

-Feraligatr VS Lycanroc-

The two trainers sent out their signature pokemon, a midnight Lycanroc and a Feraligatr zapped onto the field. The trainers each knew the rules, forced to leave their beloved pokemon on their own to defend and feed themselves. Each of the losers are converted to experience for the winner, their devolved forms being sent out once the battle is over, their memories retained. With these precautions in the palace, the trainers gave their pokemon permission to work on their own. The midnight Lycanroc giddily taunted his future meal, flicking his tongue across his muzzle with an excited cackle to accompany it. The Feraligatr shared the notion, though he was much more demonstrative, his claws planted heavily on the ground as a roar unleashed from his gaping jaws, quaking the ground beneath them both as the pokemon roared. They both were currently squaring one another up, neither making a move on one another.

Neither were very fast, but the Lycanroc could still outspeed the blue gator, trying to leap behind him and start with his tail, knowing that the bulky body wouldn't be able to pull him away if he got him at a good angle. The Feraligatr snapped to his side, watching as the rock type leapt over his head and grappled onto his tail, slipping the end of the rough tail in his mouth. The end of the tail was rough, matching the rest of the blue scales over the alligator, but the Lycanroc wasn't ready for what came next. While the Lycanroc tried to swallow the massive tail, it pushed itself further into his jaws, easily forcing him to open much further than he was preparing for, his jaws strained at the end of the tail made its way to his belly, the bulk of the tail catching the wolf by surprise and rendering him useless as Feraligatr flipped his tail around and snapped his jaws around the Lycanroc, sending surprised shocks through his body as his fur stands on end, hardly even noticing that his lower waist had already disappeared.

The Lycanroc managed to pull most of the tail out of his jaws as the Feraligatr forced his tail in deeper, using his leverage to force the Lycanroc into his jaws, up to his armpits. The Lycanroc scowled helplessly with the tail still forced down his

throat, the Lycanroc helplessly trying to claw at the tail, feeling the alligator tighten his jaws around the Lycanroc. The lanky wolf howled in fear as the tail forced his arms down into his ballooning cheeks, sliding past the gargantuan fangs as the lips of the alligator damped the fur on top of his head. The black and white rocky mane lost all structure, crumbling into the wolf as he writhed in denial, figuring that he could have done better if only he could escape.

The Feraligatr closed his maw around the poor wolf, his jaws inhibiting the wolf from whining anymore than he already did, his tongue already gagging the wolf and preventing most of the noise. Soon, the Feraligatr parted with the girth of his tail, the end of it slipping out with slick saliva dripping from it as Lycanroc tried to whine once more, pleading for a rematch by chance. The cruel predator could only smile, his tongue maneuvering around the wolf's face, not wanting to swallow him just yet, insisting on the slow descent of his meal, much to Lycanroc's dismay. The thick and flabby tongue of the alligator wrapped around the noisy muzzle of the wolf, coiling and forcing him down his throat slowly, a heavy set of claws enforcing a mighty pressure as he squeezed his prey, still desperately pleading. The claws of the wolf now danced over the same tongue that once flopped against his face, now drenching his paws in saliva, only now deciding to swallow his prey, deciding that it's be most satisfying to swallow him in one gulp. As he expected, euphoria filled his gullet, his powerful muscles sending his new meal to be compacted into experience in his gut. The Lycanroc folded in on himself, his body having a decent amount of space at first, but one flex from the Feraligatr forced it all to crush the Lycanroc under his might. The Feraligatr roared once more, announcing an end to the fight to all included. The other trainers in the audience cheered in excitement. As the Feraligatr strutted off the arena, the trainer went to his own quarters, awaiting his reformed RockRuff when the Feraligatr was finished with his body.

The trainer of the blue alligator patted down the muscle gut of his star pupil, feeling the wolf as he squirmed in his gut. The Feraligatr relaxed with his belly open and head propped up on a nice pillow. The Feraligatr smirked sickly as he felt his prey squirm under his trainers' experienced hands. The trainer pushed in, feeling

the fat of his gut and the muscle lining it with the compacted meal underneath it all, slowly losing form. Soon enough, the Feraligatr burped, the taste of a rocky wolf on his tongue and breath, gushing past the human's face in astonishment. While it was usually a sloppy and gross mistake, the Feraligatr made a concerted effort to release his belly gas into his human's face. Soon enough, on his next burp, a whimpering Rockruff appeared on his tongue, several times smaller than the alligator's maw. The rockruff had his head lowered, trying to paw at the tongue in order to pull himself out of his humiliating defeat. The trainer reached up and snapped his pokemons jaw shut, trying to push Feraligatr's jaw up in hopes that he'd swallow. Although he was much too weak to move the pokemon against his will, the Feraligatr was ready and willing to accommodate his human's request. The Feraligatr leaned his head back and allowed teh small dog to slowly slip back down his gullet, soon opening his maw wide to allow his human to watch the slow descent of the wolf before he made his way back to his stomach. Although he wasn't going to truly churn the first evolution, the additional humiliation wouldn't hurt anyone. The trainer readily messaged the opposing trainer and warned him that the Lycanroc is taking too long to digest and the Rockruff will be a while. In the meantime, the trainer continued to knead at his pokemon's thick belly, the poor Rockruff being smooshed all around from inside, his whimpers not making it past the stomach walls.