

She HATED these dumbass trainers and their shitty little Pikachu and Pidove and whatever other garbage they'd caught on the first routes of their so called "journeys." They made all kinds of annoying noises like "Go, Woobiekinz!" And "Kick their ass, Charmeleon!" Then they'd send out some low-level scrappy little wannabe to fight, and she'd either have to listen to it echo throughout the forest as they "battled" some little Kakuna or capture some Charjabug, with celebration noises just as annoying as the battle ones.

So when this stupid little slip of a trainer had had the GALL to saunter up to her, she'd decided right then and there that he wasn't going to get the *chance* to send out whatever loser Pokémon he had.

She jumped forward and slapped the ball right out of his hand, shocking him stupid(er). He just gawked at her for a moment before saying, with the most dumbfounded expression ever, "That's not how you battle!"

She couldn't *believe* how these trainers acted. It didn't matter what age they were, they were all *this* stupid. It made her sick.

Houndoom grabbed the trainer, who was shorter than her by a head or two, by the shoulders, yanking him up like he weighed nothing at all. "*That's not how you battle,*" she mocked, sneering. "Yeah? And that ain't how you talk to your betters!"

The trainer fumbled, stammering as Houndoom glowered at him. A smirk crossed her muzzle as she decided, right then and there, that she'd *never* have to listen to *this* trainer ever again.

Houndoom opened her jaws wide, giving the trainer a good look at her pink tongue and shining white teeth. He had the forethought to scream, thinking he was going to be bitten or chewed up. Funny enough, *this* Houndoom thought that was too messy. Sure some of her littermates liked a good bloodbath, but she'd never been fond of it. Taking them down in one, easy gulp was *much* cleaner, and *much* more satisfying. In fact, she'd trained herself so that it wasn't difficult anymore. She'd even learned the move "Gulp," something Houndoom normally couldn't learn!

His screaming was quickly muffled by her muzzle wrapping snugly around his head. Since the angle was a little awkward, Houndoom adjusted her grip on him, shifting her forepaws down to his midsection and forcing him higher up. Once she swung his legs up, gravity would do the rest of the work.

She could still hear his muffled protests as she started swallowing, his neck and shoulders disappearing down into her gullet. His legs kicked wildly, and she briefly stumbled with him, but quickly regained herself. She was much too high a level for any human trainer (without at least six or seven badges) to put up a fight.

Houndoom swallowed again, harder, forcing his chest into her maw. His middle slid down more easily now that his shoulders were in, and once only his hips and legs were still out, she took the opportunity to feel the bulge in her throat. She eased it down as she swallowed again, feeling his hips pulled down into her jaws, with only his legs still uselessly kicking outside. She was kind of surprised he hadn't already given up, but she didn't move. It made her so much hotter to feel them writhing in her guts.

The Houndoom reached up with both forepaws, grabbing his thighs and pulling him down into her throat. A loud *gulp* could be heard as his thighs vanished, his feeble kicking beginning to slow. He probably didn't have enough air. Well, that was too bad. She was sure he'd produce plenty of "air" for her later.

With one final, echoing, **GULP**, the trainer's legs and feet disappeared entirely into her gullet. She gently eased the bulge of him down her throat and into her eager stomach. Her belly bulged out awkwardly, the body inside shifting around. Huh, maybe he hadn't passed out yet.

Houndoom moaned when she felt him try to kick out, pushing his hands against the inner walls of her steel-trap of a stomach. She held her writhing guts, her eager cunt matting the fur between her thighs with lubricant. Her tail wagged behind her, a few quiet grunts and moans leaving her as she "fought" her prey until, eventually, he settled down.

"Aww, is that it?" she bemoaned, patting her now-rounded gut. "Oh well. You're going to make a *great* layer of fat for my ass. In fact..." Houndoom got down on her knees (with great effort), trying to work around her stomach as she picked up the discarded bag the trainer must have dropped. She pulled a few things out, including some Pokéballs, some weird headband with three orbs on it, and some berries (which she promptly popped into her greedy muzzle, just to add insult to injury), until she found what she was looking for. And just her luck! It was one of those silver ones!

The houndoom turned, reaching back with the big silver marker to draw a single line down her thigh-fat. "There. Now I can keep track of twits like you," she grinned, licking her maw. "That'll make this *way* more fun~"

Houndoom lounged back against a tree, using a toothpick she'd found in his discarded bag to pick her teeth. There wasn't anything actually in there (except maybe a bit of berry skin), but the action was more to mock the poor loser that was now snugly packed into her guts. Her stomach bulged out obscenely, gurgling as it started to work on its massive meal.

She flicked the toothpick aside, giving her stomach another satisfying pat. It felt so good to be stuffed full like this, and she almost lamented not taking this opportunity to eat his Pokémon, too. Ah well, that might be a bit much, even for her. Either way, she now had a new problem to deal with and, luckily, this annoying trainer was just the man to help her do the job.

Her pussy was still soaking between her legs, uncomfortably slicking up her pubic fur.

“Lucky for you, you’re plenty *big* enough to help me with this,” she chuckled, struggling a bit to reach around her massive belly to reach between her legs. She was careful, both because of the added weight and because she really didn’t want to *nic* herself with her claws, as she began sliding her fingers up and over her outer labia. She sighed contentedly as she pressed the pads of two right into her clit, her legs tensing up as she started to playfully tease herself.

“Ooh, *huff*, you’re *such* a big *meal*,” she moaned, dipping her fingers lower. “I’m so happy that I get to be your *first*.” She almost couldn’t hold back her laughter at her own joke. Snorting a bit of smoke, the Houndoom reached up with her other paw to grip and play with her heavy breast. She teasingly tweaked her own nipple, huffing out a bit of flame as her internals began heating up. Her belly burbled ominously as it kicked itself into high gear, spurred on by her self gratification.

She pushed two fingers into her waiting heat, pumping them in and out, pressing the pads of them up against her inner wall. She eagerly worked down to the knuckles, pressing hard right up against her g-spot and crying out in pleasure. Her overstuffed stomach bounced as she pressed her hips down, happily finger-fucking herself after swallowing some loser trainer whole.

It didn’t take her very long to cum, the overwhelming sense of fullness redoubling her arousal to unreasonable levels. She squirted out against her own hand, maw open in a near-silent, strangled cry of pleasure. Her body trembled, smoke now consistently leaking out from her nose and maw as she melted back against the tree.

“*Huff... huff... D-damn... I might get addicted to this...*” she moaned, carelessly wiping her paw on the grass. Taking her other forepaw from her breast, the Houndoom playfully groped and squeezed her gurgling guts, feeling her body heating up even further to aid digestion. The perks of being a fire-type, she assumed. Either way, it felt great. That loser trainer would be digested in no time at all.

Houndoom had decided to take it easy for the rest of the day, heading back to her den (after a great deal of struggling to stand up) and sleeping like a Komala. She snored straight through the night, in full food-coma mode until late the next morning. Or, rather, early the next afternoon.

The sun was already high in the sky when the Houndoom began to stir, shifting uncomfortably. She was lying flat on her back, legs open obscenely, arms above her head as she still wrestled to stay asleep. Her stomach had shrunk some, but it was still obvious that she’d had a massive meal— or was weighed down by a particularly large litter of Houndour.

Her stomach rumbled ominously, visibly shaking. Houndoom grunted, shifting her hips as pressure in her belly began to bother her. It burbled through her guts, hot and heavy, making her groan. Eventually it worked its way down and, sensing some relief, Houndoom gave a *slight* push.

BRRRRRRBBTTPTHHHHPHTPHTPPTPH

The blast lasted three seconds, and jolted the Houndoom to full alertness. She sat upright, jostling her roiling guts, and immediately grunting in pain.

“Ooh, you again. Well, you sound about the same as you did *before* I ate you,” she grumbled, earning another muffled *poot* from her eager ass. Her lower belly began to cramp, making her wince. She tried shifting her hips into a more comfortable position, raising her legs a bit to prepare to stand up. As soon as her thighs touched her stomach, she let out another **BLRRT**, surprising her with its ferocity.

“*Ugh... urgh... you really want out,*” she groaned, shifting to her hands and knees to crawl out of her den before she gassed herself out. The sun was high in the sky, and she could hear bird Pokémon chirping in the distance. The scenic forest sounds were then interrupted by her stomach, which gurgled so violently it shook, causing her to tense up and grab her middle.

Huffing the fresh air, she tentatively stood up, one arm still around her middle while the other gripped the side of her den. She was so full, it felt like the former trainer was swelling her guts to their absolute limit. She took a few hobbling steps forward, hunched forward, before another violent burst of gas escaped her backside. This one was longer and louder than the previous two, and she could *swear* her ass blew smog when it happened.

“*Oooh god, please* wait a minute,” she half-begged, half moaned. Her next step was interrupted by another blast of flatus, the sound shotgunning out of her ass and making her thighs quiver. She had to go *so fucking bad* she could barely **walk**.

“J-just *wait*, you impatient—” she refrained from calling him what he was now, feeling her guts clench hard on her load. Her pussy, still overworked from the prior day’s pleasure, all but squirted lubricant down her legs, making her all the more knock-kneed.

Houndoom took a deep, shaky breath, trying to steady herself. She carefully tilted her hips up, leaning on a nearby rock to take some of the weight off her guts. Her tail shot up as another blast of gas blew out of her tailpipe, rumbling like a cyclizard as it blew down the grass and bushes behind her. It was relieving enough to make her moan, tongue lolling out, before the smell hit her. Brought back to reality for a moment, the Houndoom glanced back to see the damage.

Her guts felt a *little* better, but the foliage behind her sure didn’t. She was pretty sure she could see a bit of smoke coming off one of the leaves of a now-wilted sapling.

“Whoops,” she said, not sounding sorry at all. Now that she had a moment to breathe (if not too deeply), Houndoom stood back up, bringing her forepaws beneath her guts and hiking them up some. The jiggle of her now-added flab brought a toothy smirk to her muzzle, even as

she felt another ominous churning deep within her guts. “Mmm, this feels pretty good...” she thought aloud, wagging her spade-tipped tail.

Still walking stiffly, Houndoom decided to march off deeper into the forest, where she was *sure* she wouldn't be disturbed by any wandering Pokémon or trainers.

She'd heard that taking a walk helped with constipation, but Houndoom *wasn't* constipated, so the walk was incredibly difficult. Every now and again she'd have to stop, doubling over to hold her roiling middle. Her stomach grumbled and churned, the pressure she'd briefly managed to relieve coming back full-force. But she wasn't ready to drop her load *just* yet, relishing in the feeling of her guts cramping around the massive, stinking piles of *shit* inside her.

Houndoom moaned as she was forced to stop *again*, her stomach becoming sick of her denial. The sheer *weight* of her guts were dragging her down, the Houndoom no longer able to keep her tail down. Rank ass gas spewed from her almost consistently in an attempt to keep the pressure at bay, though it was becoming less and less successful.

Panting, she stopped, almost to her destination. She felt her guts *clench*, and Houndoom reached back to press her asscheeks together. Her body bore down on her, and she *moaned*, tongue lolling back out of her mouth as she trembled where she stood. Her body was trying *so hard* to evacuate the former-trainer-turned-shit that she could barely *think*. Every time her body cramped she felt more lubricant leak down her thighs, each step she took rubbing her pussy between her thick thighs. The stink of her arousal was almost as powerful as the stink of her ass.

Her body kept bearing down, the Houndoom shaking as she fought to keep all of that *shit* packed tightly in her guts. It felt *so fucking good*. Her innards were stretched to their limits, constantly twitching and clenching around the giant load she was forcibly keeping inside of her. It was getting difficult to move, not just to keep from shitting herself, but to keep from cumming *right then and there*.

Ugh, it felt like she was being fucked by a *Mudsdale* her ass was so stuffed. The Houndoom wriggled her hips, feeling the tight ring of muscle holding everything back start to expand. “*Nnnnooot yeeeeeeet*,” she begged with a groan. Taking a couple small steps forward. But her body wasn't yielding this time, and gas was no longer escaping her thoroughly-plugged hole.

The size of the mass inside her, the cramping of her guts, the sheer *weight* of everything pulling her down— Houndoom dropped to her knees, the action jostling her stomach. There was no stopping it now. Crouched like a dog, her asshole finally opened up, revealing the head of what *used* to be a trainer.

Her body shook with the size of it, the log stuck where it was. It spread her so fucking wide, her legs were barely able to keep her up. Her body cramped as her guts pushed down,

trying to force the behemoth out of her. It moved *so fucking slowly*, a long, low groan escaping the Houndoom as she felt another inch, then another, pushing out of her overtaxed tailhole.

But it was only the first part that was a struggle— once the head of the thing was out, the rest all but shot out of her ass, thumping onto the ground below. Her asshole remained stretched out as the log evacuated her body at Mach speeds, soiling the dirt below her. Her severely unattended cunt spasmed each time another few inches were out, the mind-blowing feeling of releasing such a massive load making her go cross-eyed. Houndoom panted like a bitch in heat as her pussy squirted onto the grass, her orgasm coming in waves each time another fucking *massive* log exited her rectum.

She shit herself into orgasm several more times before she started to feel empty, her whole body trembling with exertion. The last log of shit was topped with a particularly vile bout of flatus, which blew out enough noxious smoke to choke whatever living things were left behind her.

Houndoom looked back at her work, grinning as she noted the scraps of clothes and bone peppered in her massive mound of shit. It was easily taller than a Raichu, much to her satisfaction.

“Woah,” she huffed, moaning, “you... you were *great*. I’m gonna have to do this more often.”