

Underground Micro Wrestling

By: IndigoRho

Indigo stood in the wrestling ring, shoulders slumped and mumbling under his breath. The overweight blue cheetah was dressed in nothing but a bright green singlet and poor fitting boots, both of which he had borrowed on short notice so he wouldn't have to wrestle in his street clothes. He wished he could just make a run for it and avoid the match he was about to participate in, but he knew he wouldn't get very far; escaping was rather difficult when you were shrunk down and surrounded by a crowd of giant furs. Even if he was somehow able to descend the tall table the micro wrestling ring stood on, Indigo would likely be accidentally—or purposely—stepped on by someone in the audience. Instead, he grumbled more about his predicament.

“Why am I the one doing this?” he asked, speaking into a small headset.

A thunderous voice boomed from behind him. “Because you're the gluttonous dummy who ate our wrestler for dinner last night!”

Indigo turned to face his boyfriend Rai, an eastern dragon who currently towered above him. “I thought we still had a couple days left before the first match, there should have been plenty of time for him to re-form!”

“Well, you were wrong, so now you get to wrestle Dunk in his place,” Rai said, smirking.

Indigo's annoyance faded a bit. “Wait, Dunk's my opponent? Ha, I've gotta have like a hundred pounds on him! I mean, relatively. Not sure how much I weigh right now.” A smug grin grew on his face. “This'll be easy. I'll just smush him like the bug he is.”

“Um...yeah, totally. You've got this,” Rai answered back, though something about his tone made Indigo suspicious.

Before Indigo could question the dragon further the crowd erupted in cheers. He turned back around, watching a giant black labrador approach the ring, Dunk standing in his cupped paws. Indigo's jaw nearly dropped. The yellow bearded dragon was dressed in his signature ring gear: pinkish-purple boots, silver tights, and a silver singlet top. A singlet top that clearly outlined the bearded dragon's enormous gut. Indigo had rarely seen Dunk so fat, and while normally the cheetah would've considered him a delicious snack, as a micro the difference in their size was enough to make him more than a little bit nervous. How had the shrimp gotten so big?

The announcer conveniently made his presence known to interrupt the cheetah's thoughts. “Hello random strangers gathered in this pretty shady warehouse, my name is Nommz and I'll be your emergency replacement announcer for tonight's fight thingy!” A brown dragonmutt in a purple hoodie shouted in feigned excitement. “Can't say I know much about this stuff, but the original announcer had an unexpected dinner date and I was told I'd join him if I didn't volunteer for the job!”

Nommz glanced over at an irritated arctic fox with an eye patch sitting nearby, who was busy looking at his barely squirming gut in dismay. “Anyways, currently being carried to the ring by his manager, Scitiv, we have “The Dragon” Dunk!” Indigo couldn't tell if it was the deafening cheers or Dunk dropping onto the mat that shook the small ring. “According to the note I was handed, Dunk's got quite the undefeated streak going on, and has won all of his recent matches by eating his opponent whole!”

Dunk's size suddenly wasn't a mystery to Indigo anymore. “I swear if Rai knew about this...”

“And already in the ring, we have Dunk's next meal, Indigo!” Indigo yelled a complaint towards Nommz, though his voice never reached the dragonmutt's ears. “Of course, besides these two, we also have a special guest referee for the match tonight. For my sake, please give a warm round of incoherent shouts to Noah, one very large half of the Avalanche Brothers! Whatever that means.”

Dunk and Indigo both looked up as an immense arctic fox waddled into view and cast a shadow over the ring, his striped ref uniform so small it left a good deal of his fluffy white gut exposed. Indigo sheepishly waved at his opponent. “Hehe, uh, hey Dunk, buddy. You know I really feel bad about all

those times I ate you...”

The bell rang and Dunk immediately charged, catching Indigo off-guard and wrapping his arms around the smaller wrestler. He flipped the fat cheetah over his back with a devastating suplex, which Nommz enthusiastically referred to as “that flippy thing”. Indigo was winded immediately, groaning as his back stung from the impact against the mat. Dunk followed up his first attack by leaping into the air and belly flopping right onto his grounded opponent, who let out a brief shriek of terror as he helplessly watched the blubbery lizard fall onto him. Dunk laughed as he lifted himself back up, grinning at the squashed cheetah's twitching.

“Ha, not so tough when you're on my level, are ya!” Dunk taunted, slowly backing up before hitting a second devastating splash, then a third, and a fourth.

Confident that he'd reduced the obnoxious cheetah to a bruised mess, Dunk decided it was time to end the “match” and finally get his revenge. He roughly rolled Indigo over onto his stomach and pulled off his boots before shoving the cheetah's footpaws into his mouth. Feeling his footpaws grow damp was just enough to bring Indigo to his senses, and he desperately tried to crawl towards the ring ropes in order to force Dunk to release him. The crowd roared as the two wrestlers struggled, Dunk slowly swallowing more and more of Indigo as the cheetah inched closer to the ropes. With his footpaws tickling Dunk's throat and his knees slipping into the maw, Indigo managed to lurch forwards and grab the lowest rope with both paws in a rush of adrenaline.

Indigo laughed in triumph, thankful he'd managed to at least temporarily avoid becoming lizard food. Dunk didn't stop swallowing, though. “Hey you fat jerk I've got a ropebreak here, spit me out!”

Now it was Dunk's turn to laugh, albeit muffled by the cheetah thighs slipping down his throat. He mumbled something incoherent, then pointed to his left. Confused, Indigo turned and saw the guest referee was currently busy sitting in a chair closer to the audience and enjoying a rather thorough belly rub from Nommz. The blushing dragonmutt had abandoned his announcing duties and was practically burying his snout into the arctic fox's blubbery belly. As a result, Noah's attention was nowhere near the ring he was supposed to be officiating.

“Oh come on Nommz! You honestly couldn't go five minutes without latching onto someone's gut?” Indigo fumed as felt the last of his legs swallowed by Dunk.

A strong tug from Dunk was enough to dislodge Indigo from the ropes and, with considerable effort, the bearded dragon managed to stand back up, lifting his terrified opponent into the air with him. Indigo desperately tried to brace his paws against Dunk's face as he felt his round belly begin to slide into the maw, but Dunk simply took the opportunity to slip them in, too. With gravity and his respectable weight working against him, Indigo watched in horror as Dunk's already huge gut ballooned out even more with each passing second. Throughout it all he pleaded with Dunk to reconsider, making grandiose promises and begging him for forgiveness. When only his head was still exposed he made one last attempt to escape his fate and shouted that he forfeited the match, but a large gulp from Dunk silenced him.

Once again the crowd erupted into cheers, loud enough to force Nommz and Noah to pay attention to the ring. Not bothering to stand, Noah simply gave a thumbs up to signal the match being over. Nommz blindly pawed for his discarded microphone—still leaning against the soft belly of the fox—and raised it to his snout. “And to the surprise of no one, the winner is Dunk! Congrats on the free meal, fatty.”

Dunk raised his claws in the air in victory, his bulging gut bouncing violently back and forth as Indigo struggled within. He waddled to every side of the ring, stopping to slap his gut and pose for the rowdy audience, basking in their admiration—even if a good deal of it was fueled by booze and boredom. None of it compared to the feeling of the meal squirming in his stomach, though. Revenge was very, very rewarding...if a tad bit fattening.