized Scolipede staring him down. "Hey now-" he said, "C-Come on! You don't have to do this! I'll show you where other villages are! And I won't get in your way, and I'll-!"

Scolipede got bored of listening to him beg, and swallowed him down. The supposedly brave trainer screamed all the way down Scolipede's throat, and only screamed louder once he was trapped in his belly. His last meal devoured, the bug finally felt full, and sighed with relief, ready to let his body do the rest.

He leaned forward, resting himself on top of his massive belly. It gurgled and groaned so loudly as it melted away everything within it. Scolipede felt his heavy guts pump away the thick sludge he'd melted so many of those humans and Pokemon into. He felt himself growing heavier, not just in the belly, but in his rear as well.

The Pokemon leaned forwards, raising his ass up into the air. He looked back and admired it, looking at how huge it already was. Scolipede watched as it got heavier and larger with every pump of his guts, until it seemed large enough to crush one of the houses in this little village if he were to sit on it.

His belly grew softer and rounder, the screams and cries within it going silent. Soon, it was entirely soft, everything within it having been melted away into sludge. He rocked forwards and backward, as if kneading his belly, trying to work away anything left of his meals in there. Soon, all that was left were the sounds of gurgling and churning.

Scolipede flipped over, resting on his back. As he rolled over, he felt his belly slosh. He played with his stomach, pressing his legs into it, and feeling no resistance. He wobbled his belly, shaking it, and watched it as if entranced. His belly kept on making its noises as the rest of the sloshy sludge in it was finally pumped away.

After a good long while, he stood, feeling his new body wobble endlessly. If he'd been huge before, he was enormous now. He stood taller than any building in that small village, and was wider than any Pokemon he'd ever heard of. Every part of him, from his face to his stubby legs, was covered with fat. It all shook with each step that he took, a wobbling reminder of what this place used to be.

His thighs and ass had gotten hit the hardest. The wingspan of a Legendary Pokemon was shorter than the span of his ass. Each thigh would've been able to crush one of the buildings surrounding him with ease. The belly of a Snorlax didn't compare to even one of Scolipede's thighs or asscheeks.

Scolipede's belly hung under him. It was still more than large enough to lay on as a cushion, and easily soft enough to act as one too. The belly was large enough to smother a normal Scolipede under entirely. If it wasn't for the new height he's gotten from this meal, it would've dragged on the ground below wherever he went.

Part of him wanted to go back to his own field now. The immediate threat had been taken care of, so why wait around? Yet, Scolipede had enjoyed this far more than he thought he would. There was something satisfying about looking out at this empty village, and knowing that everyone who had been there was now part of his fat. Besides, if he stayed there, those backup Rangers would arrive sometime - and who knows what kind of trouble they'd cause?

He looked around the perimeter of the village, and found a road. It seemed almost like a gift. Scolipede knew that if he followed this road, it would doubtlessly lead him to more places just like this one. He could get even bigger, feel even more full than he did now. So, Scolipede decided. He would follow this road out of the woods, and gobble up whatever villages or towns he came across. It'd give him entertainment, and keep his belly full.

The sloshing of his belly assured him that this was a fantastic idea.