

In Five Hundred Words

The Ass Bomb

And just as Flaming Fury rose to her feet and groggily turned around, Tumbling Tiff leaped off the top rope, positioning her legs into the air while pulling the thong of her unitard aside. The last thing Fury saw was a dark pink pucker yawning opening into pitch black, humid darkness. In one smooth motion, Tiff's thick booty swallowed her opponent's entire body, her asshole moving down those thick and sweaty muscles until the blonde was planting her feet on the mat. Trapped from the waist up in a slimy, hot colon, Fury furiously kicked trying to escape while she pushed back the walls encompassing.

“THE ASS BOMB! SHE HIT HER WITH THE ASS BOMB!” Cried out the over enthusiastic announcer. ***“AW, IT'S ALL OVER FOR FURY NOW!”***

“You can say that again Sal. Few have ever escaped Tumbling Tiff's Ass Bomb and even *fewer* have ever escaped when she does it off the top rope!”

“YOU KNOW IT, VICK! THERE'S ONLY BEEN THREE WRESTLERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE SPORT TO GET OUT OF THAT ASS!”

“Well Sal, now we'll see if Fury has what it takes to get out of there or just be another victim!”

The crowd watched and cheered as the half-eaten wrestler thrashed around, her foe's stomach getting distorted from her frantic hands reaching outward. Chuckling, Tiff began to bob her hips up and down, her massive, plump asscheeks clapping together as she picked up the pace.

“OH GOD, THIS IS IT! SHE'S GONNA FINISH HER OFF!”

“Fury's not long for this world if she doesn't get out!”

With every bounce of that ass, Fury's dark-skinned legs sank deeper and deeper into those fat cheeks, her chocolate starfish greedily devouring those thick and muscular thighs and gobbling up those knees. Inside, the hispanic fighter was pulled along her opponent's bowels, the walls powerfully pulverizing her as they dragged her along, taking her deeper into the grumbling guts all so eager to swallow her whole. Victory in her grasp now, Tiff struck one pose after another, each accentuated by the bounce of her fat ass to suck in the rest of her foe. Soon, all that was left of Fury was her feet dangling from Tiff's ass.

“AW WHAT A SHAME! WHAT A DAMN SHAME!”

“Yeah Sal, she fought as hard as she could but as we all know here viewers, once your in that ass, you either fight or say your prayers.”

Giggling like a schoolgirl, Tumbling Tiff squatted down until those toes were hovering *just* inches over the mat. She jerked her hips once, twice, three times and with that, her pretty pink pucker closed tightly over Flaming Fury’s feet, flexing a few times before clenching tightly for the last. Fury’s fate was sealed, trapped entirely inside her rival’s large intestine and now fighting desperately to keep herself from going any deeper.

1! The crowd cheered in tandem with the referee’s count, all eyes on Tiff’s large, round stomach bouncing up and down in an obvious wild thrashing.

“Is this it for Flaming Fury!?”

2!

“C’MON FURY, YOU GOT THIS! JUST KEEP FIGHTING!”

3!

The ringside bell rang out across the entire stadium over a thick stew of boos and cheers, the crowd going absolutely nuts one way or another

“And our winner, **TUMBLIIIIIIING TINNAAAAAA!**” Said the voice over the intercom as the ref took the victor’s hand and raised high.

“What a match that was!”

“You said it, Sal. Flaming Fury started off strong, but y’know that’s her weakness. Starts off too strong too fast, all it takes is someone like Tina who can handle the long game with an opponent like that and boom, straight up the ass you go.”

“Couldn’t have put it better myself Vick, next for you folks at home we got the **Hungry Hornet** vs **TOAD FACE!** These two, bitter rivals since the dawn of time, gonna be an **AMAZING** show folks, you stay right there and we’ll be back after the break!”

Hitting the floor hard with a wet splat and heavy grunt, Flaming Fury was staring up at a bare ass and brown eye staring back, both replaced by a grinning face and a helping hand.

“Good show out there Angela!”

“Feeling’s Mutual.”

Their hands came together in a firm clap and the former helped the latter from the shower floor.

“Almost thought I had you in the beginning there.”

“Had to give the crowd an exciting show.” Tiff countered before hanging over a bottle of shampoo.

“Nah, that’s a whole lot of bullshit and you know it.”

The cheeky wrestler gave her a little wink and a wry smile before walking over to the locker room door.

“Don’t forget, you owe me a beer. And if you do, I’ll keep you in my asshole for a *week*.”

“Yeah yeah.” She said before muttering under her breath. “Perra gorda.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing.”

Goal: 827/500