

Waterpark Shark

By Angelus

Holo struggled to fit into the bathing suit uniform of the water park employee he had just eaten. Bulges thrashed around in the shark's yellow stomach as he hid himself in a changing room stall. His gut was wedged into the tiny space, and the flimsy dividers rattled and creaked as his meal struggled in his fishy depths. "Knock it off will you? You're gonna ruin my -oohf- plan if I can't get your clothes on!" he grumbled through his teeth. The top was a white shirt with sleeves that went to the elbows to help keep the sun off the skin, but it didn't remotely fit over his prey-bloated middle, even though it was a size too large for him. The matching swim trunks were also a problem. They were too loose on him, and he was having trouble cinching and tying the waistband cord with such an active gut bouncing over his hips.

"Rrrghhh..." He grumbled and hoisted his gut up before turning sideways and leaning backward, wedging his middle against the divider to keep it lifted up. He could hear the divider splintering from the strain as he hastily tied the trunks so that they wouldn't fall off. Once they were secure he removed his weight from the divider and faced forward again; it was bent in the middle from the brief stint as gut support.

Holo sighed. "See what you made me do? I'm trying not to damage park property here." A pair of legs kicked the bottom of his stomach. "You don't count." He jabbed his stomach with a clawed finger. Now his only problem to solve was getting out of the changing room without everyone and their grandma seeing his obviously prey-packed gut. He looked around the stall and grabbed a pair of beach towels which he hastily wrapped around his shoulders and draped over his upper body like robes. They didn't do much to hide the size of his stomach, but it was enough to mask the struggles. Feeling satisfied with that result, he squeezed himself out of the changing rooms and back out to the park.

It was a sunny day, and the shark squinted into the sunlight as he emerged from the dim changing rooms. The park was awash with activity, from the constant roar of churning waters, to the din of gleeful play and poolside conversation. Though to Holo, these may as well have been the sounds of food frying in the sun. He swallowed a mouthful of slimy drool as his stomach growled. His instincts were roaring at him to feast, but he had to hold back if he actually wanted a decent meal. He set his sights on the waterslides, the exact place he'd plucked his employee snack from. The changing rooms were just across from the slides, so it was a short waddle to his destination. A few people bumped into his wideness as he went, but none seemed to catch on to what was going on beneath the towels, especially after he gave them a brilliantly practiced apology grin.

Holo had been watching the slides all day. One attendant at the top would send someone down the slide, and then wait. When the person popped out of the bottom of the slide, the attendant in the pool would usher them out and then give a signal for the next one when the pool was clear. He'd memorized the signs and was fairly certain he could get away with faking being a new hire, especially since he was communicating exclusively through arm gestures over a significant distance. He made sure the coast was as clear as it could be before throwing off the towels and diving into the water to hide his gut beneath the rolling surface. He looked to the top of the slides, raised his arms, and gestured to send someone down. There was movement at the top of the line, so the shark got into position.

It was a quick dash to get beneath the enclosed slide, where the water was pouring out. It drenched his black ponytail and made it fall flat against the back of his head. He backed away, trying to guess the trajectory of the person in the slide based on the ones he'd seen all day. Once he was pretty sure he was in position, he shook out his hair to fluff it back up, then opened his mouth wiiiiide.

Paku had no idea what was waiting for him at the bottom of the slide. The glacier-blue dragon had his limbs and wings tucked in tight as he shot down the slide feet-first. Water crested over his pudgy, sea-blue stomach as gravity and the current sent him careening along the banked turns of the covered slide. He let out a whooping cheer as he hit the drop near the bottom, picking up speed for a big splashdown.

SPLOOSH!

Paku's legs hit the back of Holo's throat like a cannonball. Holo gagged, but Paku had so much momentum it didn't even slow him down. He shot down Holo's throat and slammed into the bottom of his stomach, distending it until it creaked before it finally sprung back into shape. Meanwhile, Holo was thrown backward through the water with such force it created a white wake that crashed against the sides of the pool and overflowed its banks. He shook his head to clear his blurry vision and steadied himself in the water. It had all happened so fast that he wasn't sure if he had missed, but a quick (and stealthy) grope of his gut under the water confirmed that there was now another individual packed into his stomach. He took another moment to catch his breath, then got into position and gestured for the next one.

Paku blinked in the darkness and felt around, groping over slimy walls of stomach flesh, and someone that felt familiar. "Ricky?? Is that you?"

"Paku? Huh, I didn't know you were coming to the park today." The large and disrobed Swampert shifted about, trying to get into a better position against his "visitor."

"Oh, yeah we all came down here to beat the heat. Even Ross, though he's not going in the water." Paku said. "Uh, who is this, exactly?"

"You didn't get a good look? It's Holo, but more... sharky than usual." Ricky pushed out against the surrounding stomach walls, stretching his limbs. The shark's guts relented for a moment, but quickly tightened, shoving him and Paku together. "Oohf. He uh, convinced me to undress but then ate me, and now I'm kinda getting why. I think we should expect a lot more company..."

On the outside, the gluttonous shark was waiting with open jaws for the next one. His tail swayed through the water and he licked over his teeth as he heard the cheering shouts of the next person coming down the tube. He shoved down on his stomach to keep the wiggling mass under the water and felt pushback from the prey inside. The feeling only made his stomach growl, sending ripples through the water.

Vexun careened down the slide, cheering all the while. The slide was a tight squeeze for the gene-dragon's wide hips and considerable, periwinkle-colored sphere of a gut, but she was still allowed to take the plunge. Her hips and ass squeaked against the sides of the slide as she hit the curves, and water surged around her sides as it was parted by her stomach. Her gut and breasts bounced with every small dip in the slide, making her slosh almost as much as the water around her. Of course, with so much of her own fat body in the way, she never even caught a glimpse of the bright red and yellow shark waiting for her at the bottom.

She dropped out of the bottom of the slide with less speed but more mass than Paku, and her larger body smashed right into Holo's face. It was less of a cannonball to the throat and more of a kickball to the snout. Holo fell backward into the water, sinking to the bottom with Vexun stuck halfway down his throat. Her large gut wedged her in his jaws, and she kicked her feet experimentally to feel out why exactly her bottom half was being squeezed so tightly. She couldn't see around her own girth, but she *did* feel teeth prodding her stomach and back and felt the grasp of greedy claws on her love handles. She snorted out some bubbles and tried to shake herself free, only to feel herself dragged deeper into that throat with a single yank.

She only seemed to fully grasp her situation after the second grab and yank pulled her in down to her chest. With most of her stomach now bulging out the shark's throat, she was eye to eye with her predator. Vexun rolled her eyes as Holo waved at her before he pushed down on her head with both hands and packed her down his throat and into his stomach. His yellow gut ballooned out with her size, swelling until it was as big as his body. The bright colors were now pretty obvious from the water's surface, but he wagered he had at least enough time to get one or two more before he was outed. He surfaced carefully, barely letting his head poke out from the water as he tried to keep his stomach underneath him. He gestured for the next rider and opened wide.

Vexun fell on top of Ricky and Paku, squashing them both under her rump. The pair of them groaned as they were shoved against the bottom of the shark's slimy stomach, making it stretch out under the water. "Oop. Sorry guys, guess I'm not the first?"

"Not by far...!" Paku grunted and shoved at the underside of Vexun's gut, trying to wiggle his way above it.

"And you probably won't be the last!" Ricky huffed as he tried to get out from under Vexun's rear, lest he be even more smushed when the next one came down.

"Makes sense, considering Holo's behind this." Vexun dug around under her and grabbed the other two occupants of the stomach and pulled them up, so they were more resting against her than below her. "There, that should be better, at least until it gets even more crowded."

None of Holo's occupants nor the shark himself were ready for who was next. The waterslide platform trembled with every step Furcas took across the surface. His pale body wobbled as he pushed his gut forward with his knees, and struggling bulges glanced over the surface even through his thick body fat, indicating that he'd eaten his way to the front of the line. The slide attendant swallowed nervously and stammered. "I-I'm s-sorry sir, I don't think that you'll-"

Furcas pushed him aside. "Yeah, sorry, don't care, I'm going." The curvy black tattoos that covered his torso and rump shifted as he hauled himself into the slide entrance. His stomach brushed the sides of the tube, making it creak and nearly jamming it. The sound of his noisy gut echoed all the way down to the bottom.

Holo's ears twitched as he heard the groaning of a gut that wasn't his own coming from the exit of the slide.

"Alright, here goes!" Furcas used his arms to give himself a starting push, and down he went. The slide shuddered under his weight, swaying and creaking as he squeezed down its length. His descent was slow from the friction of his stomach pressing against most of the interior at any given moment, but it was still a rather smooth ride down. He chuckled, enjoying

the almost slow-mo waterslide dive as he squeezed through the turns and drops, his stomach contents kicking all the while.

Holo noticed the water at the end of the slide slow to a trickle, and he could see the slide swaying as its heavy, huge passenger squeezed down the ride. On instinct he pushed himself back, wanting to get clear of the landing zone, but his predator brain took over and pumped his thick tail, sending him floating back into position, this time directly below the slide.

Furcas rolled out of the bottom of the slide like a boulder, tipping and falling gut-first into Holo's mouth. He sunk the shark just like Vexun had, but his even greater mass didn't completely submerge, leaving almost half of his body above the water as he felt jaws stretching over his stomach. "What the- Hey! What're you do-erk!"

A powerful gulp sucked more of his stomach into Holo's jaws and he could feel his belly starting to stretch out a tight throat. "Gah! Quit it! I'm the one doing the eating here!" He tried to reach around his middle to pry that toothy mouth off of him, but his prey-filled gut was too wide for him to reach around.

Holo's speckled throat and stomach were stretched so far that the speckles were oblong. His throat muscles strained to drag the demon deeper into his body, and he frantically grabbed at Furcas' thick body to try and find a good place to grip. Furcas fought to free himself from the enclosing jaws, aiming to turn the tables. The struggle was attracting a lot of attention, and curious fools started to crowd around the pool to see what was going on.

Holo wasn't interested in a protracted battle. He was losing time, and that meant losing meals. While Furcas was occupied trying to remove a mouth and hands from his body, Holo twisted his tail around his body and slapped his tailfin on Furcas' ass, poking him with a hidden spike filled with a sleeping venom. Furcas didn't feel the poke amid the slap, but it did piss him off.

Furcas roared and rolled in the water, putting himself underwater, and beaching Holo on top of his gut, out of the water. He had Furcas halfway down his throat. There was no playing this off, and he didn't have a chance anyway. Screams broke out in the crowd, and people started to scatter. Holo scowled as he watched his prospects diminish. He lifted his tail and thrust it down to fling himself downward. Furcas was thrown against the bottom of the pool, and the collision shoved more of his stomach into Holo's mouth until all of it was at least between the shark's teeth.

Furcas wasn't ready to give up just yet. He rolled again, using his greater momentum to spin himself back on top. He pressed down, pinning Holo under his stomach beneath the water, making it difficult to keep swallowing. "Hah! Got you! What now, you oversized sushi... uhhh..." His head started to spin, and his eyelids grew heavy. "Huh? Why am I..." His limbs felt heavy as stone, and his thoughts became cloudy. "Craaaappp..." He lost the strength to resist as the sleeping venom took its toll.

The demon's entire body relaxed and his limp form nearly melted the rest of the way down the dragon's throat. Furcas' limbs bent and folded nearly into Holo's mouth, and he closed his jaws around the demon's rump and head, giving one final gulp to push that huge fatass into his stomach. His stomach groaned as it filled out, now over twice his size. It brushed the bottom of the pool and groaned with activity from all the food he had crammed into his stretchy innards. The crowd around the pool had fled along with the line of people that had been heading up to the top of the slide. People still crowded around other nearby attractions though, either out of

ignorance, obliviousness, or the mistaken idea that such an overfed shark wouldn't be able to waddle over to them.

Holo figured that the game was up, but as he swam for the edge of the pool, someone shouted from the top of the waterslide.

"Hey! Don't leave me out! I am getting IN on this!"

Holo's ears twitched and he stalled his departure from the pool. It was spectacularly uncommon, but willing prey weren't unheard of... He shrugged and got into position. He was never one to pass up free meat.

"Coming down!" The voice shouted down the slide and the entire thing rattled as they hopped into it.

It was only moments later that a bright green fatassed Flygon flew out of the bottom of the slide and crashed legs-first into Holo's mouth. He was smaller than Furcas but fatter than Vexun, which was more than enough for him to wedge himself into Holo's jaws. "I thought it was you! You were gonna leave your best pal Aros out of the fun~?" he teased as he wiggled his ass and beat his wings to help slide himself down Holo's throat. "I know how much of a bottomless pit you are, so don't hold back! And hey! In there! Make space!" He kicked his legs and shoved his tail down into Holo's stomach to try and compress his friends that were already down there. The roughness begot roughness in turn, as Ricky, Paku, and Vexun kicked back at Aros as best they could with Furcas' snoozing self in the way.

Holo dragged Aros into his mouth, and the big Flygon grinned down at the shark from over the crest of his fat chest and gut. "That's it, chug me down! Oh! Before I forget-erk!" He grunted as he was slurped another foot into Holo. The shark's gut grooaned from how full it was growing, but that was no deterrent for the bottomless predator. "You work damn fast in this form... I'll cut to the chase! Ross is sitting over by the Lazy River, near the wave pool. Go and say hi to him for all of us when you're done here, okay~?"

Holo gave Aros a thumbs up, and then roughly shoved on the Flygon's head, banishing him into his stomach. He let out a loud, boisterous belch and paddled to shore, weighed down by the several thousand pounds of meat that were churning in his voracious guts. He had to back himself out of the shallow end, dragging his stomach behind him. As it rose out of the water, it towered over him, churning and squirming with its active occupants.

"Phew, uhrrpp." Belches escaped his mouth as he hooked his arms under his stomach and did his best to hoist it off the ground. The front of his stomach still dragged on the ground, but it was enough that he could get around. His footsteps were slow and plodding, landing heavily thanks to all of the weight he was hauling. His tail lifted to try and counterweight his gut, but it was neither big nor heavy enough to have a meaningful effect. People fled as he approached, making sure to stay out of arm's reach, much to his dismay.

Still, he had one last order of business. He lumbered over to the adjacent wave pool where he spotted a glimmer of sapphire scales reclining in a pool chair under an umbrella. Ross was asleep under the umbrella, so he didn't hear the thud of those heavy footsteps approaching. Holo circled around to the front and lifted his stomach with all his strength, managing to get it fully off the floor however briefly. He shuffled forward until his stomach was looming over Ross. The umbrella fell over as it was nudged out of place by so much squirming gut.

The sound of it falling over combined with the roar of all of that gut above him woke Ross from his snooze, and his eyes went wide at the wall of yellow that filled his vision. He traced it to the source, seeing at least a pair of familiar red legs with webbed toes and black claws.

“H-Holo!?”

“Hiiii~” That’s all he said before he let go of his stomach. It crashed down on Ross with a THUD that shook the ground and nearly flattened the blue dragon under several thousand pounds of squirming gut. Digestion roared in Ross’ ears where he was pinned, and he could feel the pump and groan of those guts rumbling across every inch of his body. He let out a tremendous rumble of joy pinned under that stomach, and his tail would have wagged furiously if it could move at all.

Holo grinned and ran his claws through his ponytail to fluff his hair out. The park had cleared out by this point now that the shark had shown he could move on land, meaning it was only himself, his prey, and Ross still left. He leaned forward into his stomach and gave it a squeeze, letting out a belch as he jostled some air out of his working guts. “Don’t worry Ross, I’ll let you wiggle out after your friends churn! And then I’ll have you as a post-lunch snack. Look forward to it!” He stuck out his tongue and made finger guns toward where Ross was under his stomach. His tail reeled in a nearby umbrella to keep the sun off his back, and he leaned into his stomach to relax and enjoy the roiling digestion within