

Dr. Zeigler never did grow accustomed to house calls.

There were a variety of reasons why he was not meant to be visiting his patients at home. For starters, he had horrible eyesight, even for a ferret in his early 30's. He was used to taking the bus to work, but having to drive to visit patients in their homes required him to become refamiliarized with the concept of driving. Prescription glasses only helped him so much; the mustelid sat practically hunched over his steering wheel as he drove through the narrow neighborhood streets, praying that he didn't accidentally hit a bump.

Not only that, but he was also a dentist. Dr. Zeigler wasn't even allowed the luxury of driving his own tiny car in most cases. Alas, he needed to drive the company van to bring along extra equipment, far more than what could fit into a simple tool bag or briefcase. It was a frustrating and cumbersome process to arrive at a patient's house, unpack, perform his job, unpack, drive off to another location, rinse and repeat. He missed the good ol' days where all of his patients came to his office, where everything was always primed and ready.

This year sucked.

Thankfully, he was pulling into the last house of the evening. One last patient separated him from a weekend of laying on the couch and binge watching Scrubs. Parking his car as close to the curb as possible (he later discovered he was three feet away. Damned eyesight), Dr. Zeigler grabbed his clipboard and hopped out of the car, scoffing.

This last patient, one "Arcamedes," called to complain about a mild toothache, and nothing more. Dr. Zeigler sighed. Patients that were vague made his job that much more unbearable; there could be a multitude of reasons behind this Arcamedes' toothache. Well, if Arcamedes was going to be vague, so could Dr. Zeigler. "You need to floss more." Yeah, that sounded like decent advice.

The ferret rapped his knuckles on the door.

No response.

He knocked again. "This is Dr. Zeigler!"

Nothing. The ferret blinked. Looks like he might get to start his weekend break a little earlier. He was in the process of turning around to leave when he heard a loud snort coming from within, followed by a loud belch. "Bwurrrawrwaarp! A-aw, fuck. Come in!"

Dr. Zeigler raised a brow. Looks like he interrupted someone's beauty sleep, although it sounded like they needed a few more hours, given the variety of noises he just heard. Well, whatever. Let's just get this over with. Donning his white mask, the ferret opened the door and stepped in, half expecting to find some fat slob laying on the couch.

Holy shit, were his expectations met.

"Heya, doc. Glad you could make it," Arcamedes muttered sleepily. At least, Dr. Zeigler assumed it was Arcamedes; he honestly couldn't see the arcanine's face past that incredible mountain of a gut! That black lumpy sphere of fur and fat practically filled the entire couch on its own, the top of which spilled over even the backrest of the sofa. Said belly completely dominated not just Arcamedes' torso, but his legs and tail as well; only the edges of his pudgy paws poked through, resting atop the armrest. God damn, that gut was practically chest-level with the ferret, standing up!

Dr. Zeigler hesitantly cleared his throat, clutching the clipboard tightly in his paws. "A-am I speaking to...Arcamedes?"

"In the flesh," the arcanine chuckled; Dr. Zeigler couldn't tell if the pokemon had meant to make a pun or not. His patient patted his middle. "Do you mind walking around so I could see ya? Afraid I can't quite get a good look at you with this bad boy in the way," he snorted, squeezing the blubbery black belly.

"Y-yeah, sure..." The ferret gulped. He was completely out of his comfort zone here, dealing with a fatty whose belly alone weighed three times as much as he did. Timidly, the mustelid shuffled forward, unintentionally kicking up empty bags of chips and candy. He could barely see the carpet beneath the sheer amount of litter flooding what he presumed was the living room, his round ears flicking at the sound of the tv blaring nearby. He nearly kicked his shins against the coffee table obscured by wrappers. There were towers of pizza boxes, big enough to be support beams to the house! Just seeing and smelling the wrapper-filled room made him feel fatter already.

At last, he made his way around the circumference of mount belly, staring in horror at the resting goliath who owned it. Every part of Arcamedes was as fat as his gut: his series of plump chins that were visible even beneath his thick and fluffy beige mane, his plump cheeks wobbling off the side of his muzzle, his orange ham hock arms that practically melted into his pillow-sized moobs.

The arcanine snorted, looking lazily up at the ferret with half-lidded eyes. "Take a picture, it'll last longer."

"O-oh, erh," Dr. Zeigler blushed, scratching his ear awkwardly. "My apologies. I'm not used to working with patients who are..."

"Total fatasses?"

"W-well, that's one way to put it," the ferret muttered. Despite the fire-type looking seemingly immobile, Dr. Zeigler was still intimidated. Arcamedes was tall, too; possibly 8 feet tall if he could somehow haul himself upright, which would make him a full 3 feet taller than the

shorter ferret. He did not want to imagine a scenario where the arcanine would be upright and looming over him.

The arcanine chuckled, jostling his belly. "I'm just teasing ya, doc. We know we're huge. No need to be shy about it"

"W-we?" The ferret's ears wilted.

"Yeah, my boyfriend Toko and I. He's the one taking a nap over there." Arcamedes gestured with his snout.

Dr. Zeigler slowly followed the fire dog's gaze, before dropping his clipboard out of shock.

This Toko, this enormous, gluttonous, tubby gator, was just as big as Arcamedes! Dr. Zeigler genuinely thought the blobby reptile was some sort of art decoration at first before he adjusted his thick-rimmed glasses. The gator's tail alone was the size of a couch, the flabby limb spilling over the other side of his own sofa. Aside from that, the reptile was practically identical to the pokemon in terms of his sheer size, his swamp-green body bloated and filled with blubber while that cream-colored gut rose high into the air. At the very least, Dr. Zeigler could barely make out Toko's ankles beneath all that blubber, so at the very least he wasn't the medical anomaly that his boyfriend was, for the time being. He also was the only fatty clothed, wearing a tattered hawaiian shirt that looked as though it clung painfully tightly to those enormous shoulders.

However, if he were to compare the two, the ferret noticed that Toko's gut actually rose even higher than his boyfriend's, a near perfect sphere compared to the lumpy sagging mass of Arcamedes' black gut. That cream colored gut...he swore it was moving and jiggling on its own, despite the gator looking completely unconscious, his snoring drowning out the T.V. He must have had a hell of a binge recently to get a stomach that round.

From behind him, Dr. Zeigler could hear the pokemon chuckling. "For someone who's paid to look at mouths, you've been staring at our stomachs quite a bit."

The poor ferret's tail wrapped around his ankles, bashfully turning back to Arcamedes. "It's...not every day you see this sort of thing."

"Are you jealous?" The fire dog's grin widened, dimples forming in his chubby cheeks.

"I...I..." Dr. Zeigler stuttered through, not at all sure what he was supposed to say here. Why would anyone be jealous of two blobs too fat to move on their own, stuck inside their living room surrounded by the results of their own greed? He shook his head. "Could we, erh, get back to the task at hand?"

Arcamedes snorted. "Very well." His smirk remained.

The ferret hesitantly bent over, fishing through the piles of wrappers for his clipboard. "You claim you have a toothache, yes? Do you know when this first occurred?"

The arcanine hummed to himself, his finger stroking his bunched up chins. "I'd say...quite a while ago, actually."

"How long?"

"I dunno."

Dr. Zeigler sighed, furrowing his brows. "I can't help you if you won't give me enough information. I need you to be more specific if I am to figure out the cause of your toothache. If the pain has been happening for long enough, it could turn out to be a serious infection or a cavity."

Arcamedes snorted. "Fine. You want specifics? I'll start from the top then.

"About 6 or 7 months ago, Toko and I were sitting on this couch. Yeah, the same one I'm currently crushing beneath my fat ass. We were both way skinnier back then, obviously, like 300-ish pounds or so, and we had just ordered pizza. He was calling it quits after 4 slices, so I teased him for being a little wuss. Course, I didn't mean anything of it, I love my gator guy more than anything, but he somehow manages to cram down two more slices, then calls *me* a wuss! I had to actually shove down another slice myself, just so I wouldn't get mocked by my own boyfriend.

"The next day, it's burgers. We both get our usual meal, but Toko buys an extra large milkshake on top of it! The guy practically downs the entire thing in a single go, I kid you not. *Then* he has the nerve to call *me* out for not getting an extra large shake and starts poking at my lil gut. So, obviously, I go up and get two for myself; can't have him out do me now, right?"

Dr. Zeigler frowned, struggling to piece together where the toothache fits within all this.

The arcanine continued. "And this just keeps going on and on, every day for like three weeks, until we finally noticed we were starting to get fat! It looked like we had both swallowed basketballs. Heh, back when we used to be able to see our feet. Anyways, I'm expecting Toko to start chickening out, but get this; the tubby little gator starts saying his gut is bigger! I mean, seriously? I downed like five whole buckets of fried chicken that night, just to prove my point that I'll always be the top dog in this house.

"But it didn't end there, oh no. That day, we declared war on each other. I'm talking just nonstop feasting and binging, day in and day out. We hardly left the couch, just to preserve every precious calorie that we could, all in order to gain that extra little bit to try and win the

other over. We both agreed that whoever could stay the fattest for a week straight would be the winner, yet we didn't exactly get a winner in time, did we?

"I mean, fuck, dude. Look how fat we got?" The lardanine, erh, arcanine reached down to grab both sides of his tremendous gut, giving it a quick jiggle. Judging by his wide grin, he didn't look exactly displeased with his incredible weight. "Every day, we could feel the pounds piling on top of each other. We just kept getting fatter, heavier, lazier, hungrier. We started ordering more and more, and not even for the sake of our contest. We were just constantly, perpetually hungry, man. Even now, all this junk food isn't enough to keep us full for very long. We're desperate for something more filling at this point, ya know?"

"I don't."

Arcamedes frowned as Dr. Zeigler crossed his arms. "I'm sorry to be blunt, but I didn't come all this way to listen to you ramble about your eating disorder. There are trained professionals out there who I'm sure can help you two slim back down to a more manageable weight, but my job here is to assist with a toothache. I will ask one more time: when did the ache happen?"

The ferret stared directly into the arcanine's brown eyes, who glared right back at him in frustration. Finally, Arcamedes sighed. "Like, two or three days ago or something."

"Finally." Dr. Zeigler huffed, scribbling into his clipboard. "What tooth?"

"A molar in the back right."

"Very good." The ferret nodded. "How often do you brush your teeth?"

"Often." Arcamedes sighed.

Dr. Zeigler wasn't so sure. "I believe this may be a cavity, then. I can't say I'm exactly surprised, given your eating habits. Let me return to my van so I can grab my-

"Nah, it's not a cavity."

Dr. Zeigler looked up, frowning at the arcanine who was casually drumming on his jiggling gut. "I beg your pardon?"

"It's not a cavity." Arcamedes explained again, not even bothering to turn his plump head towards the ferret. "Just feels like something's lodged in my tooth, is all."

Dr. Zeigler scowled. This fat mutt spoke as lazily as he looked. "That would have been useful information earlier, you know! In any case, I'll need to return to my van to-

“Aw, c’mon, doc. Can’t you just pick at my tooth with your claws?” Arcamedes turned back, bunching up his thick neck rolls. “I’d do it myself but, uh, I got my hands full,” he explained, grabbing two large pawfuls of his own gut.

The ferret couldn’t believe this. This arcanine, this fat, spoiled, lazy, helpless arcanine, was getting on every last nerve of his body. “You know what? Fine. If that is what you’d like, then so be it.” Whatever. He didn’t care anymore.

Huffing angrily, Dr. Zeigler marched over towards the blob of a mutt, placing his paws on the coffee table to move it over.

Arcamedes spoke up. “Hey, don’t touch that! I need that to stay there.”

“What the...” Dr. Zeigler frowned. “I can’t reach your mouth with that in the way. The back of your couch is pressing against the wall, so I can’t squeeze behind there.”

“Not my problem.” Arcamedes snorted, patting the side of his gut. “Just climb on. It’s fine.”

Dr. Zeigler felt the blood rushing to his face. “I will do no such thing!”

“Yeah, you will.”

Oh, how close the ferret was to tearing out his own fur in bloodied clumps. He took a deep breath through his nose, held it, then exhaled. “Very well...” Whatever got him away from this morbidly obese mongrel.

Closing his eyes, Dr. Zeigler made his way to the other end of the couch, grabbed the arm rest, and pulled himself up. Already, he could feel his front pressing into the edge of the arcanine’s belly, the squishy surface warm and yielding to the touch. Once upright, the ferret grabbed a pawful of fat and pulled himself higher, trying not to think about the fact that he was currently climbing onto another living being. One who was more pudgy than pokemon. His body sank heavily into that blubber, yet he was still far higher than the couch; just how fat *was* this guy? Eventually, he managed to squeeze his entire body on top of the arcanine’s gut, yet he wasn’t even in arms reach of the pokemon’s maw.

Arcamedes smirked. “Comfy?”

“Not in the slightest,” Dr. Zeigler spat back. It was like climbing on an enormous water bed, covered in thick black fur. The constant glorp and jostling of that belly made the ferret sea sick, yet he endured onwards, anything to get him closer to his weekend off.

Inch by inch, he warmed his way closer to the fire dog’s maw, until eventually his muzzle brushed against Arcamedes’ fluffy beige mane. His patient’s grin widened. “How about now?”

"Stop it." Dr. Zeigler huffed. At least he was finally in reach. "Now, open up. And...please make your stomach stop gurgling. It's making me uncomfortable."

Arcamedes chuckled. "I'm afraid it's got a mind of its own, doc." With a smirk, the pokemon did eventually open his maw as wide as he could, bunching up those enumerable chins.

The ferret blinked. He was pleasantly surprised to see the arcanine's pearly whites were actually pearly white. Apparently Arcamedes was telling the truth when he said he brushed often; he could almost see his reflection off those large fangs. Carefully, he peered in. "You said it was somewhere in your right molars, correct?"

"Uh huh," Arcamedes grunted, spraying Dr. Zeigler with spit. Well, that's what the face mask was for, correct? Clearing his glasses (the dog's breath was fogging them up), the ferret gradually reached his paw in, sloooowly feeling around his patient's teeth, searching for-

"Erh, please let go of my hand, sir."

Dr. Zeigler frowned, tugging at his arm. Alas, Arcamedes' jaw was wrapped tightly around it, the pokemon giving him a wicked smirk in response.

The ferret tugged and pulled, trying to free his poor arm, but all his struggling accomplished was jiggling that bed of a belly beneath him. "Arcamades, release my paw at once, you- ack!" He gasped, feeling two plump but firm paws grip his skinny sides. With wide eyes, he watched in horror as the arcanine finally opened his maw to release his paw, only to keep said maw open as he forcefully slid the ferret in closer, dragging the mustelid along that pudgy chest.

Dr. Zeigler whimpered once he realized he would not be watching Scrubs on the couch tonight.

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"That was mean, Arc!"

Arcamedes belched in response, licking his chops as he always did after a hearty meal. "I dunno what you're talking about."

"Making him climb on your gut like that. You couldn't have just let him move the coffee table?"

The arcanine sighed and leaned his head to the side, looking at the obese alligator glaring at him from across the room. "It's not like either of us were gonna move it back, right?"

Toko crossed his thick arms across his doughy chest, the action of which sent a tear across his hawaiian shirt. "What's even the point of the coffee table, then, if you're just gonna eat right off your gut?"

"It's simple, Toko." Arcamedes heaved his rolling shoulders to shrug. "The coffee table's for the snacks. And this," he turned his head towards his belly, smiling at the towering black ball. "This is for the meals."

Oh, that Dr. Ziegler made for such an amazing meal, for such a skinny little ferret. For the first time in weeks, Arcamedes both looked and felt well and truly stuffed. His middle swelled outward by nearly a foot in all directions, an overwhelming mountain of fur and fat, far too big for the fire dog to even reach a third of the way around! It took on the rounder shape that Toko's had earlier that day, gurgling and churning. He figured that annoying ferret must have weighed around 130 or so pounds.

Soon, that would be transferred into 130 pounds of extra arcanine.

"I still think you should have eaten him way earlier. You didn't need to toy with your food like that." Toko snorted at him.

Arcamedes rolled his eyes. "What, like you're one to talk. 'Oh, mister pizza delivery boy, I'm too fat and heavy to reach my mouth! Won't you pweeeze help feed me?' You made that poor dragon-wolf feed you all 13 pizzas before you finally ate him!"

The alligator's grapefruit-sized cheeks flushed bright pink, before turning away to look at his own towering belly. "I was hungry..."

"You weren't so hungry afterwards, were you? You slept for nearly two days straight!"

Toko grumbled, shoving his paws into his own flabby midsection. "S-so? I ate pizza *and* a dragon wolf! You just had to eat a skinny little ferret!"

"Not my fault they send the smallest dentist possible to feed me!" Arcamedes rolled his eyes, wiggling his feet...The firedog grinned. His gut had finally eclipsed his feet. Oh, he was getting so fat, so quick! A few more meals like that, and his gut would finally reach the ceiling!

Toko chuckled. "I know that grin! You want me to call up another pizza guy?"

Tempting. As much as Arcamedes wanted to say yes, he shook his flabby head instead. "Nah. Eat too many of them, and the company might get suspicious. That's why I called a dentist instead. Variety, ya know?"



“Yeah, I getcha.” Toko sighed, closing his eyes to think. Suddenly, his own smirk appeared on his dimpled face. “I got it! Poison control! They’ll have to stick their hands into our maws.”

“Poison control?” Arcamedes frowned. “They’ll send, like, half a dozen guys over!”

“Exactly!” Toko turned towards the immobile arcanine. “Plenty for the both of us.”

If the arcanine’s tail wasn’t buried beneath all that blubber, he’d be wagging it a mile a minute. “I love you so much, Toko.”