

## **-Rillaboom VS Arcanine-**

The two trainers sent out their pokemon, following behind the first round. The trainers each had roles to fill, seeing such power in the other matches. The rules were simple, each of the loser's pokemon are converted to experience for the winner, their devolved forms being let out once the battle is over. Their memories are retained so that they aren't a complete loss. With these precautions in place, the trainers gave their pokemon permission to fight on their own. The grass type gorilla used his ability to summon a grassy terrain along the field. He was on edge, the fire dog ahead of him making him shutter in fear. The Arcanine was braced, his fangs bared as he charged forwards, quickly shortening the distance between the two as Rillaboom tried to defend himself, utilizing his drums in an attempt to fend off the canine as he circled him. The fire dog didn't seem to slow down, entrapping the grass type in his terrain as he swiftly avoided the attacks.

Both of the trainers were at the edges of their seats, unsure of either of the strategies at play. Neither made an immediate move towards another but neither had taken their eyes off their opponent for a second. This came to a sudden halt when the arcanine charged forwards, sprinting at full speed just as the grassy terrain dispersed, tackling the gorilla and throwing him away from his drums quickly. The arcanine tried to push the dog off of him, but the efforts only landed the arms of the gorilla to find their way in the maw of the fire type, a relaxed smirk crossing the dog's maw as he bit more off the Rillaboom with might, his limbs extended over the sides of him to ensure that he cannot escape or push the Arcanine to one side of it. The arcanine lunged forward once again, now his lips have the entire arm entrapped in the saliva filled maw, The gorilla's other paw panicked and slapped against the Arcanine's muzzle to no avail, only landing his previously free hand to get wolfed down alongside his other. Arcanine continued to slobber over the Rillaboom's arms and slurp up the muscled limbs until the dog came face to face with the panicked expression of his prey as his hands filled the Arcanine's throat.

The Arcanine reveled in this fate, maneuvering his tongue between the beefy obstructions and tugging his tongue along the surface of the gorilla's face slowly, encasing him in early saliva before he was swallowed. This did nothing for the Rillaboom's benefit, his body constantly trying to push into the ground in order to avoid it better to no avail. The Arcanine went for seconds, lapping at the Rillaboom's face until the Rillaboom shook his face free. The Rillaboom was able to slide some of his arms out, much to the Arcanine's surprise. In the moment of confusion, the Rillaboom lifted his feet to kick off the chubby tummy of the Arcanine and kick the dog off his arms, a loud \*SLURP\* resonating as both of his arms came loose and his opponent tumbling off to his side, caught off guard by the sequence of events.

In this moment of relief, the gorilla made a mad dash for his drums again, wanting to bind the Arcanine for an easy meal, understanding his type disadvantage. He ran until he fell over, feeling a puddle of some kind trap one of his feet, but when he turned, the Arcanine had simply lunged forwards to catch the Rillaboom's feet. The Rillaboom learned his lesson this time, keeping his other leg out to the side in order to prevent the Arcanine from taking that in as well. This proved futile as the Arcanine dragged the Rillaboom even further away from his weapon than before, the Arcanine no longer wanting to lead this on any longer than it already did. The Arcanine slurped along the thick calves and thighs of his meal until he came at a bulky part, where the gorillas legs were spread enough to catch him in a deadlock where neither could do anything. This was until the Arcanine leaped to the side and caught the second leg under his paw, carefully squeezing the foot in his maw as he began swallowing this time.

The process was slow, with such a large meal. Both pokemon were behemoths compared to the average human, but this only assured the two that they would be a filling meal for one another. The arcanine swallowed and gulped the now sopping wet fur until the muscled chest of the gorilla tugged his jaws open. With such a delectable meal just moments away from his belly, the arcanine grew impatient. His maw was salivating an extraordinary amount, irregular even for him. This worked to

his advantage, the saliva working into the Rillaboom's fur and causing an easy descent for the Arcanine to enjoy with a smile across his face, his tongue getting plenty of taste with the panic forcing more exertion on the Rillaboom's part. The trainer of the pokemon yelled from the sidelines, screaming hopeless cheers in hopes that his words alone would alter the Rillaboom's fate. To no one's surprise, this did nothing. Soon, the Rillaboom had only his head in that slobbery maw of his. His beefy arms down the way to his belly and the rest of his lower waist was already curled into the belly and simply waiting for the Arcanine to send the full body down.

At this moment, however, the Arcanine had a better idea. With his belly sagging, his throat bulging, and his tongue carrying the head of a still panicked and wriggling prey, he walked over to the trainer of the Rillaboom with a wide maw, allowing the human to gawk at his pokemon's loss. The Rillaboom tried to turn his head in shame, but only encased his cheeks in a deeper ingrain of saliva and eventually gave up alongside his trainer as they witnessed his loss of motivation. Finally, the Rillaboom stopped trying to escape, simply awaiting his temporary deposit in the victor's belly. With his maw still open to the trainer, the Arcanine swallowed loudly and dramatically, sending the Rillaboom into his sagging belly in one fell swoop. The trainer scoffed in defeat and disbelief as the Arcanine happily trotted off the stadium, feeling the gargantuan weight in his gut swoop against the ground with each step, the side of his belly bulging out with even the slightest movement from the prey inside. The ground was making constant contact with the pokemon inside. Being his attacks at the start of the match, the Rillaboom was met with a lot of obstructing that reminded him of his loss as his containment jostled and bounced around. The Arcanine did nothing to avoid these, even going over some especially disruptive ground in order to offset the pokemon more.

With some help from his trainer, the Arcanine was able to make it to his room for the day, his belly now slowing down. Being that the Rillaboom was much too big of a meal to have digested already, they both knew it was because the Rillaboom had accepted his fate. The Arcanine had already grown a lot from the levels he absorbed from the Rillaboom already, quickly dwarfing his previous size before and his human

alongside it. Readily, the human started petting and smooshing the belly into place, helping the absorption process move along as the belly soon softened up within a few hours of work. Such massive pokemon, reduced to experience.

Soon after the belly of the Arcanine went back to its normally pudgy and thick self, a bulge soon started making its way up the Arcanine's throat. The Arcanine welcomed it, opening his maw slowly and flipping his body over in order to drop the newly devolved Grooky onto the cold floor. The small monkey would hardly even make a snack for the large Arcanine with the substantial difference in size now. The Grooky was prepared to walk with shame to his trainer, but a massive shadow overhead said otherwise. For too quick for the grass starter to react, the Arcanine fully enveloped the pokemon in the fat of his belly, heavily resting his full body over the body of the meal. It felt ironic, considering that this was all the cause of Rillaboom's loss, now crushing and weighing on him in more than one way.

The Rillaboom's trainer made his way inside, asking about his pokemon, but the Arcanine's trainer lied and said that he was still digesting in there. With resignation in his voice, the Rillaboom trainer turned on his heel to leave, not able to hear the whimpers and whines from under all the Arcanine blubber that the Arcanine had grown in addition to his overall size. Once the trainer left, The Arcanine happily rocked his weight over the Grooky, taunting him and crushing him with just enough weight to not cause any damage to the low leveled pokemon.