



How the Tides Turn

Simi

I

One of the forgotten Islands. Isolated from the rest. Jungle-clad.

II

On the slanted shelf of a great grotto facing one of Johto's ginormous maelstroms, a Sage sits cross-legged in meditation. He's gaunt so that he looks like a starved man, but he is not starved. He wears a robe of navy blue so big, it hangs from him like a raincoat weighted with water. A braid of coarse black hair cascades to his buttocks. Before where he sits, the Remoraid he reeled in today roast on a spit. Orange tongues lick them black, black as the bottom of a whirlpool. *May the smoke of the sea feed you o Lugia.* He inhales the smoke through his nose. *So long as you are nourished, the needs of my body are but wind. My soul is silver and Silver's both.* His ears wiggle to a thrashing of large wings. A gale gushes, riffling the loose parts of his robe. *Ahhhhh.* The Sage's heart flutters. So do his eyelids. *Could it be? Lugia in the flesh come to Slim Mo'sorrow?* Slim Mo'sorrow opens pure, silvery eyes. Reflecting in them flies a Charizard through the mouth of the grotto, descending, bracing to touch-down ...

When Charizard alights, the thump of his feet rips the Sage off of his own. Crumpling across the shelf, the Sage gives a guttural groan. He reaches up, in need of a Helping Hand. Slowly, the arm cranes down for rest.

Charizard, six-foot-seven. Grinning the grin of a soul full of dark-fires. Rubbing his distended belly, he takes a relishing inhale, sighs very refreshed. *It's not every day you get to digest your trainer.* Alec's fists pounding on his belly ... *hurrrrrrf.* His shaft-of-pink pounds out from its sheath. The wafer balls of his underbelly grow rotund and tempered. He grasps his length with both paws, and he strongarms it till it's a twitching pink missile set to depart

Mossdeep City, leaking ignition fuel from the top. “*Hurrrrrrf! Alec ... fuck.*” His voice is crude and grand; like two Onyx grinding against one another. Sort of absently he starts up the slope, sniffing, till his nose locates the source of the smoky smell that steered him here, charred Remoraid on a stick. *So that’s what I smelt across the isle.* His eyes laugh at the old man. *Ole geezer made some fuel for my fire. Boy is he in for a treat. I’m hot when I’m gassy!* One paw abandons his cock for the stick then flourishes the stick as if it were a shish kebab. He chomps down, slowly. Bits of charcoal flake from his smacking lips. *Catalyst and a palette cleaner. Two Pidgeys, one stone, eh.*

“My friend, the fish is for Silverwings,” says a voice. Ignored, it says a little more loudly, “I have fished all day and am weary and would not like to have to redo the ritual. Please, friend, relinquish the fish.”

Selectively deaf, Charizard gulps. The gulp’s loud and clear. The most smug, most spiteful smirk spikes across his muzzle. He jostles his gut then, hearing the human inside gurgle, rears forward for a rattly *ur-A-A-A-A-a-a-a-ahrrrrrrp*. A Flamethrower as long as a Super Rod gives the radius a blazing hue. Afterward, his slightly deflated gut swells back up. “Salty old man say whaaa? You want me to releengwish? *BurAHHHHP. HoRARRRP. HehORRRRRRK!* Like THAT?”

Swallowing all that charcoal has him feverishly gassy. Kneading his doming midsection, he dishes his ziestiest one yet out: “*BELLLLLLCH.* Ungh. Thanks old man, I’m on fire.”

Slim Mo’sorrow frowns. It is the frown of a neglected friend. *Sometimes the sea is calm and sometimes a storm is come.* His friend is turned to the dark-fires, and the only counselor now is benevolent retribution.

Gathering to his sandaled feet, he pulls from his belt a pair of Poké Balls. He kisses his knuckles and then kisses them and then casts them forward with the rowing arms of an oarsman. On either hip of the bonfire,

they splash open, two zagging fingers of white plasma striking down and materializing into Dewgong and Kingler. Confronting the Fire-Dragon, each makes a domesticated cry before bracing for fierce battle.

“Dewgong, use Aqua Tail,” Small Mossoro beckons; “Kingler, Crabhammer!”

Done using the spit as a toothpick, Charizard discards it, snuffing it beneath his foot. Looking up, he laughs. “Seafood? For me?” When Dewgong springs forward, Charizard reaps him from the air by the tail. Riposting deathly quick, he smashes Dewgong’s skull into—the other who’d been scuttling forward to attack—Kingler. There’s a sick crackling of shell. Quick as silver, Kingler blasts off faster than Team Rocket across the grotto. Clattering in an above crawlspace, he faints.

“Now look, you old corpse. Here’s how the pros catch Pokéman!” Charizard says.

Braking on one of his fore-paws, the Fire-type heaves Dewgong—(*“Dew, dew!”*)—directly upward. His slender neck spears up as long as a Girafarig’s, and he snatches Dewgong cleanly as a twenty-twenty vision Mightyena catching a frisbee. Lewdly he slurps, until the tail’s noodled down. Then gulps. Believe it or don’t, the Fire-type’s throat is slick with lubrication, making for a smooth-as-silk conduction of the crawling, wriggling prey. To where? To his soft cocoon of warm space. Completely harmless.

Just kidding.

Belly billowing from his ample frame, as packed as the pack of a Hiker on a pilgrimage, Charizard gives it a beefy smack just to spark the volume on the pleas of his prey. There’s a few panicked burbles promptly drowned out by digestive acids harmonizing. Fleeting, feathery sensations (and who knows whether they’re from squirming or from gas production) make him

motor in arousal. After a few belly-rippling pats, he hammers out a *brAWWWwWwWwWwWwwwwwwwurp* that tastes like jalapenos coming up. With the gas being fanned over him by the laughing bastard's wings, the Sage sweats at the face, and his robes start to stick to his skin. Hacking his throat sore and his eyes pink, he masks himself with his sleeve.

Fleeing to somewhere safe, the Sage sort of limps; the Fire-Dragon's rumbling inferno of burps offsets his natural gait. Distancing himself as far from the Fire-Dragon as possible, he fails to see the Fire-Dragon beginning to transform.

As Charizard's stomach shrinks, his line-of-sight skyrockets. Dewgong and Alec are being absorbed by his body, he knows suddenly with the intuition of a Celebi; becoming permanently a part of him! "Yas! Grow me, dammit! MORE!" Lust and power fog his mind like a hot flu. Roaring with laughter, Charizard teeters dizzily as a Spinda. And with every counterclockwise stomp, he lands a larger, louder foot. And his dragon shadow marches beneath his feet, Mirror Moving his Growth. He laughs. Wings swell bigger. He laughs. Tail swells bigger. He laughs. And so swells bigger the rest of his body, until he stands eight-foot-eight; head, shoulders and torso above the Sage. X-Scissoring the air in front of him, he rips a rip-roaring roar through the cave. The thousand-year inertia of the ceiling is c-c-combo broken. And, all a sudden, Charizard's half-erect shaft-of-pink seizures with growth, torpedoing forward to one-foot-ten: a fucking tool—that is to say, tool for fucking—that'd put to shame the third horn—or, for that matter, *any* fucking horn—of Haxorus. Hardly able to restrain himself, the monstrous wyrm hums, his throat aquiver, waxing two-pawed over his monstrous cock. "Surprise, surprise. My body found some use for you nerds. Old man, what say you to that?" Quaking footfall heads upwards, where he last saw the Sage go.

“Old man! Are you still out of casket? Hello?!”

Slim Mo’sorrow had fled as far as possible—forgetting “up” was a dead end. Vexed at the realization he’s boxed himself into a corner, he wheels around to the voice of his corrupted friend. Sight of the hulking dragon strikes in him the fear of Ho-Oh.

Oh, oh ... but you must have faith, Slim Mo’sorrow ... He removes from his belt his last Poké Ball. He kisses his knuckles then kisses it then launches it with the rowing arm of an oarsman. When it splashes open, Lapras appears.

“I SEE FOOD!” roars Charizard; “*SEA*FOOD! BWAHAHAH, I’m funny.”

“Lapras, Hydro Pump!”

Lapras makes a cry. It is the sound a Vigorous Aurora Beam makes. Throwing her head back, loosening her lower jaw, she spews a cascading log of water forward.

Rearing his ugly own, yawning his ugly own, Charizard looks as though he’s about to retaliate with Fire Blast. Instead, he recoils at the neck as the whole Hydro Pump barrages the back of his throat. His whole digestive tract swells up, a hose connected to a rushing faucet. Separating his legs, he braces himself as would a Hariyama, his talons on his gut, and for every gallon consumed, he feels it up admiringly; he’s bloating bigger than a frightened Qwilfish.

Astonished, Lapras wails, cutting off the water supply. But it’s too late. Charizard shakes his bloated belly tauntingly. Inhaling deeply, he uses Scald. A jet of boiling water pummels Lapras’ shell, blasting her off her fins and swamping the shelf, a mire of h20 flooding down from the rock ledges. Washed to her trainer’s feet, she looks into his eyes. She makes a cry. It is the sound a Sad Aurora Beam makes.

Gas from the Leftovers rising, Charizard conically belches up the bones and skulls of Alec and Dewgong, let's not forget an indestructible Pokédex. "Lame things." Charizard sniggers. "Though I'll find use of you, you clamshelled fuck. My cock will, anyway. Let's acquaint you with 'em, shall we?"

With each of his stomps forward, his dribbling erection buckles. There comes the sound of a Whiny Aurora Beam, before he hefts up Lapras' skull. He delivers the mucous beak through his hungry cock flaps. "*Hrnrgh!*" The nightmarish outline of her face ruins his handsome cock. He knows that, in order to make that nasty little blemish disappear, he's gotta stay relaxed so that it's loose enough for his prey to sink. Sometimes he'll tense up to cause his cock to swallow, and to subdue her whenever she roughhouses too much.

But luckily, that's just like a friendly warning hug. Thanks to the two of their natural lubricants (his musky and hers mucous), her passage through is pretty smooth and without chafe!

Just kidding. A jacket of cum's already digesting her, and it burrrrrns.

"Lapras!" Slim Mo'sorrow dives, and claps a hold of her boat-tailed tail. The greedy cock whips his body this way, that way, thataway, reminding him of a Remoraid on a reeling rod. Though he gets seasick, he holds fast yet, even when the wyrm's grueling musk weakens his grasp.

"Wanna join the party, man?" Charizard's shaft-of-pink quivers excitedly, lifting itself, lifting the Sage onto Lapras' perking behind. "Then into the party piece you go!" Slim Mo'sorrow feels Lapras plunge, as if she were a rickety elevator reaching a lower floor. Ravenous of appetite, the shaft swallows and swallows, gobbling away the ocean mount, along with her Aurora Beam screams. And when the last of her shell disappears, Slim Mo'sorrow makes the sound a lonely old man makes. But for making lonely old man sounds, there is no time. So, swinging his legs, he plants his sandaled feet on the side of the shaft then kicks off. Barreling onto the shelf,

he hears above himself a messy *schliiiiiiiiik*.

The engorged base pumps the ocean mount into the dragon's sac, two blobs which comprise a merciless cum factory. Char yowls. Char strongarms his hard-on. This time, he doesn't need to bend his back for his arms to reach; the thing neighbours his belly.

By and by, Charizard stands panting, pointing his muzzle downwards. His nuts have shrunken, yet still wobble firmly below his knees. They continue to croak wetly; his semen's digestive enzymes are just wrapping up the conversion of sea creature to sweet cum and size-for-the-cock.

By and by, his relatively premature dick becomes a grown adult dick: trunk-thick, and five-foot-eight from base to end. *More cock than Alec altogether*, he thinks. Then, looking down upon the gawking Sage, he laughs.

Cruel seas, thinks the Sage. *Oh, cruel seas indeed ...*

Looking up, he sees a milky pouch of pre threatening to drip from Charizard's glans. When Charizard puts his paws on the base, cocking it to swallow Slim, Slim Mo'sorrow somersaults away and then pounces onto his feet. Swift as a seabreeze he descends, zigzagging downward hops from ledge to ledge. Touching down, he kneels then picks himself up and then bounds from shelf's edge onto the beach. With a charge of speed, he cannonballs into the sea. Aquamarine water splashes.

The Fire-Dragon's face goes a stark red. Grinding his teeth, snorting bull flames, "Going swimming now, ey?" he says. Half tromping, half wing-flapping, he leaps, covering a stone's-throw of shelf. Then rising up he jets forward speedily (considering all the cock he carries), his cloak of wings going *fwoosh*. "Think a little bit of oceanspray 'll keep me from coming to you?" Reaching the end of the shelf, he vaults off. He hits the beach running. Sand whips beneath his feet in a flurry of flapping leather. Seeing the old man approach two lush peaks of limestone scaling up from the aquamarine

sea, Charizard jumps into the clear water. And as it sizzles round him he wades forward, keeping the flaming tip of his tail over the sea's touch. Leaning forward, he starts swimming doggedly, swimming at turtle speed.

As the man paddles through the gap of the peaks, which stand about two cruise ships apart ...

... the ocean tugs on his pursuer's body; threatens to pull the pursuer down under.

Then, with a Milotic Dive, the man disappears.

Gleam on the damn sun must be in my eyes. Charizard squints. He can only see everything save the old man. The flat ocean expanse which lies before the giant maelstrom, which lies before the thumbnail of Silver Wing Isle. Growing weary, he gears his focus on staying afloat, awaiting the old man to surface. *Bloody Houndooms. He's gotta bob up some point.*

When he doesn't, the dragon feels queasy, like a crew aboard an uneasy vessel. From idling too long, his lower body begins to sink, and the tip of his tail begins to anchor toward the sea. *Shit.* Splashing to stay buoyant. Expending limited energy. Heaving his breaths. *Shit shit shit.*

That skinny bastard won't sate your stomach beyond an hour's time. Just go, a voice in his head says, and Charizard, quick to agree ... is only further convinced by an approaching underwater shadow.

With the coming of this thing, worry fills his heart. And though he is in the open sea and the raw blue sky is without cloud, the ocean seems to dim. He looks upon this thing, and the fear of ... *Mother of Arceus.* A groan smokes out of his mouth. He splashes a U-Turn. He swims. He swims. He swims. He swims. A band of shadow rolls forward, conquering the sea, conquering the limestone peaks, conquering him and the ahead grotto.

At length the Fire-Dragon wrenches free of the coast water, leaving a trail of distraught footsteps in the sand. Battling fear and the unbalancing

weight of his cock, he staggers along the beach and alongside vibrant bluffs of jungle vegetation. Stomach cramping from the swim and lungs winded from periled flight, he slows. He whirls. Yes, the coast is clear. *Oh. Oh shit.* A wonder that his heart hasn't smashed open his ribcage. *Oh, oh. What the fuck was that?* Incredulous. Ridiculous, the way he reacted. Was probably just a fucking Mantine. Fear darkening his vision. That's what it was.

Sighing out the weight of the world, Charizard becomes again aware of some secondary need. Even with his head still pounding with his pulse, male desires fog over his thoughts. Prioritize. His heartbeat hammers harder, the sweet ocean breeze and the kiss of the sun too ... too pleasant for despair. Primal urges reign supreme. *Find somewhere ... secluded ...* Dazed with lust. He stalks drunkenly up a slope of sand toward the boundary separating open beach from secluded jungle ...

... when roaring waves of water roll off of something. Something stepping out from the sea. Two thunderclaps from the soles of feathery white feet flattening. Seawater flooding off a great, feathery white belly bedecked by an inverted blue crest. The longanimous spread of feathery white wings particular to a creature both colossal and reservedly retributive. Raising a serpentine neck, rearing a silver-arrow head, opening eyes—eyes of black-in-white, eyes cast in blue diamond trim—the mighty creature makes a magnificent cry: *GWAAAAAURAAAARUUUUUUUUU!*

Frozen dead in his tracks, Charizard gulps. He turns stiffly. Shadowed by the beast, he shrinks in the eyes.

Thirteen-foot-four, none other than the fabled Silverwings looms before him: Silverwings, King of Air and Sea; Silverwings, Provider for Ocean Men; Silverwings, Soul from Which All Silver Comes. A gaze as heavy as the deep blue depths pierces the dragon, striking in him—lo!—the fear of Lugia. Riding upon the Lugia Silverwings is Slim Mo'sorrow, who presently

slides off the creature's back and hightails it to a safe, faraway place in the jungle. Between alabaster legs, a black-as-oil shaft unsheathes from a black-as-oil sheath with a *shiiiiiiiiiiiilck* that sounds clearly as though right next to Charizard's ear. Although Char's schlong and jewels rival Silverwings' in measurement, they're ... comparatively lackluster. Blown up versions of lesser things. Beyond most in impressiveness, but not beyond—no, unthinkable—not beyond *His. GURAAAAAAAH*. His shadow looms nearer.

Given a wild startle, Charizard goes sailing for the boundary between beach and jungle. Just then, the weight of an S.S. drives over him, and a blow against the sunbaked ground knocks the wind from his belly. Pinned into missionary position, he hears Lugia bugle triumphantly, feels his backend mounted. Presently pulverized.

There's a subby moan, and the dragon's megacock gesticulates. There's a hurricane of wingbeats behind his behind, the dragonslayer shaft storming his asshole repeatedly. Both Pokémon holler obscenely, but Lugia's the loudest. Benevolently retributive, the King of Air and Sea fucks him with the restrained force of a maelstrom: with the tempered force of a tempest. Raw, disciplinary ...

And says Lugia: "I've watched you ... from afar ... Salamander." Thrust after thrust, he wrecks the bleating dragon's virgin asshole. "Your heart is black ... dare say, nigh black as my cock." Breeding the tight little bitch's asshole, his pre permeates those cramped insides, making them the bodily equivalent of tsunami zone aftermath. But despite all that moisturizer, because he's so girthy, the grind of his shaft still chafes the little fucker the way a tight girdle does a female waist. Charizard's rump pumps forth and back, forth and back, as though being repeatedly rear ended by a truck-driver trying to escape a Twister during a highway traffic jam. His whimpery bitch-noises starkly contrast the serene ambience of wave and Wingull.

And says Lugia: “You betrayed Alec ... Alec, your trainer who needed you, Salamander ... for when he returned to the beach, having been lost for hours in the jungle, long after the boatman gave up his search and set sail ... he asked you kindly, ‘Charizard, would you wing us back to Silver Wing Isle? And if so, I shall’n’t ever ask it of you again’ ... ; but you did not courteously decline as would any other Pokemon capable of speech; you did not even express why not; no, Salamander; instead, you ate him!” Lugia punishes Salamander’s asshole with the supreme judgement of the seas. And so Charizard cries out, and begs him for forgiveness of sin.

And says Lugia: “Ah, ‘sin,’ yes ... I did not forget the second one, Salamander; it was then you came to the grotto of this man and sinned, feasting upon the domesticated.

“Tired, Salamander? Cannot handle true male cock?” For the first time, Lugia smirks. The smirk is playful, verging lustful. Verging vengeful. He says, somewhat sardonically, “Then I shall taketh the cock away: for you are not worthy ...”

He thrusts, sheathing every inch of his masculinity inside of the sub. Char bleats. Char ejaculates. Char knows he shouldn’t have done that, for, post release, when Lugia slowly draws his weapon, he feels his own retreat. No, not just into his sheath. Retreat, meaning *abandon*—but not the battlefield, just *his* side—meaning Lugia’s hijacking his cock. And Lugia, he pounds him again. And harder. And bigger, until he, with one last withdraw, robs the dragon of his maleness, save two shriveled orbs and a tapered shaft of fourteen inches. The pained yelp Charizard makes when Silverwings exits makes a flock of jungle Pidgey soar. What unsheathes itself from the puffy, dripping pucker is a shaft of eight-foot-ten: a fucking tool—that is to say, tool for *fucking*—that’s good for much more than just fucking Salamander.

“This cock is more than you altogether, Salamander.” For the first time,

lust gleams in Lugia's eyes. As though shedding his feathers, he shakes free of the altruistic restraints of Silverwings. **"Funny how the tides turn ..."** Even though Lugia now pulls out of Charizard, the fear of Lugia is in him now more than ever. For Lugia's cock overshadows him, makes him appear not so monstrous. He tries to flee when Lugia moans, humping into Charizard's underbelly. The deity's black spire glides from the base of the dragon's tail to the tip, before yawning leviathan flaps. Lugia allows Charizard a scramble-footed head-start before calling the name of the wind. A reverse breeze rams the dragon backward by the rear.

Before three heartbeats pass, the black slit engulfs the tail's end. The tail's halfway mark. The tail's base. With one labored grind, snakes over the dragon's posterior. Progressing past the Electrode-size-testicles and up the lumbering thighs, the cock folds the haunches. Char's forced into the foetal position. Many a bleat erupts from his bitchy maw. Claws desperately chalk the sand.

The lubricated flaps of Lugia's spire sack the dragon's lower body. Lugia, offering a Helping Hand that the dragon refuses (but receives anyway), flattens the dragon's wings with an embrace of his own. Charizard, whose strength to Counter is amiss, succumbs. Presently the voracious cock-flaps gulp down both of those leathery things.

Lugia vomits Aeroblast skyward, releasing a surplus of suppressed testosterone. The midpoint of his prey passes his shaft's base. The base dilates enough to burst a cock-ring: enough to service a sleek car through: maybe a Corvette. For a few gulps, the dragon's haunches jam the sphincter.

Lugia grunts and flails. Anchored by his leviathan malehood, he only manages to drag his feet. Frustration erupts from his beak. *GWAGAHHHhhhhh!* Then Charizard's nose disappears. Liberation.

Lugia lands on his rump. The subway-of-cock starts to shrink, railing

backward as the train-of-dragon stations itself into his spacious testicles. While Lugia's cock returns to eight-foot-eight, his sac blimps up like Mother of All Drifblim. Lugia groans, because it gurgles lewdly. He thinks, *Becoming the stuff of fertility is too kind a fate for you. Nay.* And then Lugia channels energy into his dick until it rises to his maw. Hello! the maw seems to say. Holding his wings around the dick, he leans forward and suckles the glans. The King of Air and Seas then involuntarily slobbers, and then with his wings begins to pump himself.

Charizard, feeling his sweet enclosure start to tense up, reckons, *He's ... he's gonna cum me?! False hope fills him. Thank Lugia he won't be smelted into cum! Wait ... smelted? Then where shall thou go?*

The Song of Air and Sea manifests via Lugia's climaxing cry. Tides explode. Sun gleams in seaspray. Somewhere far away, even the Sage Slim Mo'sorrow hears the ringing echo.

The cock's sphincter opens. Testicle muscles spasm. A bubbly load raises Char upwards without offering him time for any say, save an incomprehensible plea. A geyser of seed erupts, propelling him upwards. The glans' tickling flaps slip off his nose, shoulders, wings. The bridge between glans and maw connects the two, unnoticed. Slightly the atmosphere changes, becoming less musky and more spacious, like a three-bedroom versus a studio. Throaty bands of flesh drive over him. And then a slimy sphincter admits him passage and he shoots into a lake of glimmering, gold gastric juices. Following him, a hydrant of cum bursts through the perforated ceiling. Permeating. Gyrating. Feeling his expanding gut distance his glans from his lips, Lugia spits an *ohmf*.

The influx of cum gives the stomach walls a good thrashing, rippling the inverted blue crest of Silverwings' bowling ball of a belly. Lugia croons a tempered croon. He perks his neck out, seeming with his pleasurable face

soon to swoon. When the dragon beats harder against the chamber, the legendary loses his tongue to the tropical air. His cock, tucked down by his belly's bulge, replenishes its oscillating cum stream. Whenever his stomach feels fingers of dragon-fire knead into it, he yowls, and the stream revs forward with renewed force.

And then finally the cum stream drips off, and Lugia moans. And he speaks to the dragon telepathically: *I've verged, Salamander. I verged losing my virtue, and you ... you and the insatiable desires of your dark-fires are to blame ... But now, Salamander ... now the tide is turned; and now the ocean abyss is claimed you.* Lifting his cum-spattered beak, he opens his eyes. They Flash, overcoming the darkness. "Let silver overcome; and let the dark become silver!" Beak raised, he trumpets to the sky.

But the sky does not trumpet back. Instead, his stomach does. *Guugorrrrrrl ...* Suddenly, Lugia looks surprised and self-aware. *Gwu-rrrrr-u-rr-rrrrrl ... urrrrug ... glork ...* "Oh my ... that was rather ... pardone ..."
A case of the grumbles brings his wings around his belly. It bounces beneath his laced feather-fingers, making lewd mashing noises. The fighting dragon sweats and pants, draining himself of a droughted resource. Oxygen. Thus accelerates assimilation. As the dragon's lungs run dry, and he wheezes frantically the last of his air supply, his degrading body supplies Silverwings with gas, barreling heaps of gas. Resisting the urge—as always with Lugia—to belch becomes counterproductive to doing that thing he knows isn't merely desire, but need: releasing the pressure. Watching the apex of his gut gradually block the view of his ankles, Lugia blushes Corsola pink. Quivering from beak to tail. His esophagus' quivering sphincter says yes, do it; verging isn't always sinful; verging in regulation is healthy.

That's when Slim Mo'sorrow reveals himself, emerging from the electric-green threshold. Initially, he moves skittishly. But Lugia meeting his

Previously knocked to the ground by belch #1, Slim Mo'sorrow now rises. And later, he'll be able to tell his Kingler about this magnificent thing only he witnesses: the transformation of Lugia. He sees, suddenly, the Silver-Winged One stand and hold his stomach uneasily, and chuckles softly at a few of his burps. Each one comes softer, until the alabaster's feet are trembling, and with some giddiness to it his fletched tail swooshes. One final burp erupts, then he explodes in growth. Tail grows bigger. (Wheeling his neck, Lugia gapes at it curiously.) Wings grow bigger. (Lugia flaps them with amusement, the way Slim Mo'sorrow used to flap his arms in his oversized sleeves.) Feet grow bigger. (Lugia stomps, just to test them out. Intriguing.) And so grows bigger the rest of his body, until he's a hulking avian thing, and could probably touch the grotto ceiling without standing on his tippy-toes. Slim Mo'sorrow awes; but then the Lugia carries himself over the Sage, and the Sage unsteadily steps backwards. There's a thump, and the air-flow ends, but ah, there's such warmth. Between the sunbaked sands and Silverwing's blueshield belly the Sage is sandwiched. *To see simply Silverwings in the flesh ... but for Silverwings to perch upon Slim Mo'sorrow? Ahh ...* Had Slim Mo'sorrow been a part of society, he'd've felt honoured. But honor was a thing of society. Instead, the feeling was fulfillment. The fulfillment of an uncertain number of years (without calendar, he'd not counted) of a faith most absolutely certain. And so hearing Silverwings' throat-song, The Song of Air and of The Sea, the Sage responds with something from his younger adulthood he'd learned amongst men: a hum. The hum goes to a song that they do not sing, for they are not fine singers, but that they both know the lyrics to nevertheless.

*Rest, old friend
Friend from far a sea, for
You swam long a way*

*To today see me
Sleep, old friend
Friend from low a sea, for
You rose long a way
To today see me*

After a silence, Slim Mo'sorrow says, "Though I am slim, I know the feeling of full. And I know not the feeling of fire, but the feeling of water. Great is your nourishment and great is the sea, and these things I shall not abandon."

"Mo'sorrow, you are not slim," Lugia says; "you know the feeling of full because you are full; and that is not mine doing, but thine own." He smiles and then stands, turning to the placated sea.

Slim Mo'sorrow with a cry leaps up and tugs on his ankle. "Please, Silverwings. Stay a little longer and keep this old man company. For I have not seen men for an uncertain number of years and am lonely."

Lugia slowly strides away, with Slim Mo'sorrow bounding behind him to keep up. He begs and begs. Lugia pauses, smiles, then continues on until tides wash over his feet and then lap at his belly. Then, Slim Mo'sorrow leaps, and claps a hold of his tail, the way he earlier did Lapras'.

Eyes widening, Lugia studies the man for some duration. He snorts, seeming amused. He lifts his tail for a closer inspection of the man, as if wondering what's to be done with him. Then, "Very well, Mo'sorrow," he says. "I shall visit you every Friday." Sensing that the Sage has no calendar, he adds quickly, "So on the third day from now, I shall visit you." With a light flick of his tail, he hears the soft thump of the Sage onto the beach. "Stay full, Mo'sorrow. And for now, farewell!"

With transfixed awe, Slim Mo'sorrow watches the currents pull over him. Thus disappears Lugia.

Until his beak bursts up from the sea. "Ah: one last thing, Mo'sorrow,"

says Silverwings; “why do you burn perfectly good fish, eh? Quit that!” Thus disappears Lugia for real.

So Slim Mo’sorrow returns to the grotto, seating himself beside his fainted Kingler, in a crawlspace with a view of the ginormous maelstrom twisting in the light of evening. He folds his hands in his lap and resumes meditation, listening to the sounds not without but within himself, listening to the sound of silver, listening to the turn of the tides. It feels already like Friday.