

“You think your sorry ass deserves anything better than this?” The houndoom growled, her bloated belly gurgling ominously. The “trainer” that had tried to catch her was splayed out on the ground, pushed into the grass and dirt with the weight of her meaty ass crushing his head. “Oh boo hoo~ Did you want me in a pokeball? Tough shit,” her guts gurgled again, “and *speaking of shit...*”

She ground her hips down against his face, until her twitching, sweaty asshole was smushed right up against his sorry lips. She could hear the trainer’s muffled sounds of protest, his senses totally overtaken by her musky ass.

Guuurrgl

“Hear that?” The houndoom smirked, her tail flicking his hair as if she were playfully tousling it. “That— *urg*—“ she flinched, her bloated guts cramping. “*That* is going in *your mouth*.”

The whining and squirming of the trainer beneath her ceased for a moment, freezing in terror. She imagined his eyes widening, his nose wrinkling up as best it could. He didn’t dare open his mouth, but it didn’t matter— her grinding easily got around his pursed lips, though she hadn’t wrenched his jaw open. She didn’t worry about it— most losers would open their mouths eventually, out of shock or a lack of air. Or they’d realize they *really fucking enjoyed it* and that they *deserved* to gulp down her disgusting, pungent smog.

And of course, she always made *sure* it would be *terrible*. The houndoom loved eating berries that irritated her stomach, or greasy fast food, or heavy meals with meat and cheese galore. Her guts were *always* packed to the brim, her asshole constantly twitching and pulsing outwards with the weight of everything inside her bowels— a literal pressure cooker, with all the fire in her belly.

Grrroouuugglll...

“Urg...” she flinched, reaching down to press her hands into her stomach. Beneath a layer of chub the bloating of her guts was visible, swollen with *so much punishment* that it looked as if she had swallowed a basketball. The churning in her bowels was becoming too hard to hold back. “Ugh, I feel like a *blimp*,” she groaned, turning her head to look down at him (though she could only see her fat ass swallowing his head). “Ready, trainer?”

She heard a muffled noise of protest, his hands coming up to try and push her plump rear off him. His hands sunk into her soft flesh, causing her to moan.

“I love it when they get handsy~” she growled, a sound that turned pained as a cramp wracked her belly. “Here it comes...”

Grrrowwll.... GRRRGL.... BBBLLB...

PHHRBRBBRRRRRTTTTBBBBRRRRRTTTTHHNBRBRBLLLLL

“Ugh!” she moaned, gripping her stomach as she let loose a nasty, heady five-second-long blast of rank air. Her asshole sputtered against his face, against his *mouth*, as she clenched her middle to push out another wave of flatus.

BBRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTBTBHPHHHHHPHPHPHrrrrt....

Huff huff. “How’s that— *urg*— **brrRRT**— feel, trainer?” She breathed, letting out a cacophony of farts right into the worthless trainer’s mouth. His scream was muffled, and quickly thereafter silenced by the sheer stink of her dark-type ass. She ground her hips down on him, letting out a dozen bubbly, deep-toned farts in quick succession. The air smelled of sulfur and rotten eggs, of whatever she had eaten last and how long it had been marinating in her guts.

Her hands rubbed her swollen belly as she *pushed*, clenching down on her stuffed bowels and forcing out a massive, bassy burst of ass fumes thick enough to smoke out a torkoal. The trainer’s hands were no longer gripping her flank meat, having dropped to his sides as his senses were bombarded with the stink of pre-shit gas.

“Stopped fighting already?” She grunted, pushing down again.

**BRRRRRRRTTTTTTTPHPHPHPHPHPHPHPRRrrrrrrbbbrbrbblbrblbrlll
rrrrl...**

“Oh— ugh—“ she flinched, listening to the end of her ten-second-long blast growing hot at the end. Her ass heated up uncomfortably, the sweat mucking up her fur and making the sharp and sudden stink of *shit* all the more worrying. “Oooh, *fuck*,” she moaned, grinding against his slack-jawed face. She could feel his open mouth nicely sealed around her pulsing asshole, the soft donut pushing outwards eagerly. Her guts were making all sorts of frightening noises, and her hands had gone from pushing on her stomach to rubbing it soothingly.

“Oh... oh Arceus...” she muttered, gasping as another hot, *sickly* blast of air forced its way out of her tailhole.

SPRRTTTLTTTRPRPRSPRRTTTTHHH...

“Ugh... fuck... *fuck*,” she huffed, “I need to shit...”

BBRRRRRTTTPHHHBRRBLRBRBRBLLLL....brrbl... sspplrr...phhrrt....

“Ngh—“ the houndoom took a few stabilizing breaths, her guts visible churning, grumbling and roiling like a furious golem. “Oh fuck, you’re gonna get it...” she smirked, turning her head back and grinning. “I gotta shit *so fucking bad...* and you’re *right there, ready* for it.”

She heard him groan. Glad to hear he was still alive! It’d be no fun if he’d passed out.

She reached her hand down to soothingly pat his thigh, only to make a little sound of surprise as her hand met something *hot* and *hard*.

“Oh, you’re *fucked* up, aren’t you?” She grinned, her toothy maw curling back in amusement. “You like this, trainer? You like having a Pokémon *shit down your fucking throat?* At least you know what you *deserve*, you sick freak.”

She reached back, grabbing a handful of his hair and *forcing* his head harder up into her ass, grinding her slippery, musky, *sweaty* asshole into his waiting mouth. She felt him gasp against her, hot air blown up against her pucker. She wondered how fat she could make his stomach with her own smog.

GGRRRPGGPHRBRRRRRRRRRRBBRBBRBRTTLLLRBBBTHHHPH

Her ass was *rank* now, her bowels burbling sickly as she pumped shit gas down his gullet. And he gulped it down like a *good* worthless trainer.

“Nngngh.... Gguh... *fuuuck*, I’m so close...” she moaned, her asshole gaping wide in his mouth as more hot fumes bulged out his cheeks, spewing out his nose and inflating his guts. “I’m gonna... I’m gonna... *urgh!*”

The sound of her ass could be heard throughout the forest, but the trainer’s protests were completely silenced.