

Pokemon:

Nessa's Table Turns

Just moments ago, a long and arduous battle between Water Gym Leader Nessa and up and coming contender Gloria had finally come to its exciting closure with the challenger claiming victory. While Nessa was always one to hate losing, she still waited for Gloria backstage to reward her for her efforts. As she waited outside the changing room for the trainer, she couldn't help noticing herself in the decorative mirror across from. She huffed and looked away. She was still...chunky, after that encounters with those crazy Hex Maniacs and while she appreciated the new cup size and plumped backside, she didn't appreciate how much of an absolute they were to work off the fat stall calling her dark-skinned belly home. Part of her was hoping this girl wasn't a freak like those Hexes and want to curse her body with another spell of fat, but know her luck? She just shook the thought out of her head.

Eventually, Nessa heard the door open and hoisted herself up from leaning against the wall, making herself presentable just as Gloria stepped out.

"Oh, hello." the girl greeted, jumping slightly at seeing the gym leader stand there.

"And hello to you too." Nessa replied with a smile and a nod. "Congratulations on your win, I wanted to give you something to commemorate."

Reaching into her pocket, Nessa produced a TM and handed it to Gloria. The trainer took it and gave it an unimpressed glance.

"This all?"

"Huh?"

"I was honestly expecting something more, really." Pocketing the TM, Gloria looked up to Nessa with a devious smile. "Maybe something like a max revive."

"Huh? Wha-"

Before she could ask why, Gloria launched herself at gym leader, mouth a gape and tongue hanging out. Nessa, completely caught off guard, quickly found herself in a place dark and warm, entrapped in Gloria's maw. She knew what was going on, after all, she did it herself to two others before, and immediately went into fight for her life mode. Unfortunately, Gloria came prepared. As Nessa frantically braced herself against Gloria and tried to pull her head free, Gloria's haunter emerged from its hiding place, giving her juicy backside a long, slow, *paralyzing* lick. Immediately, Nessa's body locked up, shuddering as nerves froze up and struggled for control. Her eyes went wide in terror, watching as the gullet ahead of her yawned open and-

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With that single, powerful gulp, Nessa's doomed trip began, steadily slipping down the tight passage, walls moving in forwards in ripples that guided Nessa's stiffened body along, passing the muffled beating of Gloria's heart towards the gurgling below. And all poor Nessa could do was whimper, her body unable to follow her brain's desperate commands. Outside, Gloria was taking her time with the gym leader, savoring every bit of skin her tongue could find and with Nessa having taken such care of said skin, it held such a delightful flavor. However, there were a few bumps in the road. First came Nessa's chest, fat around orbs that presented the first challenge and while it took almost ten minutes to get those puppies in her mouth and down her throat, the toll they played in flavor was utterly divine. Nessa's stomach was pretty much gone immediately, despite the small amount of meat hanging off her normally slim midriff, however that was followed up by her ample ass. It didn't take as long as her breasts fortunately, but most of the that it took to her Nessa's breasts in, she spent savoring that juicy, delectable ass. Once her ass was down, the legs went down like spaghetti noodles, causing her already sizeably inflated gut to suddenly balloon outwards as the rest of Nessa just plopped right in.

Forced to curl up in a tight fetal position, Nessa looked around this hot, fleshy place, terror stricken; the prison briefly tightening up with the air flooding upwards and becoming a fat, bassy belch before loosening up again. If it wasn't terribly uncomfortable before, it was made even worse when Gloria started walking down the hall, everything violently shaking with every jiggle of the girl's girth. As soon as the paralysis wore off, Nessa started to fight for her life, kicking and punching and screaming at the top of her lungs.

"You stupid brat, let me out of here!" she called out, her words only leaving the confines of Gloria's belly as angry muffled noises. Unfortunately, no matter how much she struggled and fought, the trainer that swallowed her whole just went on with her journey unphased by her stomach occupant's resistance. Hours passed and the walls tightened, acids quickly rising and reducing Nessa's to a paste. Spacing out towards the end, the acids up to her neck and threatened to overtake, she weakly bit her lip and glared.

"Stupid kid." she growled weakly beneath the gurgles and groans, the sizzles and pops; acids beginning to rise up to her chin. "You ruined everything..."

Cloning her eyes, she vanished beneath the rising tide of stomach acids.

With a gasp, Nessa shot upright and looked around, drenched in a cold sweat. To her surprise,

she wasn't in a stomach, but instead her bedroom. *Was it all a dream?* She was asking herself as she rose from her bed and went to a mirror, awful smell trailing . As soon as she looked at herself, she gasped. She was still in her gym outfit, but it was tattered in burns and her body looked how it was after those Hex Maniacs had shoved themselves down her throat, all that training now for nothing! Gripping her and gritting her teeth, she shouted one curse after another in a fit of rage.

And somewhere in Galar, Gloria was walking into another town, her clothes now barely fitting her now plump curves.