

#146: MOLTRES
DIGESTED



I WAKE UP WITH A SPLITTING HEADACHE. MY STOMACH STILL FEELS HEAVY WITH THE SLOSHING REMAINS OF HESTIS. THE SMELL OF SMOKE IS STILL EVER-PRESENT.



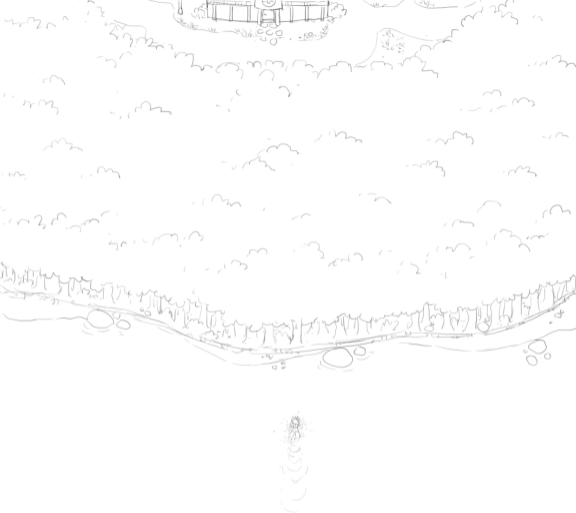
I FEEL MY STOMACH LURCH AS AN INTENSE HEAT EXPANDS INSIDE. I BELCH OUT A SMALL PYRE, BUT IT'S A SPECIAL ONE. I CAN SENSE A POWERFUL, INVITING AURA COMING FROM THIS LITTLE FLAME.



THE FLAME IS PULLED IN TOWARDS MY CHEST, ALMOST EAGER TO GET BACK INSIDE OF ME. AS IT ENTERS MY BODY, THERE IS A STING, BUT THEN I CAN FEEL THE POWER SURGE INSTANTLY. A TECHNIQUE STOWED AWAY IN THE DEPTHS OF MY MIND BECOMES CLEAR.



MY NEXT TARGET IS ALSO CLEAR IN MY MIND. I WILL NEED TO TRAVEL TO THE JOHTO REGION, AND I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER METHOD THAN TO SWIM AND BURN FAT ALONG THE WAY.



AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN HOUR OF SWIMMING, I FINALLY MAKE IT TO THE FAMILIAR SHORES OFF AZALEA TOWN.

#241: MILTANK MISSION START



THE STRENUOUS TRIP SHRANK MY STOMACH NICELY AND HELPED ME
FEEL MORE LIMBER.
WHILE I MAKE MY WAY TO MY TARGET, ALL THE PROTEIN IN ME
SHOULD QUICKLY REPLENISH MY ENERGY.



HAVING A QUICK LOOK AROUND THE WOODS, I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANY BERRIES. I MOVE ON TO AZALEA, STICKING TO THE TREE LINE TO SURVEY THE TOWN.

I NOTICE THAT NEAR THE GYM IS A SMALL STAND WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF ITEMS FOR SALE.



I WALK OVER TO THE STAND AS CASUALLY AS I CAN, AS A NORMAL HUMAN WOULD.
THE LADY IS UNDERSTANDABLY SURPRISED TO SEE A POKEMON WALK UP TO HER. I'M NOT SURE HOW TO SPEAK TO HER, BUT I NOTICE SHE IS SELLING MANY DIFFERENT BERRIES AND JUGS OF MILK.



I TAKE ONE OF THE JARS AND THE LADY REACTS MILDLY, THOUGH NOT REALLY DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

I POINT TOWARDS THE MILTANK ON THE LABEL AND THE WOMAN IS SUDDENLY JOVIAL, ENDEARED BY MY ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE. SHE TELLS ME ABOUT THE MILTANK AT ROUTE 39, POPULAR FOR HER AMAZING QUALITY MILK.



THE WOMAN LETS ME KEEP THE JUG OF MILK FOR FREE. I FEEL A WARMTH INSIDE, APPRECIATING SUCH HOSPITALITY. I COULD GET USED TO JOHTO.



WITH A LENGTHY WALK TO ROUTE 39, MY STOMACH FULLY DIGESTS THE REST OF THE MOLTRES.

I COME ACROSS A FARM IN WHICH THERE IS A MILTANK TENDING TO SOME POKEMON. SHE IS WEARING A BANDOLIER OF MILK JUGS.



I TAKE COVER BEHIND THE ONE TREE ON THE FLAT EXPANSE OF LAND,
SCOUTING THE MILTANK AS SHE CONTINUES HER GOOD DEEDS FOR WHAT
FEELS LIKE HOURS.
THE INFLUX OF POKEMON IS SEEMINGLY ENDLESS.



MANY HOURS PASS BY AND I START TO GET SLEEPY. I CAN'T HELP BUT IMAGINE HOW DELICIOUS AND FILLING THE MILTANK WILL BE. I CLOSE MY EYES FOR A QUICK SPELL, AND THEN...



MY EYES SNAP BACK OPEN WHEN I FEEL A SHOVE AGAINST MY SHOULDER. THE MILTANK IS STANDING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF ME, LOOKING SKEPTICAL. SHE ASKS WHAT I'M DOING IN THE RANCH AT THIS HOUR.



I TRY TO ACT NONCHALANT, SAYING THAT I WAS LOOKING FOR FOOD, GOT TIRED, THEN FELL ASLEEP ON THE RANCH.



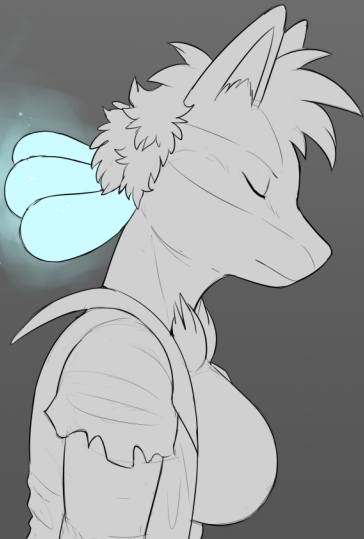
THE MILKTANK SAYS SHE NORMALLY DOESN'T SERVE POKEMON AFTER HOURS, BUT SHE'LL TRY TO FIND SOMETHING FOR ME THIS ONE TIME.



I FOLLOW THE MILTANK TO THE HOUSE, BUT ONCE SHE NOTICES, SHE ASKS ME TO WAIT OUTSIDE.

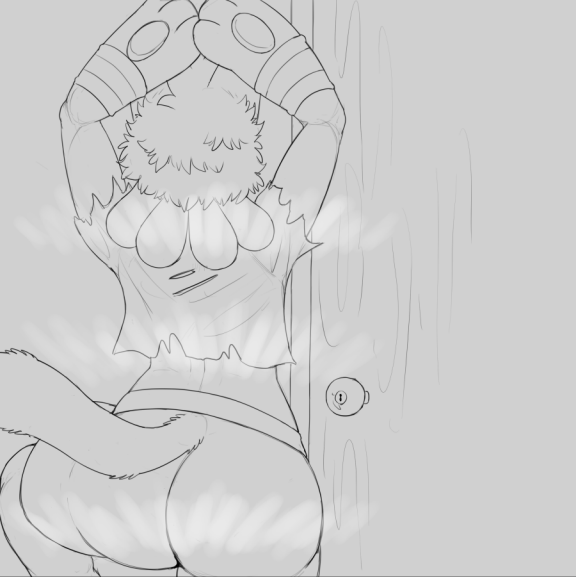


**SHE QUICKLY CLOSES THE DOOR. ONLY A MINUTE LATER, THE LIGHTS
IN THE HOUSE GO OFF.**

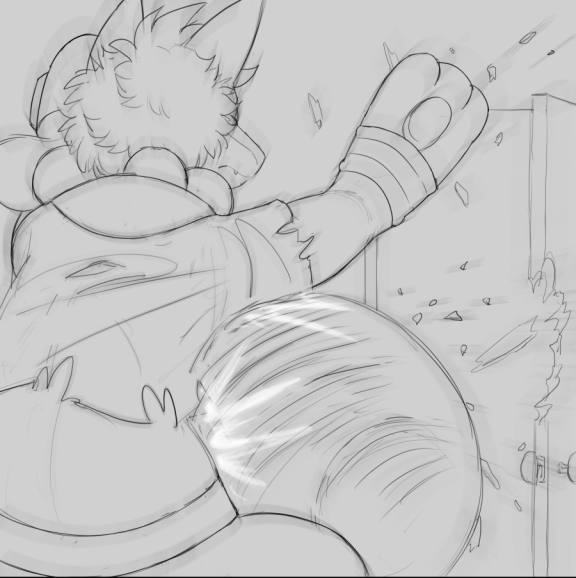


I USE MY AURA SENSE TO PICK UP ON THE MILTANK'S AURA. I CAN SENSE ONE OF FEAR AND WORRY, BUT ALSO THAT OF UNFLINCHING CONFIDENCE.

I CAN SENSE THE AURA STRENGTHENING AS SHE CLEARLY IS GETTING CLOSER TO ME.



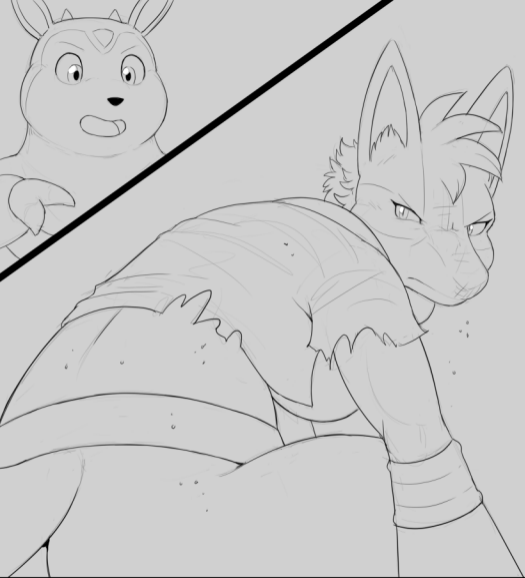
I COMMIT TO A SWORDS DANCE, PREPARING FOR MY PREEMPTIVE STRIKE. THE MILTANK'S AURA SUDDENLY CHANGES.



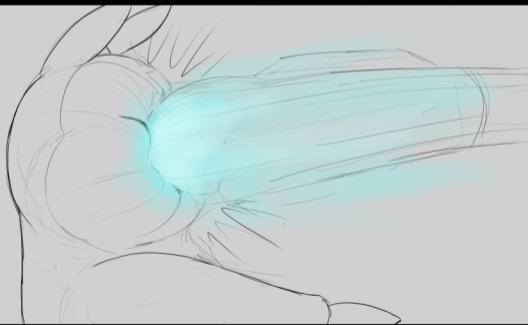
THE FRONT DOOR BREAKS DOWN AS THE MILTANK RUSHES THROUGH WITH A ROLLOUT.



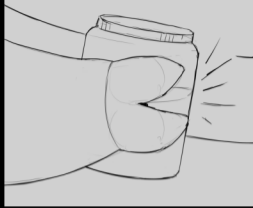
I LAY SPRAWLED ON THE GROUND, DAZED FROM THE SUDDEN ATTACK. I HEAR THE MILTANK PROVOKE ME FROM A SHORT DISTANCE, SAYING HOW SHE FELT I WAS UP TO NO GOOD. I SUPPOSE I WAS NEVER GOOD AT ACTING.



AS I QUICKLY GET UP, THE MILTANK GOES ON TO SAY SHE KNEW MY TRUE INTENTIONS WHEN SHE SAW THE SWORDS DANCE.



USING EXTREME SPEED, I CLOSE DISTANCE FAST AND FOLLOW UP WITH AN AURA-INFUSED PUNCH.



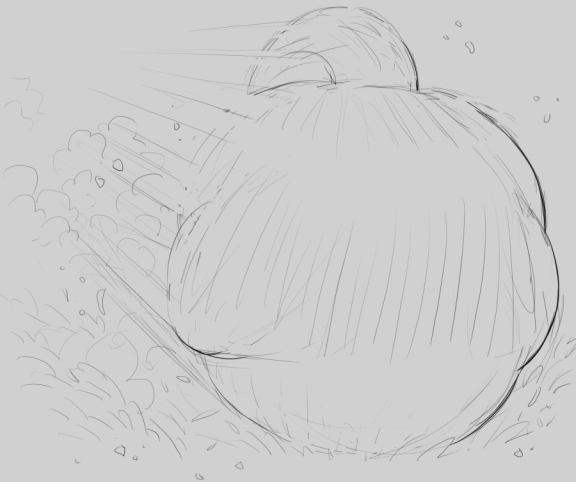
THE MILTANK SLIDES BACK A GOOD DISTANCE BUT SURPRISINGLY MANAGES TO STAY STANDING ON HER TWO FEET. SHE QUICKLY CHUGS ONE OF HER MILK JARS, RESTORING HER HEALTH ALMOST INSTANTLY.



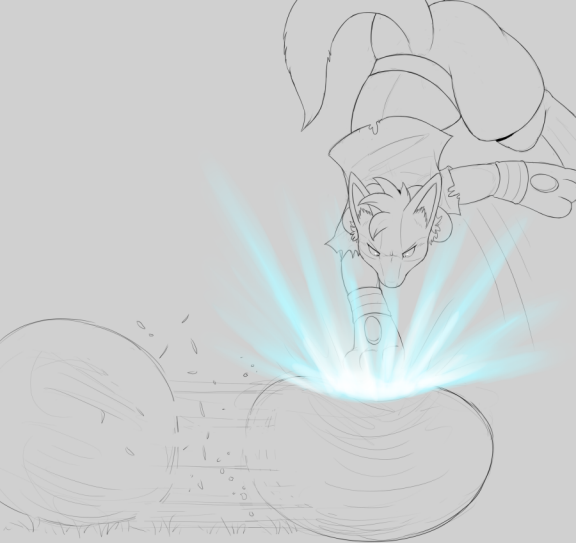
I RUSH THE MILTANK WITH EXTREME SPEED, AIMING TO SHATTER HER MILK BOTTLES. I MANAGE TO SMASH ONE OF THEM.



SHE CURLS UP INTO A BALL RIGHT AS I LET LOOSE ANOTHER ATTACK. I LAND A GOOD HIT THAT SENDS HER BACK EVEN FURTHER, BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO TAKE AS MUCH DAMAGE.



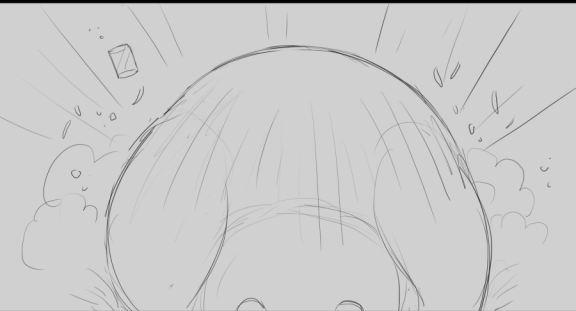
STILL CURLED UP, THE MILTANK PROPELS HERSELF ONCE AGAIN WITH ANOTHER ROLLOUT ATTACK.



I WAIT FOR THE MILTANK TO GET CLOSE, THEN JUMP UP, TIMING AN AURA BLAST AIMED DOWNWARDS. I GET A DIRECT HIT ON HER.



THE MILTANK LOSES CONTROL AND FLIPS HARD ONTO HER BACK.



SHE CHUGS THE LAST OF HER MILK JARS, AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, GOES FOR YET ANOTHER ROLLOUT ATTACK.



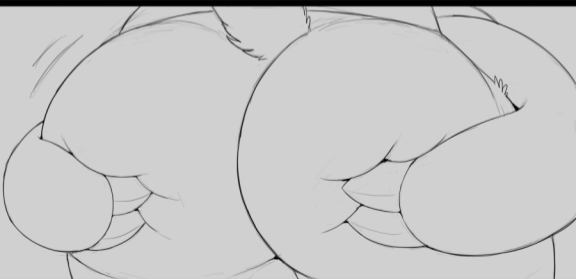
I DODGE AS SHE NEARS ME, BUT THE MILTANK THEN SCREECHES TO A HALT SUDDENLY, FLINCHING AND APPEARING SURPRISED, ALMOST AS IF HAVING FAILED TO READ MY NEXT MOVE. SHE IS COMPLETELY OPEN.



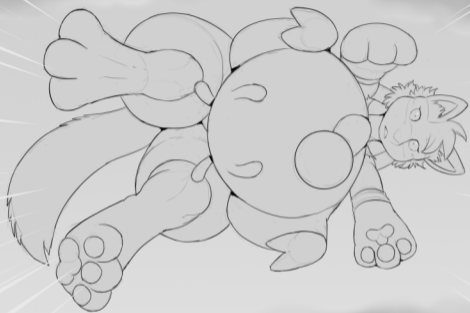
I POUNCE AND PIN THE MILTANK DOWN RATHER EASILY, PREPARING TO GET MORE HITS IN.



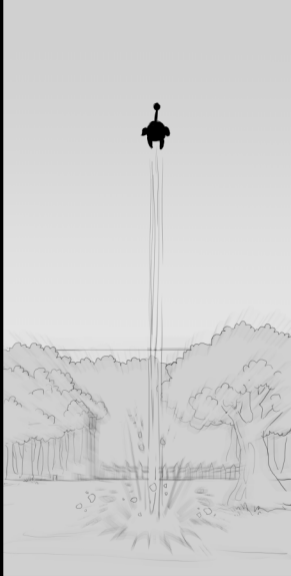
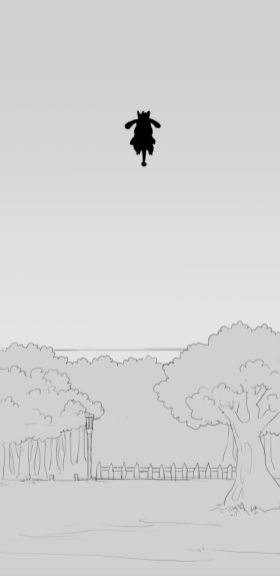
I DELIVER REPEATED PUNCHES INFUSED WITH AURA ONTO THE MILTANK'S FACE, AIMING TO FINISH THE BATTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL.



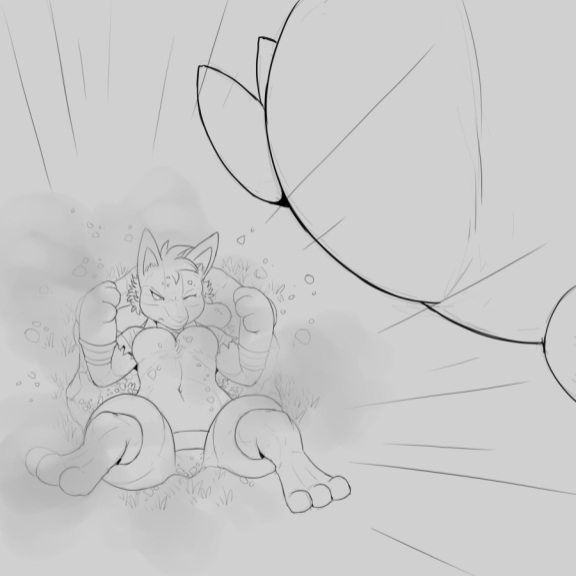
IN A LAST DITCH EFFORT, THE MILTANK LUNGES FORWARD AND GRABS ON TO MY BOTTOM TIGHTLY.



SUDDENLY, THE BOTH OF US ROCKET INTO THE AIR, THE MILTANK STILL GRASPING ME TIGHT.



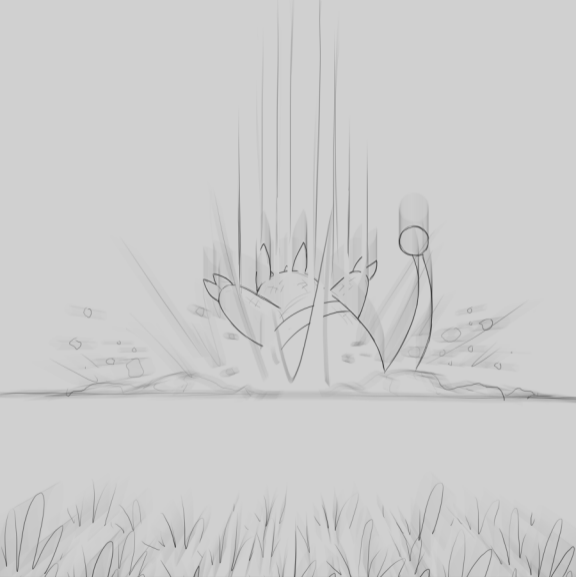
**I REALIZE VERY SOON WHAT SHE IS DOING: A SEISMIC TOSS. SHE
WRISTS ME TOWARDS THE GROUND MIGHTILY.**



ONCE THE DUST AND SMOKE CLEARS, I FIND MYSELF STUCK IN THE GROUND, HARDLY ABLE TO MOVE. ABOVE, I SEE THE MILTANK'S RUMP FALLING DOWN FAST DIRECTLY OVER ME.



I QUICKLY CHUG MY MOOMOO MILK, BRACING FOR THE IMPENDING IMPACT.





OPENING MY MAW TO LET THE MILTANK IN SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A GOOD IDEA, THOUGH MY JAW NOW ACHES A GOOD DEAL. SHE'S ALREADY HALF-WAY DOWN MY GULLET, FRANTIC AS SHE TRIES DESPERATELY TO FREE HERSELF.



I SLAM THE EMPTY GLASS JAR AGAINST THE MILTANK'S HEAD, AND SHE INSTANTLY GOES LIMP.

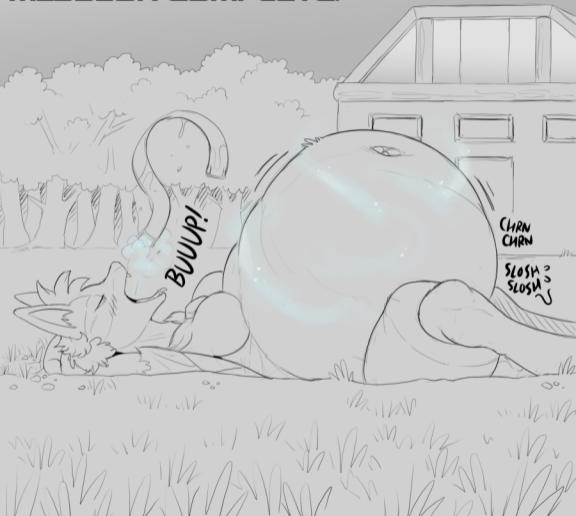


WITH THE MILTANK KNOCKED OUT, I CAN AT LEAST HAVE EASE OF MIND THAT SHE WON'T DRINK HER OWN MILK TO KEEP RECOVERING AND EVENTUALLY UPSET MY STOMACH.



A FEW STRONG GULPS SENDS THE MILTANK INTO MY BELLY, HER ROUND SHAPE HELPING HER SLIP IN COMFORTABLY AND BLOAT OUT MY STOMACH NICELY.

#241: MILTANK MISSION COMPLETE!



WITH A BELLY FULL OF DELICIOUS MILK AND THE COW IT CAME FROM, I
RECLINE AND LET MY GUTS CHURN AWAY HAPPILY ON MY WELL-EARNED
DINNER.