Commission: Winner Takes All

 The roar of the Vytal Festival’s crowd filled Coco’s ears as she recovered from her fall. Emerald and Mercury were proving to be much tougher opponents than she had at first thought. It didn't help that she and Yatsuhashi had been unable to land a single solid blow on them. Usually the combination of her mini-gun along with Yatsu’s strength was enough to grind away at any enemy’s defenses but Emerald and Mercury never seemed to stay still and kept up their own offense without breaking a sweat. Coco was getting frustrating which was bad since as an experienced fighter she knew losing one’s cool wasn’t a good thing in a fight.

 Snarling she let loose another barrage of bullets only to have Mercury and Emerald seemingly flow like oil as they dodged the burst of fire. Mercury leapt up in the air and forced her to dodge back from the kick he sent flying down towards her. Meanwhile Emerald’s quick blades were making Yatsuhashi work hard in order to avoid taking damage. The large boy was growling in rage before charging the green haired girl who flipped up and over him, landing in front of Coco and therefore forcing the combatants to trade who they were fighting.

 Aware of how much pressure was on her as one of Beacon’s best, Coco pulled out every trick she had. Transforming her mini-gun back into its handbag form she swung the fashion accessory like a flail, keeping Emerald at a distance until the other girl converted her revolver-sickles into a chain and blade form that outranged Coco’s weapon. The stylish huntress in training had to retreat back out of the open clearing in the combat arena and retreat into the heavily forested zone. At least if she got soundly defeated the audience wouldn't be able to witness it.

 “Not so bold now huh?” Emerald taunted as she sent her blades swiping through the air like buzzing wasps. Unlike Coco she didn't seem to be showing any signs of exhaustion or worry, a smug smile staying plastered on her face as she dodged and danced about the slower but stronger girl.

 Coco snarled and nearly landed a haymaker in that cocky face. “Talk during battle is a sign of weakness.”

 “Only if you’re dumb to do two things at the same time.”

 Enraged both girls rushed at each other with weapons swinging. They met with a great clash that sent a cloud of leaves flying up in the air and when they settled both girls were left standing though Coco had taken some horrendous damage…to her outfit at least. A large tear appeared in Coco’s shirt caused by one of Emerald’s blades, along with several rips in her pants.

 Now Coco could have realized that clothing damage was inevitable in an all out fight and maybe it wasn't the wisest decision to wear such fancy and expensive clothes for a fight but all this logic was lost on her as she grew enraged and came up with a plan for vengeance at the same time. Activating her mini-gun she scanned the forest for Emerald, who had disappeared somewhere into the foliage. The girl from Mistral let out a light chuckle and Coco barely caught a glimpse of something leaping from tree to tree. Rather than wait for the incoming surprise attack Coco went for a direct but effective strategy. Her mini-gun whirred to life and she sent a steady stream of bullets across the woods, cutting down trees as if they were matchsticks. Splinters of wood showered the air and leaves fluttered like the feathers of a torn pillow as Coco’s attack sent towering trees falling to the ground with a series of thumps and crashes. The real cherry on top of the proverbial cake though, was seeing Emerald fall out of a tree like a startled Raccoon. Even better was when a falling trunk pinned the green haired girl down on the ground.

 Smirking, Coco Sauntered over to the trapped girl, kicking her weapons out of reach and putting a foot down on the tree trunk that had pinned her. Tilting her sunglasses down to show her brown eyes Coco gave Emerald a smile. “So, not so arrogant now are we.” Her opponents frown made her smirk grow even wider. “See normally I would just finish you off and go help my teammate but you damaged my clothes, designer clothes, so prepare to experience my ultimate finishing move.”

 Emerald was about to question what on Remnant Coco was talking about but then the other girl easily tossed the tree trunk aside and grabbed ahold of her fallen foe’s shoulders. Coco was much stronger than Emerald when it came down to sheer physical might and she easily manhandled the other girl into the right position before opening her mouth wide, strands of saliva spanning the gap.

 “What are you doi..mmmmphffff!”

 Emerald was cut off as her head was roughly shoved inside Coco’s mouth, a slimy, warm and disturbing place. Coco’s cheeks bulged as she greedily began the process of gulping down another human being whole. She had only done this a few times before with other degenerates or people she disliked enough to be permanently rid of them. The old feeling of her throat and gullet stretching to fit another human’s head inside returned as with a loud “ULP” Emerald was swallowed up to her shoulders. With each succession of swallows more of the surprisingly scrumptious girl entered the fashionista’s body. Thankfully Coco’s shirt was already ruined because her chest and then belly began to swell as Emerald entered her stomach. As more of Emerald was slurped up Coco’s belly began to grow and expand. Her waist cincher became uncomfortably tight and forced her to undo it, allowing her belly to flop outwards with a “bwomp!” a pale round dome of flesh expanding outwards through the tear in her shirt.

 Inside Coco Emerald was in a living nightmare filled with pulsing walls, gassy air and loud rumbles. After being pulled down into Coco’s belly Emerald was forced to curl up, pinned in by clinging stomach walls. Stomach juices sloshed about her and she winced as she wiped drool off of her face. She could hear Coco humming in delight above her and in a rage Emerald lashed out with her feet, kicking the organ she was entrapped in. Sadly it was all for naught, the flexible stomach walls rebounded and all that happened was a bubble of gas to be shot up her devourer’s throat.

 “Buuuuuurrrrrrrrp! My oh my you were quite delicious.”

 Coco drummed her big, round, and shiny belly as she proudly looked up at the coliseum’s display screen to see Emerald’s aura slowly being eaten away by her stomach acids. It felt sooooo good to finally have eaten another person. Her gut was so large that even her lose hanging bandolier was now stretched tightly across the pale orb. Every movement from within sent tingles of pleasure up her spine and bulges and outlines of Emerald’s body would appear and recede. However, she couldn’t sit back and enjoy digesting her foe just yet. She still had to deal with Mercury and judging by the sound of the crowd roaring it was probably not going well for Yatsuhashi.

 Indeed it wasn’t. The larger and stronger boy was unable to use his full effectiveness on the smug and slippery Mercury who soon sent Yatsuhashi flying out of the arena with a powerful barrage of kicks. Laughing to himself the grey haired boy turned to the forest. “Looks like I have to do everything myself,” he muttered upon noting Emerald’s dropping aura. He jogged into the thick woods and was lost from sight.

 Unfortunately for Mercury he never thought to look up. He entered the clearing Coco’s mini-gun had made and was puzzled to find no one. He didn't notice that for some reason a very big and round shadow was suddenly cast over him as Coco belly flopped out of the tree she had been hiding in.

 “BWOMP!”

 “Gulp…ulp…..gulp…….BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRP! …Aaaaarrruurrrrrp!”

 A few moments later the announcers proclaimed team CFVY to be the victor and Coco waddled out from the cover of the trees. Her belly hung low and was fully exposed, swaying to and fro like a pudgy pendulum. Inside it Emerald and Mercury were squashed together, forced to endure the tight, warm, dark, and gassy quarters. Sloshing and burps filled their ears as Coco’s digestive system began to break them down. The Huntress in training didn't care though; she had won and had her victory feast all at the same time. Not to mention, she looked damned good with a large, wobbly, bouncing belly and already she began thinking how to modify her outfits to match such a big, gurgling gut. Smacking her belly she sighed from carrying so much weight around and wondered if she should do this more often. She wouldn't let these two out, that’s for sure. No one would really miss them.

 “After….hiccuuuurrrrp… all, to the victor go the spoils.”