

Voracious Triple Threat Match

By: Indigo Rho

The cameraman settled in front of the commentator's table, capturing a clear view of the rotund gray elephant and portly arctic wolf sitting at it. Behind them, members of the wrestling audience shouted and raised signs, unaware they weren't actually on live television yet. A quick gesture from the cameraman perked up the commentators.

"Welcome back to what may very well be the most anticipated match of the night," the elephant said, carefully adjusting his glasses with his trunk.

"The fans have been roaring for it all night, Andrew!" the arctic fox boisterously replied. He wore sunglasses and a tilted baseball cap that hid most of his face, putting greater emphasis on his beaming grin. "They're practically salivating to see the feeding frenzy about to begin!"

"Lance, there's no guarantee we'll see anyone eating during this match, you know that," Andrew sternly said as he chastised his co-commentator. "But they *are* guaranteed to see an impressive show of athleticism."

The arena lights dimmed as the first wrestler's theme music thundered throughout the arena. A round fox squeezed into a blue and black singlet waddled down the ramp to the ring. His massive belly bounced up and down, every curve and jiggle highlighted by his skintight wrestling gear. He climbed the corner stairs and took a fair amount of time navigating between the ropes to get into the ring. Once he finally succeeded, the fox raised his arms triumphantly, a wide smile pinching his wobbly cheeks.

"You can feel the walls of the arena rumbling from the cheers, and who can blame them?" Andrew asked. "Reggie's a crowd favorite, and he's earned that support with his impressive streak of wins lately."

"And what a fattening streak of wins it's been!" Lance added. "Seems like the big guy's hardly gone a match without gobbling up his opponent. He claims it keeps happening on accident, but you can't deny the drunken look of satisfaction on that fox's face every time he packs someone away."

"He always looks more dazed than satisfied to me, Lance. Besides, eating your opponent is an accepted and respectable method of victory. Wrestling wouldn't be wrestling without some predation now and then," Andrew insisted.

"You certainly did quite a lot of that during your time in the ring." Lance smacked Andrew's ample belly with the back of his paw.

"Because of tradition," the elephant grunted back. The arena sound system revved up as a new song played. "Now if we want to talk about a real glutton in the ring, few can compare to Indi."

A massive, blubbery blue anaconda strolled out from the back. His thick tail dragged behind him while his doughy belly wobbled ahead of him. The overhead lights shone off his track pants and the scales of his exposed gut. Thunderous boos nearly drowned out his music.

“The crowd’s not afraid to express their feelings about Indi, are they?” Lance snickered.

“It’s a well-earned reaction, in my opinion. Ambushing and eating fan favorites backstage won’t get most people on your side, especially when it denies them an anticipated match. I’m beginning to wonder if Indi even remembers how to end a match without eating someone.”

“As you said, Andrew, it’s a perfectly acceptable method of victory.”

Indi hefted himself onto the ring apron and rolled himself into the ring. The anaconda’s tail sluggishly slithered in after him. He faced Reggie and rubbed his belly, making a show of licking his lips as he did. Reggie stood his ground, not caving to his opponent’s intimidation.

“I can already hear the ring groaning from their combined weight!” Lance laughed.

“These are two absolute behemoths of the sport. People have been waiting for a match between Indi and Reggie for months now,” Andrew said.

While Indi and Reggie stared each other down, Indi’s tail began to wander. It stealthily slithered around the back of Reggie and circled one of the fox’s boots. Reggie noticed at the very last second and pulled his boot up just as Indi tried to coil it. He put some distance between himself and the voracious snake.

“That was a cheap move on Indi’s part,” Andrew grumbled. “Thankfully Reggie caught on, so no one’s ending up filling a belly before the damn bell even rings.”

“You can’t fault Indi for seeing an opportunity to assure victory and taking it.”

“I can when it goes against the spirit of the competition. If he’s that eager to deny the fans a great match, he should’ve just ambushed Reggie in the back and disappointed them earlier.”

“Don’t forget, Andrew, these people are here to see swelling bellies as much as they are good old-fashioned wrestling. Nothing pleases the crowd like a squirming gut!” Lance grabbed a pawful of Andrew’s doughy love handle and gave the elephant’s middle a solid shake.

“Keep that up, and we’ll see how *you* like pleasing the crowd as a squirming bulge.” Andrew glared at his slightly smaller co-commentator.

Lance smiled at the threat. “As if you’d risk having to do double the work!” The wolf smacked Andrew’s gut again, causing the elephant to grumble and sigh.

A new theme started playing. A short, lean geoffroy’s cat raced down the ramp and glided into the ring in a display of agility that made Reggie and Indi appear immobile in comparison. He scaled all four corner turnbuckles in quick succession, raising his arms to the crowd each time. A mixture of cheers and boos welcomed the cat’s display.

“Hash might be the most polarizing wrestler in this match,” Andrew said. “He’s got an ego the size of the moon and has spent all night talking up how there’s no question he’ll win this match, despite the undeniable fact he’s severely outweighed by both of them. And of course Indi and Reggie could swallow him in a couple of gulps without much effort.”

“Ah, but they’ll have to catch Hash first, and he’s made a career out of dodging maws. All he has to do is stay one step ahead of his opponents and let them tire themselves out. Or take advantage of the fact there aren’t very many rules in this match!”

“You have a point there,” Andrew admitted. “For those at home just joining us, this is a falls count anywhere triple-threat elimination match. The match won’t end until two of the three wrestlers have either been pinned or submitted.”

“Or eaten!”

“Yes, or eaten,” Andrew said. “None of which *needs* to occur in the ring. There’s no disqualification, either, so these three can use anything at their disposal to achieve victory.”

“Hopefully they don’t put each other through our poor, innocent table here.” Lance tapped the commentator’s table twice.

“Try not to give them any ideas.”

The ref—a fairly plump zebra—slid into the ring and called for the match to begin.

Indi and Reggie sized each other up as the match officially started. The anaconda and fox were about the same size, both massively rotund with more blubber than muscle. There was no question that either had the stomach capacity for the other, as they’d each scarfed down whole tag teams in the past without much difficulty. But after a tense staredown, the pair slowly turned to face Hash, the odd man out.

Hash raised his paws and took a step back. Indi and Reggie each took a ring-shaking step forward. They charged, intent on taking the small cat out of the match in an instant. Hash wisely dropped to the mat and rolled out of the ring.

Momentum carried Indi and Reggie along, and the two behemoths slammed into each other hard. Heads spun and bellies wobbled.

Indi scowled at Reggie and shoved the fox. Reggie shoved him right back, and the two started brawling.

“That’s why you can’t underestimate Hash, Andrew,” Lance said. “He didn’t even lift a finger, and his opponents are already at each other’s throats!”

“Running only gets you so far in a match like this. Even if he does make it to the final two, he’ll have to go on the attack eventually in order to secure a win. You can joke about how huge and slow Indi and Reggie are, but they’re both professional athletes; neither’s going to simply pass out in the middle of the ring.”

“I think Hash might have heard you, Andrew, because I see him digging under the ring for an equalizer!”

Hash held the ring apron up with one paw as he scrounged under the ring with the other. A wide smile spread across the geoffroy’s cat’s face, and he pulled a steel chair out. Cheers rose from the crowd as the first weapon of the match was retrieved.

Back in the ring, Indi had gained the upper hand in his fight with Reggie. He wrapped his thick tail around the even thicker fox with surprising speed, coiling his opponent tight. Reggie wiggled fiercely, but he just couldn’t seem to shake off the anaconda’s coils. Worry flashed across his round face, while Indi flicked out his tongue in smug satisfaction and opened his maw wide.

“Looks like Indi’s ready to treat the ring like a buffet again. If Reggie doesn’t break free of those coils soon, he’s going to be facing a mighty tight squeeze down his opponent’s gullet,” Andrew said.

“Going for the tastiest course in the match, as usual,” Lance said. The wolf cleared his throat and belted out a few sing-songy notes. “Who could resist such a big and round fox; one who wa-ddles rather than walks? Instead of being declared our winner; Reggie is about to be-come dinner!”

Andrew groaned long and loud, not bothering to dignify his co-commentator’s performance.

Hash slid into the ring with the steel chair. The cat slammed the chair into Indi’s back with all his might. Indi stiffened at the blow, losing his grip on Reggie, who slumped through the anaconda’s coils onto the mat.

But the sneak attack hadn’t taken Indi down. He slowly turned around, staring daggers at his attacker. Hash swung the chair again, but it bounced right off Indi’s belly, sending ripples across the blubbery surface.

Indi snatched the bent chair out of Hash’s paws, prepared to give Hash a taste of steel in return. Hash went back on the offensive with a surprise dropkick that drove the chair into Indi’s face and sent the stunned snake

tumbling backward into the grasp of Reggie, who'd just recovered. Reggie wrapped his arms around as much of Indi's waist as he could, gripping two tight pawfuls of snake belly. He then hefted Indi off his feet and suplexed him.

The entire ring shook from the impact.

"What an incredible feat of strength from Reggie!" Andrew shouted.

"It's a miracle he didn't get flattened under his opponent! But will Reggie try and have himself a filling noodle dinner, or will he be content with a pin?"

Reggie flopped onto Indi's chest, burying the snake and going for the traditional pin. The referee hit the mat and began the count while the crowd chanted along.

"One!"

"Two!"

Indi raised his shoulder off the mat well before the three-count finished, pushing Reggie away. Reggie rolled onto his back, just in time to see Hash rocket at him from the top turnbuckle. Hash drove his elbow hard into the fox's round middle. He scrambled atop his mountain of a foe, nearly too small to put him into a pin.

The referee went back to counting.

"One!"

Reggie shunted Hash off, sending the small cat flying away.

"These wrestlers are proving once again that there are no allies in a triple-threat match," Andrew said. "They will take any and every opportunity they see to finish someone off."

"And they know how important taking a moment to rest can be. Indi's taken refuge outside the ring while Reggie and Hash go at it. A big hungry serpent waiting for his time to strike."

Reggie and Hash grappled in the middle of the ring, a clash of polar opposite styles. Reggie threw his considerable weight around, taking heavy swings and making every effort to slam Hash to the mat. Hash countered with a flurry of kicks and punches to wear his blubbery foe down. He circled, dipped in and out, and tried tripping Reggie whenever he could.

The fox and cat traded blow after blow on even footing. Then Hash overextended himself a little, providing an opening for Reggie to grab him. Reggie flipped Hash onto his back and then jumped, delivering a tidal wave of a splash. Hash's eyes bulged as he was almost completely enveloped by the fox.

"That has to be it for Hash!" Andrew declared as the referee went for the count.

"Better flattened than eaten," Lance said.

"One!"

"Two!"

A mixture of boos and gasps erupted from the crowd as Reggie was suddenly pulled off Hash, breaking up the three-count right as the referee's hoof was about to hit the mat. Indi—still outside the ring—had grabbed Reggie by the ankles and was greedily gulping the fox down.

Andrew shook his head. "I can understand having a hearty appetite, but Reggie was *just* about to eliminate Hash! He's only hurting himself here."

"He's thinking ahead, Andrew. Reggie's literally his biggest threat in this match, and swallowing him is his best bet to score a win *and* fill his belly at the same time."

"And how's he going to take out Hash when he's weighed down by a few hundred pounds of fox?" Andrew asked. "You're the one who's been going on about not underestimating that cat, and that's exactly what Indi's doing if he thinks he can simply save Hash for last. If I were in his position—and I *have* been in the past—I'd eat Hash first and save Reggie for last. A prey Hash's size won't slow you down much."

"I don't know, you seemed a bit sluggish last week after you snacked on that short loudmouthed fan right before the broadcast began," Lance teased, poking the elephant's doughy side.

"That's a completely different situation," Andrew sighed.

Reggie clawed at the mat in a desperate attempt to pull himself free of Indi's maw, but the heavy-duty material resisted him. Inch by inch, he slid deeper down the anaconda's throat, his legs squeezed tightly together. Flopping about in the ring did little to slow his descent.

On the outside, Indi's vast belly slowly filled with fox. He flicked the tip of his tail back and forth, confident he wouldn't lose Reggie this time. Some in the crowd booed the consumption of the fan-favorite fox, but the majority cheered. Fans always went wild for predation in the ring, whether the meal was face or heel.

"Reggie's just about to reach the point of no return, and I'm having trouble seeing how he can find a way out of this. This meal may be the momentum Indi needs to win this match, so long as he can deal with Hash afterward," Andrew said.

"And he'll need all the momentum he can get once he's stuffed to the gills with fox!" Lance added.

As Reggie felt Indi's jaws working over his thick thighs, he made one final gambit to stay in the match and out of the giant snake's stomach. He propped himself on his elbows and twisted himself like a corkscrew.

The sudden movement caught Indi off-guard and off-balance. He tilted over and fell against the steel steps, whose sharp sides dug into his exposed

back. The anaconda let out a gasp of pain that turned into a cough and then gagging. Once he started throwing up Reggie, he couldn't stop.

Reggie had been pulled out of the ring when Indi went down, but at least he was free, and the crowd was in an uproar over his success.

"Fast thinking on Reggie's part means he's still in this match!" Andrew shouted.

"But only just barely! He can't keep giving Indi opportunities to gobble him up like this," Lance said.

Reggie and Indi stumbled to their feet at the same time. Indi flicked his tongue out and pointed a finger at his open mouth, gesturing for the fox to get inside. Reggie responded by shaking his belly and licking his lips, the first real threat to eat anyone he'd made that match. They neglected to keep an eye on Hash, who remained in the ring.

Hash ran the ropes and launched himself over the side of the ring, arms spread wide. The flying cat plowed straight into Indi and Reggie, riding the doughy pair into the ground. Once the referee realized Hash was covering both his opponents, he slid out of the ring and went for the count.

"He doesn't really think he can pin them both at once, does he?" Andrew asked in disbelief.

"Overpowering larger foes requires a bit of daring, and Hash seems full of that tonight!"

"One!"

"Two!"

The crowd chanted "three" as Indi and Reggie simultaneously tossed off Hash, who unceremoniously rolled under the ring.

"Hash came dangerously close to humiliating his opponents with that double pin!" Andrew said.

Indi and Reggie got back to their feet moments later. With Hash out of sight and briefly out of mind, the two heavyweights turned on each other once more. They fought with the ferocity of two tanks smashing into one another, throwing belly-jiggling punch after belly-jiggling punch. Their bellies collided whenever they grappled, sending ripples across their rotund bodies. Maws frequently stretched open and lunged, but neither wrestler managed to feed.

"This is going to come down to a test of endurance," Andrew said. "No one has a clear advantage between the two of them, and they're matching blow after blow."

"Indi's taken some hard hits from the chair and steel steps, though. He's gotta be feeling those aches."

As if to prove Lance's point, Indi stumbled while throwing a punch Reggie's way, allowing the fox to grapple him. Reggie once again picked the

massive anaconda up, tossing him into the barricade. He fell upon Indi and hooked his leg, going for a pin.

“One!”

“Two!”

Indi kicked out. He smacked Reggie around with his heavy tail to buy himself some time, practically burying the fox under his doughy coils in the process. They traded blows once they got back on their feet until a stiff kick made Reggie hunch over. Indi moved in and lifted the enormous fox into the air before powerbombing him to the floor. The anaconda swayed for a moment, panting. Rather than sate his hunger, he covered Reggie for his first pin attempt of the night, piling his tail onto Reggie’s legs to help.

“Indi’s gotta be exhausted if he’s going for a pin and not a meal,” Andrew said.

“Cramming a wrestler as bulky as Reggie down your throat takes a lot of energy, and with the beating he’s taken, he might be running on automatic right now. I’m sure his appetite will return after a breather.”

“One!”

“Two!”

Reggie pushed the fat anaconda off him, coils and all.

“Wait, I think I see some movement by the ring apron,” Andrew said.

“I think our feline friend is finally rested enough to return to the match!”

Sure enough, Hash poked his head out from behind the ring apron. He saw Reggie and Indi getting to their feet and scurried out, holding another chair.

“This doesn’t look good for Indi and Reggie. They’ve done a lot of damage to each other, and that chair can do a hell of a lot more if they’re not careful,” Andrew said.

Hash raised his chair above his head and brought it down on Reggie. The fat fox grabbed the chair midswing and wrested it from the geoffroy’s cat’s grasp. Hash’s ears flattened, and he nervously stepped away from the opponent he’d unintentionally armed.

Reggie stalked after Hash, slowly herding the small cat around the outside of the ring. Hash glided back into the ring to escape Reggie, only to find himself face-to-face with Indi, who’d snuck in before him. Reggie discarded the chair and entered soon after.

“Uh-oh, Hash has been cornered by a pair of vengeful boulders!” Lance laughed. “Those walls of blubber are steadily closing in.”

“Hash’s apparent plan to let Indi and Reggie wear themselves down seems to be falling apart around him,” Andrew said. “He better hope neither of

them is hungry for cat, otherwise he'll be returning to the back swaying in a sweltering stomach."

Indi and Reggie charged Hash together, smashing the cocky cat between their massive bellies to roaring cheers. Hash swayed when the two heavyweights stepped away, then collapsed to the ring.

"This is the perfect time to eliminate Hash from the match, but Indi and Reggie seem to care more about showing off than winning," Andrew scoffed.

"Looks can be deceiving, Andrew," Lance insisted.

Indi had his arms crossed and was jabbing the fallen cat with the tip of his tail, grinning as if he'd won the match already. Reggie, on the other hand, had snuck up behind the snake.

Reggie grabbed Indi and chucked him over the top rope, sending him crashing into a doughy pile on the floor. With Indi out of the way, he turned his attention to Hash, who remained dazed on the mat. He dragged Hash to the nearest corner and slowly climbed the turnbuckle.

"Anyone who's watched a match with Reggie knows what this is," Andrew said.

"We've all heard the rumors that Hash makes a good cushion, and Reggie's clearly about to test that theory with his fearsome banzai drop!"

Perched atop the first rope at the turnbuckle, Reggie raised his arms to rev up the crowd. He put a bit too much energy into the taunt, though, and lost his grip on the ropes. He slid off them, but rather than hit the floor, his boots landed in Hash's open maw.

Gravity and the geoffroy's cat's slick throat sent Reggie sliding at breakneck speed down Hash's gullet. Hash's flat middle ballooned out like an airbag as half a fox dumped into it within seconds. He jolted as his belly strained to handle his unexpected meal, his tail poofing out and his eyes shooting wide open.

"What in the world just happened!" Andrew shouted.

"Seems like Hash might have the biggest appetite of them all! What a stunning sneak attack against Reggie!"

"That was a damn accident, plain and simple!"

"Accident or not, it seems like it's about to earn Hash an elimination. And quite the bellyache."

Reggie clung to the ropes, shock all over his face at the sudden turn of events. His vast belly had briefly halted his descent, but his own girth was slowly pulling him in deeper. The fox's arms quaked as he tried to haul himself out of Hash's maw, but he didn't have enough room to struggle properly, and Hash was actively beginning to swallow.

“This is it,” Andrew said. “This has got to be it. There’s no way Reggie’s wiggling free this time.”

“There’s always a chance he’ll pull off a miracle and escape that cramped stomach before the match is over,” Lance snickered.

“That’s about as likely as me stepping into the ring again and winning the title. And even if he pulls it off, it won’t stop Reggie from being eliminated. Once those jaws shut tight, you are out of the match, regardless of what happens later.”

Reggie’s grip on the ropes finally failed. Hash’s jaws stretched over the immense ball of his opponent’s belly, his soft chest, and his thick neck. As Reggie felt the cat’s maw wrap around his round cheeks, his eyes darted every which way. Then, he vanished from sight, slipping into his foe’s painfully taut stomach.

“And there you have it, Reggie is out of the match,” Andrew declared. “What an astonishing turn of events. Who could have guessed that Hash would eat either of the behemoths in this match?”

“Hash certainly didn’t, going off the look on his face right now!”

Hash lay on the mat, groaning loudly as his swollen middle wobbled back and forth. The small cat looked like he’d swallowed a boulder. Reggie’s squirms provoked the occasional belch, but Hash’s stomach kept him firmly locked away.

“Do you think Hash is prepared for the consequences of the calorie bomb he’s just gulped down?” Andrew asked. “A fox that fat will absolutely pile the pounds on you.”

“Those calories might overwhelm the average person, but you’re forgetting about Hash’s frighteningly efficient metabolism. Not surprising, considering how rare it is for him to eat anyone,” Lance said. “But when he *does* eat, he barely gains an ounce. I don’t think Reggie’s about to become belly fat; he’s about to become no more than a bellyache.”

“Hash should consider himself lucky if a bellyache is all he has to worry about by the end of this match. He still has to eliminate Indi, and the anaconda isn’t weighed down by a few hundred pounds of furious fox,” Andrew said.

Outside of the ring, Indi eyed the stuffed geoffroy’s cat with a wicked grin on his face. He casually rolled into the ring and strolled up to his beached opponent. The crowd preemptively booed the heelish anaconda’s guaranteed victory, but a few chants of “eat him!” still came through.

“The snake everyone loves to hate is eyeing up a filling win tonight!” Lance said. “Reggie’s accidental loss is about to result in considerable gains for Indi.

Unlike Hash, his metabolism can't help but turn meals into pounds of blubber."

"Blubber he'll no doubt use to secure future wins as well."

"Was that your secret to success, Andrew?" Lance asked.

"You're lucky I'm not hungry now, Lance," the put-upon elephant answered.

Indi guided his heavy tail around Hash's bloated middle and squeezed it, making both the cat and his meal squirm. The teasing continued. He knelt beside Hash and drummed hard on his belly, laughing at the wobbles and belches that ensued. Hash hissed at his tormentor, about the only thing he *could* do while weighed down by Reggie. Indi responded by patting Hash on the cheeks and trying to poke his nose.

Hash chomped down on Indi's claw when the anaconda reached out, though. In a flash, he'd swallowed Indi's claw up the wrist.

Indi frowned at the daring show of resistance. He pulled hard, but Hash swallowed harder, and suddenly he was in up to his elbow. Indi tried to pry open Hash's jaws with his free claw, but he only invited danger in doing so. Hash simply opened wide and sucked in the second claw as well.

"This *can't* be happening!" Andrew said. "Is Hash really going to eat *both* his opponents tonight? Has he ever eaten this much in one sitting period?"

"Wrestlers are always looking to expand their skills. Hash has just decided to expand his appetite as well!"

"If Indi can't free himself from Hash's maw, this will be one of the greatest upsets we've ever seen. Two of the heaviest wrestlers in the fed swallowed whole by one of the smallest? It's an unprecedented level of gluttony!"

"Didn't you eat half a battle royale one year?" Lance asked.

"I was *fed* half that battle royale. There's a difference," Andrew huffed.

Indi pulled and pulled, but for every inch he retrieved, Hash consumed three more. The fury on his face gradually shifted to unease and then panic as he came face to face with Hash. The cat opened his maw wide, and Indi took the plunge into darkness.

The roar of the crowd was deafening. People were on their feet, cheering at the top of their lungs. Some hastily swallowed anyone blocking their view, prompting a wave of gluttony in the audience. Not only was the heel about to lose the match, but the winner was about to become absurdly engorged as a result. The crowd couldn't have asked for a better result.

Slowly but surely, Hash swallowed the immense anaconda whole. The cat's belly swelled to tremendous size, clinging tightly to the fox and snake trapped within. Hash's eyes were half-lidded the entire time, and he beat the

mat with his fists as he struggled to finish off the largest meal of his life. But against the odds, he slurped up every last inch of Indi.

The second Hash's jaws were shut, the referee called for the bell to ring.

"Incredible. Just incredible," Andrew said in awe. "Hash not only defeated two heavyweights, he swallowed them. This is the sort of upset that makes this sport so great, Lance!"

"The hungriest cat won tonight, and to the glutton goes the spoils: a horrendous stomach ache," Lance snickered. "You can barely see the cat under that mountain of a belly he's got. And to think, he'll only be a tiny bit softer once he's slept that feast off."

"I'm sure Hash is eager to pass out so he doesn't have to deal with all that kicking. Reggie and Indi clearly aren't happy with how things turned out, but digestion is a risk every wrestler has to accept. At least Hash isn't likely to make them linger in there like some gluttons would."

Hash's blimp of a belly shook frantically as the match's losers vented their frustration on the stomach walls. But no matter how hard they kicked and punched, Hash's stomach refused to release them.

Andrew ogled the geoffroy's cat's enormous gut for a moment before clearing his throat. "Anyway, that's all for us tonight. Thank you for joining us, and don't forget to watch next week, when we'll have even more astounding feats of athleticism and gluttony to show you."

"Ah, so you're gonna stuff yourself next week, jumbo?" Lance teased.

Andrew glared down at his co-commentator. "Maybe I'll stuff myself right now."

The screen faded as the elephant reached for the suddenly nervous plump arctic wolf.