

Deafening roars filled the arena once her music hit. Shimmering bright lights danced about the area in grand ceremony. They chanted her name, cheered for her, gave her a standing ovation before she even showed herself.

Then she appeared. The star of the show, the main event, the Umbreon in all her glory. Wearing her eye catching ring attire in the form of a shiny, flesh tight, purple catsuit that covered her from the neck down to her wrists and ankles. The tightness of the suit did extraordinary wonders in accentuating her every curve; showing off her wide hips, her luscious, juicy rear, and her large, hefty bust; held firm in that suit. Finalizing her suit was a simple, matching purple mask over her face that allowed her sharp red eyes, cute black nose, and full lips to show through; and a simple leather belt about her waist adorned with a crescent moon belt buckle.

The crowd erupted even louder once they saw her. The lights brought full focus onto her as she sauntered down the entrance ramp towards the ring with confident, powerful steps and alluring sashays of her hips. She waved to them, gave them a wink and a smile, and blew kisses to them; showboating all the way until she was past those ropes and into the squared circle. As she entered, she glanced over to her opponents on the other side of the ring; licking her full, dark lips as her piercing crimson eyes locked onto them.

There were 3 males: a tall athletic human, a shrimpy, nerdy looking anthro bat, and a similarly built anthro raccoon. Like others that came before them, they signed up for the same deal: a well paying gig which the only task is to have a wrestling match with the Umbreon herself, win or lose, just complete the match. How could there be any downside? You get paid, you get to engage in physical contact with her amazing body, and there's no real danger; after all, wrestling is fake, right?

While the Umbreon was busy eying her opponents and shaking her rear at the crowd, the referee entered the ring to announce the rules. The match was to be a three vs one handicap match; in the interest of fairness of course. The Umbreon would have to beat all three of her opponents to win while she only needed to lose once. Once the ref began to explain victory conditions are only on pin counts of 3 or via submissions, the Umbreon walked over to him and placed a gentle, but strong hand on his shoulder, leaning in to whisper into his ear.

"That won't be necessary," She said prior to a warm, playful giggle, "This'll end when I decide it's over, which also means your services will not be needed here," She added.

With a heavy swallow, the referee gave a quick, and rather concerned, look to her opponents and then nodded his head, scurrying out of the ring as quickly as he entered. It was going to be quite the show tonight.

The Umbreon then grinned to the trio, "I think it's more fun this way don't you? We don't have to bother ourselves with things like rules and regulations. Let's just have fun. You can come at me one at a time, or all at once if you like, just give it your best shot, okay?" She winked and blew a kiss towards them, which the crowd booed out of sheer jealousy, and went back to her corner.

After a small discussion amongst the three, no doubt wondering if they should take the offer to team up on her all at once, the human was the first to enter; confident in his ability to take her down with his tall, athletic build and background in his high school football team.

The Umbreon flicked her ears toward him once he entered the ring, licking her lips once more, "Ooh, big one aren't you? Think you can take me all by your lonesome?" She teased as she approached him in the center of ring, sizing him up; his strong physique, his impressive height. She already stood at 6'2" and for him to be a head taller than her made it all the more exciting for her. Oh yes, this will be fun.

The bell rang, signifying the start of the match. The crowd roared and cheered for the Umbreon while booing her opponents. Both combatants squared off, hands locking up as they engaged in a test of strength to see who can take the other down to the floor by sheer strength alone. After an initial, equal struggle, her opponent got the upper hand, starting to force her back as her knees started to buckle and he was pushing in over her. The crowd gasped and booed, not pleased with the sight of their favorite losing any ground. The Umbreon smirked, bringing her leg up to slam her knee into the taller male's stomach, forcing him to release his grip and stumble backwards as he doubled over with a groan.

"Oof, hey! No fair!" The human spat.

The Umbreon wagged a finger and smirked, "I told you, no rules and regulations," She replied in sing-song before placing her hand upon his head and giving him a harsh shove backwards.

He stumbled backwards into the ropes, quickly using them as leverage to bounce him back towards the Umbreon, arms raised to try and take her down again. This time around, she was more than ready; once he approached, she slipped her powerful arms around him to stop him dead in his tracks with a tight hug. His eyes went wide with surprise and she simply smiled and leaned in to sneak in a quick kiss to his lips before falling backward and lifting him off his feet to toss him over her body with a throwing suplex.

The male crashed down hard onto the mat with a groan, his body aching from the impact as he crawled over to the ropes to help himself to his feet, dazed from the pokemorph's surprising strength and being tossed like a rag doll. He had the upper hand just seconds ago for a brief moment. Was she just toying with him?

She stood there with one hand on a slightly pushed out hip while the other hand held out a beckoning finger; taunting him, daring him to attack her.

He leaned back against the ropes, pushing all of his weight into them with the intention of propelling himself at the Umbreon. So he couldn't take her down with his strength, but maybe he could do it by throwing all his weight at her. Bouncing off the ropes, he charged at her with full momentum with the intent of mowing her down.

Naturally, she was one step ahead. She planted her feet firm into the mat, bent forward and crouched down slightly, and in one graceful maneuver, she bounced up high off the mat and wrapped her legs about his head while coming to a sit on his shoulders. She then flipped backwards, swinging him along with her, and slammed him down hard onto mat with his head trapped tightly between her thick, powerful, latex clad thighs.

Having him right where she wanted him, she laid up on her side and squeezed down on his head with her legs, applying a powerful leg scissors upon him. "Gotcha!" She declared with a devious grin while her poor victim wriggled and struggled in her hold. He kicked his legs wildly while squirming and tried to pull and push her thighs off of him, but to no avail; the more he struggled, the tighter she squeezed.

"Let...me...go!" He choked out, having an obviously hard time breathing and dealing with the crushing force on his skull.

"Now why would I do that?" She said with a giggle, wiggling her hips and grinding her thighs against her poor opponent's head.

She was way too strong, and he could tell she was only playing around. He ceased his resistance and just tapped repeatedly on her thigh, signifying his surrender. "I give up! I give up!" He cried out.

The Umbreon gave a little pout and released her hold, allowing him to catch his breath and gather his bearings. This reprieve would only last a few moments as she lifted her legs and wrapped them around his head again, crossing them and trapping his head between her thick, overwhelming thighs once more with his face buried deeply into her crotch.

"Wh-what gives?! I gave up!" He yelled, words muffled by her very body as he found himself struggling against her again.

"Give up? There's no rules remember? This doesn't end until I say it does. And besides," The Umbreon perked her ears up and the bright yellow ring markings on her ears and tail began to glow, "I still need to give the people what they want."

With a wide, toothy, devious grin, she lifted her hips higher while supporting herself on her hands; tightening her hold on her poor victim as she began to work her magic. Right before the roaring crowd and her remaining opponents she began to drain the strength, and most importantly, and size from her foe; causing him to rapidly diminish in height in between her thighs.

“What’s going on?!” The male cried out in panic. Not only did he feel increasingly weaker as the seconds passed, the Umbreon was seemingly growing as well! The legs that trapped him were becoming larger, thicker and higher; like rising, expanding walls of strong muscle clad in shiny purple latex. He found himself a mere few inches tall, trapped in a canyon of powerful legs with a massive, shapely female pokemorph before him. He craned his neck backwards to gaze at those crimson eyes and grinning teeth; large enough to cleave him in two if she so desired.

“Mmm, I like strong boys like you. Filled with such lovely energy and vigor. Sends chills down my spine every time I devour it,” The Umbreon purred, “And speaking of devouring,” She reached down and pinched the sides of the now tiny human between her thumb and index finger and slowly raised him to eye level with her. She slowly licked her lips, dragging her saliva-slick tongue along her plush, full, black lips, “I think it’s time to hit you with my *finisher*,” She whispered, her hot, humid breath washing over him. “Or at least I would,” She said, looking past him across the ring, spotting her two remaining opponents stepping in, “But it seems your friends don’t want to wait their turn, oh well. I’ll just have to save you for later, won’t I?”

The Umbreon slowly stood to her feet and glanced back to her tiny captive, “Well we wouldn’t want you to get squished in all the fun now would we? I better put you somewhere safe.”

Knowing exactly where that place was, the Umbreon hiked up her tail and tucked him into the tail opening of her suit, pushing him down to where he was trapped against a cheek of her large, heart-shaped bubble butt. She patted her rear with a chuckle, slapping her hand against the tiny outline of his body stuck against her yielding rear; held extremely snug by the flesh hugging latex of her outfit. “You be a good boy and be a nice butt tattoo while I finish up here, kay?”

With that taken care of, she regarded her remaining opponents with a sly smile, lazily swaying her tail behind her. They weren’t nearly as tall or as tough looking as her first foe, but she still hoped they could still entertain her. “So how about it boys? Both at once or one at a time? There aren’t any rules so don’t disappoint me, alright?” She taunted them with a beckoning hand; her mouth already salivating at the mere thoughts of having fun with them.

The young male raccoon stepped forward and took in a deep breath of self reassurance before charging directly at her. The Umbreon shook her head disapprovingly before stepping to the side to avoid him while seizing his arm, swinging him around and tossing him across the ring with hardly any effort. She then looked to the bat with a devious gaze before swiftly running

towards him, swinging up her leg to deliver a furious kick to his face that launched him backwards over the ropes and out of the ring; leaving him to crash onto the hard floor with a groan.

Pleased by her efforts in separating her opponents, she turned back to the raccoon who was struggling to pick himself up from off of the mat. She slowly sauntered over to him and planted her foot square onto his back, forcing him back down to the ground, "Poor boy, you're the weakest of the bunch aren't you?" She snickered, "It's such a waste, a cute boy like you unable to provide any amusement. Oh well, I guess I'll have to amuse myself."

She stepped off of him and reached down to grab a handful of his headfur, yanking him up from the ground. She hurled him into the nearby corner; the poor male crashing into the turnbuckle with a grunt, slumping back against them. She then ran across the ring towards him and then jumped, throwing her entire body at him; slamming her entire weight into him up against the ring corner. For all those thick, soft curves, she had her fair share of firm muscle as well; her crashing into him not too unlike a full, queen-sized mattress being thrown against him while he was pressed to a wall.

The Umbreon held onto the ropes for leverage while she was pressed up harder against him, squishing her entire body against his. She purposely squished her bust up against his face, pressing his head into those massive, squishy melons clad in that shiny, slick rubbery fabric. She chuckled darkly and leaned in to whisper into one of those cute little ears, "What's wrong? You're hardly putting up a fight. Barely a struggle, all I hear is whimpering. Are you're scared?" She pushed in more, "Have you've given up already?" She pushed harder, "Or maybe this is what you want. Maybe you're one of those boys that like to be beaten up, maybe you're turned on right now," She laughed and finally pulled away from him, taking a few steps to allow him some breathing room.

The poor raccoon slumped down to a seat against the lower turnbuckles, catching his breath while his body stung with pain. He suddenly felt her hand upon his head, tilting it back so he could gaze up at her grinning face.

"Still with me? Good. Wouldn't want you to miss out on what happens next," She said before letting go of his head. She stood straight up and turned around, "I recommend you take a big, deeeep breath," She warned before gripping the ropes, squatting down and pressing her rear right against the poor raccoon's face; trapping his head between her luscious behind and the turnbuckle padding.

She circled and wiggled her hips, grinding and rubbing that plump, soft, juicy rear upon the weakling's adorable face while occasionally pressing down hard on him with a delightful purr. "You know your partner is also back there, but I can't imagine your friend is doing so well," She

teased, withdrawing her bubble butt only to bump it back into the poor boy's face, "He's pretty lucky my butt is so soft with plenty of give. My outfit isn't so forgiving for runts. He's pressed in pretty deep you know. And...ooh...I can't tell you how good it feels...too bad for him he's not escaping," She continued to taunt and tease; rubbing, thrusting, grinding all over his features, "He's almost like a living tattoo you know, flat as a pancake against me. Can you hear him? Is he yelling for help? I bet if he wasn't flattened between my ass and my suit I could feel him squirming around back there."

The Umbreon paused in her movements and lifted her butt from him, allowing him to catch his breath, breathing in fresh air. It was then that he saw it, the outline of his tag partner; a sprawled out lump in the shape of a person plastered against her rear in her smooth, skin-tight suit.

"It's rude to stare you know," She said with a grin, "But it looks like you found him, didn't you? Don't worry my little plaything, you'll be reunited soon enough," She slapped her rear with a loud, echoing slap with both hands before slamming her rear back against the tortured raccoon. Much like before, the golden rings that adorned the pattern of her fur began to surge brightly as she started to drain the size from her victim. She steadily sapped the inches away from him, feeling him getting smaller and smaller; her large, thick, soft rear engulfing more of his head until noises from the crowd, that weren't cheering for her, caught her attention.

The Umbreon perked her ears up and glanced across the ring, spotting the bat re-entering through the very ropes he was kicked out of. She smirked and stood up from the raccoon, leaving him slumped in the corner at roughly half of his original size as she stepped toward the center of the ring.

"I'm quite impressed," She gestured to her returning opponent with a grin, "I thought you would have taken the opportunity to run after seeing what happened to your friends," She licked her lips and snickered, "I'm glad. Now I have an appetizer, an entree, and desert," She said before raising her arms and slipping into a grappling stance, waiting for the bat to strike first.

In a showcase of impressive agility, the bat spread his wings and leapt onto the top rope and immediately bounced off toward the Umbreon in an attempt to splash down on her and take her down to the mat.

Prepared for this, the Umbreon readied her arms and lowered her center of gravity, catching the bat as he fell against her; the pokemorph not budging in the slightest. She locked her arms around him tightly and held him against her, grinning in his face, "Good try, but I think you vastly underestimated my strength. You'll just have to learn the hard way now!" She tightened her grip around his torso and his wings, trapping him in a vicious, powerful bearhug! The poor

male was caught in that tight vice grip against her powerful body, even despite her large, soft breasts; his body arching against her and his neck craning back as he choked out in pain. He could easily feel the strain on his bones, learning quickly that she could break him in half if she desired.

"I...I give up!" He cried out, "N-no more! Please!" He begged.

"Still haven't learned huh?" She squeezed tighter, licking her lips, "This isn't over until I declare it over," Her rings started to glow, "But since you're in such a hurry."

Much like before, she worked her magic, sapping the size from her poor victim. She slipped her arms closer around him as he shrank against her; her body seemingly growing around him. Her arms surrounded more of him, holding him even closer as he dwindled. His face was pushed into her plush, yielding, massive mammeries; rippling with joyful jiggles as she giggled with amusement.

She then looked to the crowd, raising an arm and pointing to the ceiling; the crowd responding with an overwhelming cheer that rumbled the entire arena. She then clutched her arms around the bat and leapt backwards, performing a backwards somersault and crashing down on her stomach with the poor male underneath her. She landed upon her with crushing force, burying him into the mat with that devastating flipping slam.

The Umbreon propped her up on her hands and lazily kicked her legs while she laid on top of the bat, pinning him under her thick form. She covered his entire head with her generous bust and resumed draining his strength and height; feeling that shrinking body squirm desperately underneath her.

The bat fought wildly to escape from underneath her body, but the more he fought, the bigger she became, becoming heavier and making any form of escape increasingly impossible. From having the wind knocked out of him from that intense slam, that intensifying weight on top of him, and those smothering boobs on his face, to rapidly having those very same boobs start to cover his entire form as he dwindled away in size. There was little to be done to stop from being overwhelmed by those squishy orbs, especially when you're shrunken down so small you're effortlessly pinned underneath just one of them.

The Umbreon simply giggled as she felt him disappear from underneath her; feeling him get smaller and smaller until he was just a mere tickle against her breast. She licked her lips, enjoying the feeling of his tiny struggles. She leaned forward, pushing more of her weight down on him, pressing him under a hardened nipple. She bit down on her lower lip, struggling to find the restraint to hold herself back from squishing him. She enjoyed this way too much.

With a heavy sigh, she lifted up off of him rose up into a squatting position to pick him up, but noticed he wasn't on the mat anywhere. "Mmm? Where could he have...oh there you are," She grinned once she noticed him flattened against her breast like a sticker. She stood up to her feet while peeling him off, and held him up to eye level where she showed her deadly teeth with a wide grin, "Naughty boy, trying to cop a feel, weren't you?" She winked with a giggle, slowly lifting him higher and higher as she tilted her head further and further back; those devilish red eyes gazing up at the shrunken male dangling between her thumb and index finger.

"Now don't you worry," She said in a low, sultry tone, "Once I'm finished with you, you'll get to enjoy my boobs all you like, cause you'll be a part of them forever," She smacked her lips before slowly opening her mouth wide, revealing the depths of her hungry, wet, awaiting maw. The plan was to send him plummeting down into her mouth, sliding down her slick tongue and into her throat.

At least that was the plan.

The Umbreon perked her ears up and closed her lips together before pulling them back to show that wide grin again, giggling to herself. "A little too late to try and take me on now, wouldn't you agree?" She said, regarding a certain half sized raccoon that came up from behind her.

Now barely clearing her waist in terms of height, the smaller male slipped his arms around her wide hips to the best of his ability; a feat he could hardly manage. Still he tried, gritting his teeth and straining his body as he attempted to lift her, but she didn't budge an inch.

Still pinching the bat between her fingers, she scoffed, "Still want to play that badly, huh? I guess I can oblige," She said in regards to her surprise attacker.

She pushed up off of her toes and threw herself backwards; giving the illusion that the weakened raccoon was actually able to lift her (not that he'd be able to manage that easily at his normal size anyway). Unfortunately for him, he lacked the size and strength to follow through with his suplex attempt, and fell backwards as well with the larger woman landing right on top of him; once again smothered by her rear as she sat upon his face.

"Well that just happened," The Umbreon said with a giggle, making light of that brief interruption. She lifted her hips only to slam it back down upon the poor boy's face, pressing her weight down and firmly grinding her rear upon him, "Now be a good little boy and shrink while I take care of my appetizer," She turned her attention back to the bat, resuming what she started before. She held the bat high and opened wide, giving him an awe inspiring view of things to come. He squirmed and struggled against her fingers to no avail as she rolled her tongue out like a red carpet. With an anxious, hot and heavy sigh, she released the bat to drop him into her needy maw.

However, he wasn't about to go out without one last fight.

Before he could reach her tongue, he spread his wings, as strained and sore as they were, and attempted to fly away to escape the hungry giant female.

Naturally, she was more than ready for this surprise, and had a surprise of her own. With high speed precision, her thick tongue lashed out like a lizard's own, extending and stretching toward the bat until it swiftly coiled around him and snatched him out of the air. The hot, wet and saliva slick muscle constricted about the bat's tiny body as he was drawn back into that hungry maw; no amount of squirming and struggling able to save him.

Once her prey was pulled in past her lips, the Umbreon snapped her jaws shut, trapping her tasty morsel within the darkness of her hot and humid maw. Always one to play with her food, especially for the crowd, she treated him like he were a mere piece of candy, pressing him to the roof of her mouth as a strong, vacuum pressure squeezed at his body as she suckled on him. The crowd erupted, eager for her to finish the bat, and she was more than happy to oblige. She slowly tilted her head backwards, forcing the battered bat to succumb to gravity in that saliva slick dungeon; slipping down along her tongue towards her throat. He tried to grip on that warm, undulating tongue to save himself, but his struggles were futile; he slipped down into that throat, squeezed tightly by the powerful throat muscles all around him.

The Umbreon gently brought her fingers to the large lump in her throat, gingerly massaging at it as she swallowed with a loud, audible gulp (not that it could be heard over the crowd); those muscles forcefully shoving the bat further and further down until he reached an opening, and plummeted into the hot, gurgling pit that was her stomach.

Patting her belly with satisfaction, she opened her mouth wide with a playful, "Aaaaah~", revealing that her prey has been successfully swallowed, to which the crowd exploded in cheers. Her eyes widened and she let out a sudden burp; the bat's clothing flying up out of her mouth to which she gave a shy giggle over her unladylike behavior.

While the Umbreon was preoccupied with her snack, her living chair of a raccoon was steadily shrinking underneath her; one inch after another until he was the same size as his partners. Unfortunately, this also meant he was eventually buried under an unbearably heavy avalanche of perfect Umbreon booty, trapped in between the curves of those incredible cheeks.

"And then there was two," said the Umbreon with a warm purr, rising up onto her feet.

The raccoon drew in sharp breaths of relief once that immense weight was lifted from his now minuscule form, but immediately stared up in horror at the incredible sight before him. The Umbreon was already larger than him normally; her tall and thick form combined with her

intimidating presence was more than enough to make him feel small. But now that he was bite sized, he felt like an ant before a dinosaur. There was no way he could have even hoped to try and resist her now. She was gonna eat him, just like she ate the one before, and there was no doubt she had done this numerous times.

He watched as she started fishing in the tail opening of her suit to pull out the human and decided to use this as an opportunity to do the only thing he could do: run.

Staggering to his feet, he attempt to make a run for it; dashing between her legs while she fussed with the tiny human. He wasn't sure what he'd do once he made it out of the ring, just as long as he got away from her.

But even that was just as futile as trying to out-wrestle her.

As quick as lightning, her enormous black furred foot crashed down in front of him as she viciously stomped the mat. The strong impact on the bouncy surface launched the poor raccoon backwards onto the other foot of the latex-clad giantess.

"Going somewhere?" She teased as her mountainous form stooped down to swiftly pluck him up from her foot, "You wouldn't want to miss out on the grand finale now would you?" She said while she dumped him into the palm of her other hand; dropping him right next to his remaining, similarly sized, tag partner.

The poor human was bruised and battered from all the squishing, squeezing and stretching he had to endure from being trapped within that flesh tight suit. In addition to the draining, all the strength was literally pressed out of him. He had no will to struggle or fight, especially against someone who was so many more times his size.

The two sat back against the large, tree trunk-like digits in that warm, black furred hand as they were slowly towards eye level of the giant creature; a lovely wall of shiny, purple latex covered curves until a massive grinning face with bright, glowing, crimson eyes filled their view.

Her warm, humid breath blasted against them as she released a half laugh-half sigh; fur and hair of her captives buffeted by the heated winds. Ivory sharp fangs like stalactites and smaller pearly teeth the size of tombstones presented themselves to the pair as she gave a pleased smile. "This is my favorite part," She whispered, more of those hot winds blowing over them, "You'll get to join your friend in my belly, and then you'll have the honor of being apart of me, aren't you excited?"

She giggled before opening her mouth wide in front of them, giving them a close up view of the dark, wet, cavernous maw that awaited them. As the pair were quickly familiar with; the air was heavy, damp and hot. Her tongue laid out like a heated, water bed; wiggling and waving

anxiously for the next touch of flavor. Large slimy strands of saliva trailed from her teeth and the roof of her mouth to her tongue while a copious amount of drool pooled around it. She was outright salivating before them.

Her tongue then suddenly lashed out, narrowly missing the raccoon as the tip of that squishy muscle pressed up against the human and dragged upwards; lapping him out of her hand onto her slick tongue. She drew him into her mouth half way before clamping her lips down on him, leaving his kicking legs sticking out of her mouth while his upper body was trapped within.

She let out a delightful purr while focusing her eyes on the remaining raccoon in her hand as she toyed with his friend in front of him. She encouraged him to watch as she smooched all over her friend; those soft, yet powerful lips squeezing and suckling at that tiny body squirming in between them. Within the hot confines of her hungry maw, that massive tongue slapped and slathered all over the poor shrunken male; coating him in her slimy, sticky saliva.

With a giggle, she pulled him in, slurping him completely into her mouth; letting the human vanish completely from the raccoon's sight. She teased the tiny raccoon at the human's expense, smacking her chops loudly as she suckled and tasted him; giving her tiny audience brief glimpses of the shrunken male being battered by her tongue. From being slammed and squeezed against the rigid roof of her mouth to being tossed over the rows of her deadly teeth to be pressed up against her inner cheek. She kept the tiny captive in her clutches close to her mouth, forcing him to carefully watch the movements of her jaw as she continued to toy with her living candy. She playfully made chewing motions accompanied of loud saliva-laden smacks of her lips and tongue, teasing the poor, visibly worried raccoon. She then began to slowly tilt her head back, drawing the human towards her throat like the bat before him. She pressed the tiny raccoon to her neck while uttering a deep, vibrating purr. She waited a few moments, and swallowed, hard; with a loud, enjoyable gulp.

The shrunken male's eyes went wide and his blood ran cold as he saw, and felt, that lump in her throat slide down against him as her food sank down the length of her gullet; that loud *ulp* from the giant Umbreon still echoing in his ears.

"Did you feel him?" She asked, "Was he crying out for help? Or did he go down silently? I have to imagine he's making quite the racket, maybe you can check for me?" She grinned as she slid the raccoon down further along the expanse of her smooth, slick and super-tight suit.

She dragged him down slowly over the exceptionally generous curves of her jiggling chest, all the way down to her stomach, where she pressed her giant fingers in against him; squishing him against her firm stomach. "I can tell that one is gonna go right to my butt, as if it needs to be bigger right?" She giggled, her stomach bouncing lightly against the tiny male before she swiftly raised him up back to mouth level, "And where will you be going, I wonder?" She mused

before pursing her lips and blowing playfully over him, which, if he weren't held by her fingers, would have easily blown him away.

"Maybe my butt as well? Or probably my thighs? Could be my hips, I'm pretty sure it'll be my hips," She snickered from her musing before giving him a finally look over, "I'll be honest, I'm tempted to keep you for myself, but I gotta give the people what they want," She grinned before turning her attention to the roaring crowds, demanding that she deliver her "finisher" to her remaining opponent. "No hard feelings, of course."

She looked over the tiny plaything in her clutches one last time before pursing her lips and pressing him flush against them. He sank into the warm, soft, plushness of her full lips as she kissed them against him with a slight suckling smooch. She relaxed her lips, and then kissed him again, this time poking out the tip of her tongue to slide up along his body; sampling his flavor. She then slowly parted her lips and wrapped them about her tiny victim's head and upper body before pulling him in past her lips and depositing him on her tongue. He scrambled around upon the soft, thick, wet, sticky surface until she opened her jaws wide, allowing the light of the arena to illuminate that dark, cavernous maw. She had opened wide to present her mouth to the nearest camera; allowing the crowd to see her opponent struggling within.

Trying to maintain his balance on all fours upon that constantly shifting and undulating muscle, his eyes went wide with shock at his terrifying surroundings: those sharp, pearly white teeth, the long thick strands of saliva all around him; one even snapping from the roof of her mouth to plop down right next to him; it had truly dawned on him that he was physically inside the mouth of another being.

A harsh, heated wind blew over him as the Umbreon uttered a playful, "Aaaaah~" as she continued showing her open mouth to the crowd before snapping her jaws shut and trapping the poor raccoon in darkness. He was then treated to the same wet and wild ride as those that came before him; that treacherous tongue tossing him about that hungry maw, pressing him against the ridged roof of her mouth and pressed into the insides of her cheek as she suckled, sampled and tasted him for all he was worth. Then came the finale. She brought her strong fingers to her throat and slightly tilted her head backwards with a warm purr. A warm "Mmm~" of enjoyment escaped her throat as she felt the squirming morsel be forced toward the back of her mouth and slip down into her gullet.

She gulped once; touching and massaging at that lump in her throat as he was squeezed by the muscles within. She gulped again, feeling him being pushed down further. The one finally gulp; where he was thoroughly shoved down into the depths of her stomach to reunite with his partners.

The Umbreon patted her stomach and released a loud, rumbling belch followed by a sigh of

satisfaction and grinned as the crowd roared and cheered over her victory. She had continued to on undefeated and got another nice meal out of it.

But knowing full well they were going to go straight to her curves; she was going to need a brand new suit after this.