

P H O B I A

T R A N S I E N T - S T O R Y 0 2 8

S E A S O N I

I



TRANSIENT

Rocket Victory

"Wh..." He whimpered as he slowly sat up to look around.

He didn't know quite where he was exactly, but one thing was clear. This wasn't anywhere he had been before, at least it didn't seem like it. There was a large pool with diving boards. The roof was pulled back to reveal the sun, along with strange flying birds with jagged feathers. Some people relaxed near the pool, others wore black and silver uniforms and stood near exits. There was a large, red letter 'R' in the center of their chest. The same iconography had been painted all around, likely the symbol of the organization that owned this place.

'Neo Cerulean Gym' was written across a part of the wall in tiles, with the red 'R' behind it.

People inside the pool were having a great time. They were playing with other creatures; a fast turtle with wing-like ears, a starfish with a gem in the center... It took Mathew a few minutes to gather his composure as he leaned forward in his seated position. He let out a strained sigh as a shadow blocked out the sun overhead.

"Gross," The voice said from high above, "Bug-types aren't welcome in my gym."

Mathew looked up to her as she stood over him, hands on her hips. A large, purple starfish-like creature with a gem in the center hovered behind her. The woman's expression was cold, calculating. She was toned, strong, around 20 years old with red hair pulled back into a high ponytail off to one side. He began to clear his throat to speak as she took a knee, her toes only a few inches from his legs.

T R A N S I E N T

"I..." Mathew began to speak as he watched her fiddle with a small ball between her fingers. Red, white, with a little button in the center.

"Ya' know, a few years ago I was afraid of your type. Doesn't look like you're gonna put up much of a fight though, so that's not really useful. No point in catching something as pathetic as you," She interrupted him as she spoke down to the little one.

"Misty, The boss just got here. Come to see ya from Viridian," A voice came in from off in the distance.

"On my way," Misty replied, before looking back down to Mathew at her feet, "Giovanni won't want a pest like you, so you're worthless."

She slid her foot forward, lifting it just enough for Mathew to be engulfed in her skin. He whimpered out as the ball of her foot settled over his body, forcing the air from his lungs. Breathing was nearly impossible as he struggled, pushing back

against her with all his might. The skin of her foot smelled clean, tinged with chlorine and soft from her time in the water. It stung as it dripped into his eye socket.

"Wh..." Mathew whimpered, trying to speak again with the little bit of air left to him.

"Not even worth giving to one of our grunts," Misty cooed.

Just as she finished speaking, she pressed down. Mathew felt his body resist the pressure as he held what breath he could, but it was futile. She simply shifted her weight forward, lifting herself up slightly to get even more pressure on the little thing. He was only able to resist for a second before he felt his body collapse beneath Misty's weight. Slowly she lifted her foot, resting her weight on the heel and ball of her other foot as she started to stand.

"See? A good Pokémon woulda' been able to resist that. Weakling..." She said as she balanced on one foot to examine

the corpse on her sole, "You doo look weird though. Like a person or something... Oh well."

She dipped her foot in the water, shifting it around until Mathew's flattened pelt of a body floated to the surface. He was still trapped inside his corpse, which now felt like it was boiling as the chlorine covered every inch of his exposed wounds. Barely able to see, Mathew watched her walk off. All he could do was twitch and float now, dipping below the waves before a pair of cute eyes popped up. A snout touched his legs, sniffing at him before opening its maw. A little Vaporeon was swimming by and saw him fall in. He helplessly watched as his leg disappeared into its mouth, being chomped down and swallowed before his abdomen disappeared. In one more bite, he was inside the creature, being crushed down its throat until falling into its stomach acid.

Digesting away, the pain began to subside...

Death took him away, back into the stream, pulling his consciousness into another reality.

Art By: SquashedToGoo

Story By: AnirusFere

Mathew (c) AnirusFere
Misty (c) Pokemon / Gamefreak / Nintendo
All Rights Reserved

Commissioned work - I did not create this image.

O R I G I N A L S T O R Y

Sep 10, 2016 04:28 PM

R E V I S E D S T O R Y

May 19, 2025 4:56 PM

T R A N S I E N T