

“Going once...”

Spice couldn't believe it. Just three hours ago he was out on his own, taking the simplest of missions all for himself for a decent payout. Now here he was, trussed up and woozy from whatever sedative the unexpected trap had splattered all over his pristine fur coat.

“Going twice...”

Stuck resting on his chin, forelegs bound under his body to his hinds, butt in the air and tails askew. His precious scarf drizzled around his neck and along the ground. Eyes looking at him from all sides, not in the fun way of showing himself off at a contest, but as a simple thing to be bought, abused, and disposed of. An underground auction, run by a cute Eevee with a bright, evil smile, wearing a tiny top hat between the ears and selling off captive explorers to those that would never be known for bumping them off, and thus never become wanted.

“...Sold! To the chubby Charizard.”

And the worst part of it all?

Spice the Ninetales, the Hero of Clearspring and famous explorer, went for a measly 78 Poké Coins! “This is an outrage!” the trapped Spring once again vocalized, struggling in his bounds and unable to rock more than a few inches. Though unlike before where he vied for freedom, the much more-upsetting news made him speak this time. “I'm worth so much more than that!”

“Apparently not!” the squeaky voice of the Eevee spat back, banging the gavel and motioning the winner to come pay and collect his prize. Spice opened his mouth to speak again when a heavy Charizard foot planted right by his head, the looming Fire-type sparing a glance and knowing smirk his way, before paying the pathetic amount to the Eevee. The two exchanged a nod and Eevee waved him off. “He's all yours, go on then! To those hungry for more, fret not! We have four more lovely specimens up for bid!”

But who those were, or how much more they'd go for, Spice would never find out. He let out a strong yipe when Charizard, ignoring all decorum and rules of the world, snagged two or three of Spice's tails in a claw and casually yanked him along the ground. "My tails! ...My coat! Unhand me!" Spice complained, dragged along like a sack of potatoes. He wanted to give the stupid cheapskate Charizard a piece of his mind, but the shocks of pain from the base of his tails kept him rather distracted! While he was at least away from prying eyes Spice felt dread building in his heart as Charizard took him wherever he was headed, brightly-lit cave fading in to a drearily-lit cliff face. "When the guild hears of this—"

"—I'm sure the memorial service will be adequate," the Charizard spoke back gruffly. Spice yelped louder when he was quite suddenly yanked off the ground and held before Charizard, who Spice finally got a good look at. This thing was big! At least two feet taller than others of his species. A portly gut jostled about and a thick tail twitched about behind him, large wings spreading and tail flame looking as healthy as ever. "And unless you want to be burnt to a crisp I suggest you shut that trap of yours."

Spice made a look of pure disgust, cringing in offense to the crassness. "Excuse me? Do you know who you're talking to? I am the Hero of Clearspring and I'll mff phfff mfff!" Not interested, the Charizard took Spice's scarf and shoveled a handful of the fabric into his whinging gob. Spice cross-eyed to look down at it, and Charizard could hear that offended stare as the eyes wandered back up to him. But he just smiled and heaved the plump-rumped Ninetales up over his shoulder, draping him between his wings, and took off. Spice made to spit out the scarf but was forced to hang on, suddenly dozens of feet in the air. Spice may not have liked this Charizard one bit but right now he was the only thing separating him from a long drop and a sudden stop.

It didn't take long for Charizard to reach his destination. He was holed up in some cave along the mountains (which would have been quite the spectacle for Spice, were he not in this predicament), landing heavily and waddling in with his cheap auction winnings. He dumped off the pouch around his neck, whatever coinage he had remaining tinkling into silence as the bag settled, and yanked Spice off his shoulder, similarly tossing him along the ground. Spice was caught off guard by this, even banging his head against the side of the cave wall, seeing stars momentarily. When he came to, the plump Charizard was standing before him, a leg on either side, belly sagging over, tail swaying back and forth...

...And a plump cock working itself to full mast before the Ninetales' eyes.

"You're pretty skinny, despite that fat butt of yours," Charizard murmured, dragging a now-whimpering Spice around by the tails until said rear was presented to the horny Pokémon. "Let's see what we can do about that before supertime, eh?"

"Mmff! Nnfff!!!"

"Whatever, 'Hero'," Charizard grunted, placing a claw on either of Spice's hips after brushing his tails up and out of the way. The furry plump butt of the Ninetales, presented as wonderfully as it was at the auction, now belonged to this Charizard. He licked his lips and squashed the urge to chomp down on his possession immediately, letting his more yearning urges take hold. Spice's eyes widened, then fluttered nearly closed when he felt Charizard's heated cock drive up between the big presented cheeks. The wobbling flesh separated easily and was coaxed around either side of the member driving dryly in and out of his crevice. The Charizard moaned and worked a slow, steady rhythm into Spice, holding his cock in place while squashing the butt cheeks inward to completely coat his twitching dick. Spice felt the tip press up against the base of his tails, and already felt the stains of pre working its way into his precious fur. Spice moaned as his eyes rolled, the sudden sex attack from the Charizard nearly proving too much for Clearspring's hero.

But things didn't last too long, and Spice was grateful. Charizard humped in and out of the soft malleable Ninetales rear for a couple minutes, then spared Spice the humiliation of getting a good glazing. Admittedly Spice was confused a moment, before another painful yank of the tails spun him around until his muzzle was pressed into the heated, throbbing flesh of the Charizard's malehood. He grimaced away from it but a claw pinched at his cheeks, making his maw fall open. The wedged-in scarf was yanked out and Spice managed a distressed cry, before his mouth was once again occupied. This time, a throbbing Charizard cock jammed its way into his maw, pressing against his gullet until the Ninetales was forced to gulp, taking in a few inches of the shaft. Charizard roared, eager to finish and cream-fill his meal, feeling the tongue under his member and large, twitching ball sac thump up under Spice's chin over and over. Spice wheezed through his snout to stay conscious, and felt the Charizard's peak throb up through the half-swallowed cock, before it exploded inside him.

SPRT SPLRRRRRT SPLRRRRRT SPLUT SPLT SPRRT!

The first wad of cum fired down Spice's throat without incident. Charizard pulled a little bit out before the second elongated delivery of his seed filled Spice's sealed maw to the brim. Clenching his eyes Spice swallowed the load heavily, just as the third once more filled him up. Another shaky **NNGLK** was followed by several more, Charizard emptying his balls into his cheap auction prize. Every heavy swallow served to swell out Spice's comparatively lithe belly, bloating him out and making him feel drunk on the stuff. Charizard only removed his member long after his last spasm, the softening shaft slopping out and dripping drops of unconsumed jizz. Spice panted and similarly flopped to the floor, stomach sloshing in excess seed, tails askew and messy.

"Ahhh... Always love picking up cheap food at the auction," Charizard commented, collecting Spice by the nape of his neck and hoisting him off the cave floor. The fattened-up Ninetales whimpered and dangled in the hungry Charizard's grasp, not even protesting when his scarf was slowly unwound from his neck. Charizard took the fabric and roughly rubbed it over and across Spice's face, clearing off any remnants of the fun he just had, before tossing the scarf into the air. Spice tracked his prized possession with his eyes, and it took everything he had to not cry out in despair, when the scarf disappeared in a wash of red flame, ashes fluttering back to earth. "And with my cream-filled candy unwrapped and filled with perfection," Charizard growled, alongside his wobbling gut, "it's supertime."

"Nnn... N-no..." Spice weakly whimpered, flinching away from a sudden strike of a slobbery Charizard tongue further messing up his fur. But, shockingly, he didn't care about that at the present moment! Drying drool made his chest and face fur stick out at odd angles, but the only thing Spice was concerned about at this moment was escaping this horrid fate! "Let me go, I'll p-pay you way more than what you bought me for!" **SCHLRP.** "I-I'll let you do whatever you want to me every night!" **SLOPCH.** "I'll... I-I'll..." Spice was out of things to offer, or at least he couldn't think any more, as he was hefted higher still, and presented with a rather exclusive view of a widening Charizard maw, strands of drool bowing away, tongue extended, ready to eat Spice alive.

"I... I... Aieeeee!" Spice groveled. Charizard braced another claw under Spice's big rear, and shoveled the screaming Ninetales forward. Too-large jaws clutched down over

Spice's entire front side, head getting a mere moment in the sweltering jaws before it was effortlessly **GLK'd** down. "Mmph! Hlllp!" Charizard's drool increased considerably once the delicious Ninetales was properly squirming about in his jaws. He clenched them around his meal several times, working the soft, sloshing Ninetales tummy in properly. He squished the fattened-up midsection about his mouth, tongue gliding every which way, lapping at every spare inch of fur. Spice whined and cried as he sank deeper from a couple follow-up swallows, fores and chest now pinned on all sides by the squelching throat muscles pounding him down towards the oven that was the Fire-type's merciless stomach. "Let me go! Y-you can't eat me don't eat mee!"

Charizard was easily showing how laughably false this was! He **GULK'd** and **ULP'd** more of his auction prize down, the former explorer's hind legs kicking, making that big butt of his jiggle and jostle about scaly lips. All nine tails were tasked to flagging away in a pathetic attempt to signal his reluctance to become Charizard chow, which only amused Spice's very short-term owner all the more! Charizard clutched to a tail or two while working his jaws around the wide hips of his supper, crunching jaws around the fatty cheeks while yanking at those tails, curse-free, causing more misery for the terrified Spice. The Ninetales suffered more from the playful antics of the hungry Pokémon, for several minutes, ass gradually coated in slobber and wedging into the wide, insatiable jaws. Charizard mumbled hotly around the juicy buttcheeks and ran his tongue up into the crevice, basting his tongue in the flavors Spice probably didn't know he had. Spice tried writhing his hinds more but they were stuck, splayed out either corner his the mouth, with his prized rear on full display to the cave with Charizard jaws gradually sinking down around them.

Charizard grew hungrier by the second. Auction prizes were typically short lived, but he'd gotten quite the bargain out of the haughty, prissy Ninetales. Getting a good rut out of his food was always a bonus, and Charizard would be well-sated in more ways than one by the time the night was over. The now-limp hinds of Spice disappeared into the jaws as the doughy butt sank further into Charizard's mouth, tongue leaving behind a dripping set of cheeks as it slid from one thigh to the other. Spice felt the sharp teeth clack shut around his multitude of tails, the nine things wriggling like worms on a hook. With his cheeks plumped out, Charizard worked the rest of his delicious supper in. Even tucked deep in the throat Spice made out the elongated **SCHLURRRRRRRPs**, as three tails at a time were forcefully sucked into the jaws. All too soon there were just two tail tips squirming against Charizard lips. Charizard opened his mouth a fraction and **CLCK'd**

his jaws around them, sealing Spice away from the open world forever. The squirming bulges of his neck illustrated the horrified Ninetales' protest, feeling his rump edge towards the precipice of the gullet, his one-way journey well-underway.

ULK! ULP GLK GULP GLCH... GLUUUURK! Spice was swallowed whole, wedged down the extended Charizard neck, prominent butt plainly outlined as the top that pair noisily stretching and squelching down the sticky heated throat, with the whiny muffled cries of Charizard's meal barely audible. Charizard was already busy smacking and licking his lips as Spice, shaking in fright, was messily deposited into an already-groaning stomach, wading in bubbling stomach enzymes awaiting fresh meat. His head crushed into one malleable edge of the belly, it groaning loudly all around him, ear pinned to the wall and immobile. The rest of Spice, tails and all, forced his neck to bend with the rest of his body curling up on itself, soaked in slobber that was already sizzling away in the secreting stomach fluids slowly filling the chamber and getting to work. Spice's words were gone, replaced with babbling cries of mercy and futile thrashings about, though there was little of the latter given how cramped it was. With Spice's head crammed to one end, and his plump butt crushing another, body sandwiched in the middle, Spice was forced to endure the slow, steady filling of the too-hot acids and stomach, as digestion began properly.

Charizard patted his even bulgier stomach now, uttering out a lengthy belch and expelling some pale Ninetales fur in the process. "Can't wait for next week's auction," he mumbled, waddling out of his cave with a brighter-burning tail and a gurgling, sometimes-muffled-screaming, belly between his legs. Without another word to himself or his prey, Charizard once again spread his wings and flew off into the night, to enjoy a casual flight before bed. His stomach groaned and churned, swaying from one side to the other, leaving fresh acids to slop over the devoured spice again and again. He'd managed to get himself right-side-up, tails twisted all around as stinging fluids really began to seep into his fur. With no recourse for escape or survival, Spice called out in vain to his no-longer-hungry owner, begging for release, to not be digested. He was the mighty Hero of Clearspring, totally selfless and important! Not some one-off rut and meal for a cave-dwelling fire lizard!

But after several minutes in the pitch-black stomach that grew hotter by the second, making even the Fire-type sweat and string, Spice slowly began to not believe in those words. Despite all his claims and acts, he was doomed to digest in the swollen scaly

stomach, and nobody was coming to rescue him. His voice, cracking from the continued cries driven by his internal fears, was overshadowed by the much louder gurgles slowly digesting him. He had no idea what Charizard was up to but definitely felt the rough landing about an hour later, Charizard making his way back into the cave.

And flopping right on his churning belly, getting cozy on the cave floor.

Spice's muffled cries were much more panicked than before, getting crushed by the girth and the belly walls all around him, nearly immersed completely in burning stomach acid. Charizard laid flat across the ground, hindpaws and underbelly and rear pointed to the cave entrance, tail lazily up and over his back. "Ahhh..." he mumbled, falling into a food-induced sleep that would last the night and most of the morning. His soft belly sprawled along the cave floor and propped his butt up, rolls of pudge and bulging evidence of his squirming dinner visible between his legs. Spice didn't get a wink of sleep, himself! Forced to stay awake most of that night, until he finally succumbed to the throes of burning digestion, sinking below the oven-like stomach. His head and shoulders sank below the depths and never rose, a Ninetales rear eventually bobbing up messily out of the churning fluids, and joining him, with tails slowly filtering down after.

Charizard awoke, and it was nearly noon. He was still posed exactly like he was the night before, though his stomach was smaller, softer, and leaving nothing to the imagination: Spice was nothing but congealed pounds of pudge, and a little more bulging up beyond the Fire-type's sac and just under his tail. "Oof... heavier meal than I thought," Charizard said with a yawn, a smacking of his lips, and a small belch. A clump of half-digested fur splattered to the cave floor. Groaning, Charizard stood up on two legs and eagerly made his way outside. It was time to get rid of what remained of Spice.

He managed a quick flight down to the jungle below, a clearing where no other Pokémon dared hung out, given the proximity to the large Charizard's layer. "Time for your burial, 'Hero'," Charizard mumbled, landing heavily and leaning forward, tail raised. His anus puckered and twitched, and it was quite easy leaving Spice behind. Several logs of Charizard manure poured forth, in several slops and splats. The waste was littered with spots of fur here and there, a bone jutting out, in several pieces, along the way. Spice's skull, barely recognizable as a Ninetales and in three fragments, tumbled out along with the last oozing pile of waste. The whole ordeal lasted seconds,

and Spice had gone from hero to auction property to fertilizer in the span of 24 hours. Charizard sighed in relief once all that excess weight was out of him, and he immediately took off before the smell got too bad.

Though others from Spice's guild would find the auction cave eventually, they certainly wouldn't be in any position to do anything about it. As they would find it the same way Spice did: Being served up to the highest bidder. Charizard would have no idea their connection to the delicious Ninetales currently drying off in the hot afternoon sun in the jungle. And though he wouldn't win every auction going forward, one or two of Spice's old crew would end up joining him, just another meal for the chubby Charizard to enjoy.