

Voracious
By Angelus

Milkbone and Bolide had become the terror of the town, or at least, they would have, if it weren't for how good they were at hiding their actions. Ever since Milkbone had gotten a taste for live meals, he had been grabbing Bolide and sneaking out once a week to get their jaws on any Pokemon or Trainer that crossed their path. This particular night, Bolide had nabbed himself a Blastoise as a show of power, while Milkbone had gone for a Machamp for similar reasons. Type advantage mattered little to the pair of voracious Pokemon.

Bolide hefted up his meal by the shoulders. The great, brown-striped Charizard licked over his muzzle before stuffing the dazed Blastoise's head into his jaws. It struggled weakly, but had been beaten in combat just moments before. Bolide let out a pleased growl. It filled him with pride to be able to put water types in his gut where they belonged. As he worked on swallowing his meal, he cast a glance at his partner in crime.

Milkbone was making quick work of the Machamp. He was also going headfirst, determined to get those four arms down his gullet before the Machamp recovered enough strength to try and fight back. He worked his jaws past the broad, muscled shoulders, which were doubly as thick as one might expect from having to support two pairs of arms instead of just one. The shoulders weren't even the last hurdle. The thick chest and four, muscular arms were stretching his jaws and bulging out his throat, and he was swallowing loudly to try and hurry it down.

Bolide didn't have an easy or hard part of Blastoise to swallow. It was about the same size all the way down. He was about halfway through with it now though, so to make things easier, he bit down with all his jaw strength, and cracked the turtle shell, causing it to collapse in on itself and shrink in diameter a few inches. That eased the load on his throat and helped it go down easier.

Milkbone was relieved when he reached the Machamp's tapering waist and less bulky legs. The lower half of that fighting Pokemon went down quicker than the upper half, and with a few swift gulps, the Mightyena packed that meat slab into his stomach, lifting his feet off the ground in the process. His stomach bulged in odd places, and let out a boiling gurgle.

Not to be outdone, Bolide focused on himself again, and crammed down the last of the Blastoise in seconds. His stomach jutted out as angles from the broken shell inside of him, but the sharp edges didn't bother him at all. He let out a belch, and nudged the side of the immobile dog's gut, and they shared a wicked grin as their means started to digest.

The lumps and points in their stomachs started to soften, becoming less defined as their powerful guts reduced their meals to a liquid sludge. The toughest part of keeping their antics secret was how loud their guts were, as their insides were more than happy to announce their victory over their meals with a chorus of gurgles, groans, and churns. Their guts rounded out, losing their bulky, awkward, bulging shapes until they were both left with balloon bellies full of acidic soup.

Not moments after that, their bellies padded out with thick, fresh layers of fat, as their greedy bodies readily absorbed all they had digested. Bolide's fleshy gut expanded, his smooth skin shining as it stretched and softened. Milkbone's own grey furred gut spread out between

his legs, giving him back at least a little of his mobility, not that he had much to begin with. As their guts worked, the two couldn't help but indulge, and let out a synchronized belch that shook the air around them. They weren't too worried about being caught, anyways. Anyone who found them now, would just get added to their tanks.