

The two pokemon each stood their ground across one another. Each victor of their previous battles had gained new traits in their bodies. Their trainers stood on the sides with tension clear across her face as the two pokemon glared. While the real pokemon were already facing off, the fight had already begun. Unbeknownst to the Typhlosion, his body naturally gave off the same fumes he sent out, plaguing the Feraligatr's thoughts before the fight had even started. The very aroma of the enigmatic Typhlosion seemed to excite the alligator past his normal limits, causing a torrent of saliva to drip from his bottom jaw, somehow dwarfed by the amount pooling in his maw, yet to escape. With every second before the fight started, the Feraligatr hungered further and further for the uncanny variant of the pokemon he was used to. The Typhlosion on the other hand yawned lazily, stretching their long back and smacking their lips. Their human was still in a daze and the Typhlosion had just fattened up from the various snacks it engorged on during the break. There were surely more in the Feraligatr's room, so if the Typhlosion won, could they simply take from the alligator's stash? They needed to win this. Though how would they? They hardly had any memory of their last match and simply came back to the world with a lizard in their dick. Could they work the same magic on the hungry gator? Surely not, right?

As the buzzer rang, the Feraligatr wasted no time and rushed forwards with an open maw, enamored with the thought of eating their new meal. The Typhlosion hardly had any time to react, stepping back a few as the Feraligatr ran forwards, dazed and taken under effect of the Typhlosion with maddened eyes. The Typhlosion reacted as any sane pokemon would, stumbling back in fear before suddenly throwing their arms up as the Feraligatr leaped upwards, preparing to chomp down on his head. As the fire type stumbled backwards, they tripped on their own tail, falling on their back as The Feraligatr fell. Although not his intention, the Feraligatr found his maw encasing a *different* kind of head. With a long tongue to validate his suspicions, he looked past the massive cock throbbing in his throat and saw a Typhlosion overcome with lust. As much as the Feraligator would want to be rid of the obstacle in the way of his real meal, something stuck out to him. With such easy access to it, the Feraligatr couldn't help but notice that the same hypnotic smell was embedded in the taste of the massive cock, pouring out from every thick bulge and vein that formed in the outgrown cock, plugging most of his maw and throat. Before the Feraligatr could thank his genetics as well as the previous competitor for not allowing him to choke on such a sweaty lollipop he decided that he had to earn more of this taste before the battle was over.

The Typhlosion was in bliss, their cock now receiving attention they didn't think was possible. They now leaned their head back, propping it up with stubby arms as the massive cock only grew with arousal. The Feraligatr was ready for it. His throat had already taken in the head of the cock and slid just a bit past the bulbous cap with the arousal almost overpowering him, he knew he had to dig deeper to find the source of this unimaginable yet intoxicating sensation the Typhlosion gave off. With the cock only lengthening out further and pulsing to greater widths, the Feraligatr worked harder to swallow his way to the base of the cock, his fangs narrowly tickling the sweaty fluff at the base of Typhlosion's cock. As the Feraligatr lowered themselves further, they let their claws roam, landing on the plump watermelon sized balls that dwarfed the Feraligatr's own head. Had he not known any better, he would have assumed he could fit inside the cock with minimal effort. Deciding not to pay this any mind, he curiously felt the Typhlosion's gushing balls. They seeped out beads of sweat, smelling just like before through now more condensed. The Feraligatr needed more. The alligator fondled the massive balls, feeling them warp over his grip and the cock now beating against his stomach now pulsing alongside his every movement. He was getting this sweet nectar, he simply had to.

The Typhlosion felt the various sensations of the rough reptile and performed in tandem with him. They bucked their hips slowly, wanting more action along their length and not just their impressively sized balls. The Feraligatr caught onto this, mimicking the motions he saw his trainer watch on the TV, bobbing his head up and down over the massive cock, his tongue working much harder to spread enough saliva to drench the cock before they even came.

The trainers all around watched in great intrigue. Perhaps it was simply the fumes from the Typhlosion being much too powerful even from such a distance or simply the display had gotten to the trainers much faster than normal. Most trainers tried to keep their calm, not allowing the display to work them up so easily while a few others went to the bathrooms suddenly. Others were... *less* subtle.

The Typhlosion now worked to mouth fuck the Feraligatr, much too impatient to keep the show running for those who left early. They bucked their hips aggressively, wishing to breed with the Feraligatr's gut with virile sperm that he had stored thanks to the previous competitor they fought. It felt as though the Typhlosion's balls were simply needing an excuse to empty themselves, finding the Feraligatr to be befitting enough. The blue alligator seemed to share the thought and worked the tip of the massive cock into his stomach, his

jaws now parting to take in the exposed upper halves of the balls in with his tongue and feeling the excited twitches filling his gullet. He was so needy, his whole body was quaking as if he had been through the most dire exercise simply to get more of the Typhlosion's euphoric sperm. Luckily for the both of them, it or rather, *they* came just in time.

An excited howling from the Typhlosion overtook the arena as the Feraligatr released a series of desperate gurgles as a flood of cum was dumped into his stomach. Although he was naturally a big Pokémon, the Typhlosion's balls proved to be more full, overflowing the belly and even extending it well past what the stomach was meant to contain, easily simulating what it would be like to eat 2 of his own selves with nothing but sperm. The amount didn't stop at one load, however. The second pulse sent a gushing flood of cum to dump out of the Feraligatr's maw and drench the entire lower half of the Typhlosion. The taste was irreplaceable, quenching the seemingly never ending thirst. Although his belly was already ballooned outwards, the Feraligatr hadn't let go of the throbbing cock in his jaws. Somewhere in the mix, he had come on his own, his cum mixing indistinguishably from the Typhlosions. Once the 5th load had minimized to a few more pumps to be swallowed once more.

The long cock soon flopped from the jaws of the alligator, still dripping a massive flow of sperm onto the Typhlosion's chest. They were much too tired to even react to their blowjob ending, mind flooded with ecstasy as the Feraligatr came to his senses. The blue alligator began swallowing the Typhlosion's legs, still getting a nice glaze of cum as an additional taste. Swallowing the Typhlosion came easily, his throat already being loosened alongside his jaws thanks to the size of their cock. The Typhlosion's now flaccid cock was slurped alongside the rest of their body. The fire type did not make any effort to detour the hungry alligator, enjoying the tongue lap over their body and slurping in the dressing over top of them, soon swallowing past their head with a resounding gulp to knock the Typhlosion from their daze. They were firmly deposited in the belly, splashing into the cum filled stomach, instantly feeling themselves sink underneath the onslaught of cum they had just previously sent in there, already mixing deeply in with the natural digestive fluids of the alligator. Although the Typhlosion could work to try and escape, there was something deeply comforting about a warm flesh pocket willed to the brim with salty spunk all at the same height of their head, allowing them so simply relax in the engorged belly as Feraligatr worked their way to soften the Typhlosion into more experience for his next competition. In all honesty, the Typhlosion was reminded of home from the feeling, reminiscing about how

the Hisuian Typhlosions would also commence in these types of activities for leisure and affection. To think there had to be a competition for the Typhlosion to get this feeling back once more.

While the Typhlosion got accommodated to their new resting room, the Feraligatr belched in a dreary state, his belly much too full to even think of flaunting his prey to the world anymore. His mind caught the best of him and went into a quick food coma, his body hoisted above the stomach of his as if it were a massive inflatable beanbag. The trainer went in eventually, trying to no avail to push the Feraligatr out of the rings, but soon realizing that they had to be finished with their meal before they could move, even then it had to be on their own volition.

The time soon came for the Feraligatr to wake up, only to find that his face was now buried in dirt after his size had nearly doubled in size. With some excess weight filling out his already thick tail. His trainer had been resting by his side, awaiting for his pokemon to awaken. The massive Feraligatr sat up, feeling some stirring in his gut still. Although his stomach was much more 'normal' sized, it was still heavy and extremely large, but in the perspective of the massive alligator, it was hardly noticeable. There was a Cyndaquil squirming his gut, clearly devolved from their previous form as a Typhlosion. Being the massive size he was, he was a bit apprehensive at simply belching and hoping the small pokemon gets tugged along. The trainer caught wind of this, offering to fetch the pokemon out themselves, starting to reach a hand down the Feraligatr's throat, suddenly getting a grasp at just how much mass separated the Cyndaquil from the outside world. Seeing the opportunity, however, the Feraligatr just took the trainer in his maw completely, making a quick meal of him to keep the Cyndaquil company. The human fell in well, singing alongside the starter and seeing the remnants of spattered semen still ingraining into the walls. Though with the massive growl, the pooling saliva of the alligator carried an odd hue, purplish and slightly reminiscent of the smog that the Typhlosion was able to give off, now seeping into the human and having a similar effect on them. Suddenly, the Cyndaquil's movements made sense. The human got comfortable in the stomach as the Feraligatr went off to their room, not bothering to let the human out, trusting that they could hold off on digesting the human before their next match. The Typhlosion's trainer only watched from afar, realizing that they wouldn't get their pokemon back for a while.

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