

### Authors note

Hey Luke! Excited to work on this story for you. I and many others out there are inspired by your work, and it's an honor (A lucky one) for me to write about your character Luke. I've always wanted to write a story about him but have been too shy to ask you about it, so here is my chance to SHINE! Anyways I hope you enjoy this, and hey, I'd love to talk to you more if you want to chat! Hope you enjoy the story and have a happy holiday <3

Portaljaguar aka TFSneps~

## Layers of warmth (and pudge)

By PortalJaguar

The bitter cold nipped at Luke's nose as he stepped outside into the cold crisp air. Winter was here and was in full effect and he was ALL for it. He stepped off the porch and into the white crisp snow. It crunched like a stress ball under his feet as he trudged through the cold in his boots. Luckily the snowstorm that occurred overnight was gone, but in its wake left a pile of snow blocking everything. Shovel and bags of salt in hand, Luke was determined to get rid of this iced disaster blocking his way.

After an hour shoveling the snow out of the driveway, he wiped a bead of cold sweat off his forehead and set his shovel down. He'll never get used to that, it had always been a bit of a pain in the ass. But he had to admit, he LOVED the winter. How the white snow glitters in the sun, how the icicles hung from the roof and dripped down, and the frosted leaves that look fantastic in contrast with the green trees. And how could he forget his favorite part of winter? JACKETS!

The warm puffy feeling of layering jacket over jacket was enough to get the Dragonite giddy. He ran inside and flipped through the clothes in his closet in search of a few he could wear. He got around four pairs out, each one bigger than the other and began to slip them on over the thin jacket he was wearing earlier. He grabbed them one by one, slipping his arms through them, struggling to get the last jacket on. He grabbed a pair of snow goggles and looked at himself in the mirror. The massive amounts of layers he wore gave off the look that he had

gained a bit of winter pudge. But it felt like wearing a bunch of pillows attached to him, and he loved it. He grabbed his bag, and set sail for the day to deliver some mail...

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Arriving to work Luke was greeted by a few of his coworkers. He waved to them as he made his way to the office to grab a cup of coffee before heading out for the day. Xander walked up behind him and patted him on the back, slightly startling him. The black and red striped giggled "Did I scare you? Sorry, just can't get over how soft all of that is. Doesn't it feel blistering hot in all of that?"

Luke chuckled and responded "Yeah, but think of it as one giant electrical warming blanket. Like someone attached a bunch of boxes of pizza to you".

Xander cackled "If you say so man. Good luck with your shift. You know how busy it gets this time of the year". The tiger patted him on the back one last time before heading off to his shift. After grabbing his cup of joe, Luke hopped into the mail van, making sure he had everything before heading off into the snow-filled city for the day.

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A few hours passed by, and Luke was making his final stops. His snow pants littered with the white frost, he trudged through the thick snow, package in tow. When he got up to the door, he noticed something right beside it. A note to him: He picked it up and slid his goggles up his head

*Dear Delivery Driver,*

*Have some snacks and drinks to help you through your day. Thank you for everything you do for all of us around the world and making our christmas special.*

*The Harrison family*

Luke was ecstatic. He had never had someone leave snacks out for him! He had seen the photos of people who would do this but never thought he'd come across it. The bowl was filled with some soda cans and a couple of bags of chips. He snagged two chips and a drink and saw the people had a doorbell camera. He waved to it and thanked them as he ran back to his car. As he was driving to his next stop he popped open the can of soda and opened the bag of chips. Wearing these jackets and making these stops had made him starving so he quickly shoved the chips in his mouth so he wasn't late for his next stop. As he drove he kept thinking how generous that family was. He was gonna do something special for them. A few packages later, running up to the next door, people left even more snacks! He read the note:

Dear Delivery person,

We know you work very hard to deliver so many packages for us, so we thought we'd do something special for you too! Have a great Christmas!

The Jackson family

He couldn't believe it! These people were spoiling him like crazy. This family left some cookies and a small carton of milk out for him as he grabbed a few, making sure not to be too greedy. He left a thank you on the back of the note and scurried back to his truck. *Man, this couldn't get any better* he thought.

...Two Weeks Later...

"That's... odd. These fit me a week ago" Luke struggled to zip his fourth jacket up. No matter how much he pushed and shoved the zipper refused to move. *It must have shrunk in the wash* He thought puzzled to himself. Eventually, he gave up and left the jacket on his bed. His stomach growled at him, begging to be fed for the morning. Luke noticed his appetite had grown quite a bit, oftentimes catching himself a snack in between lunch and dinner.

He ran down to the kitchen to grab some cereal. He grabbed a bowl, spoon, and milk before reaching up to grab the cereal. As soon as he did, his jacket rode up and exposed his

stomach. He looked down, not taking in the effect. His stomach had began to pack the pounds, fat popping out, He wasn't the skinniest guy, but he didnt remember being this big. He pushed his jackets down and tucked them into his pants. Even though he had three pairs of jackets on, it looked like he was still wearing four with the added weight. He made himself a mental note to take it easy on the snacks the locals have been giving him, but as quickly as he remembered, he forgot. He shoveled the cereal down his gullet before rushing out the door to make sure he wasn't late for work.

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That day it was very slow and lengthy, with a lot of packages he had to drop off for Christmas. With that, he also ran into nice people who left snacks for him, a lot bigger too. One house had left an entire pie outside, still warm and in a carrier! Luke could easily stop taking the snacks, but it had gotten to the point whereas it felt as it were an obligation. If he didn't take it, he could make the family upset! And he didn't want to do that, especially with Christmas coming up in a few more weeks! As he went to bend down to pick up the pie, he heard the dreaded sound of fabric tearing. "Crap" he muttered under his breath. Knowing the house had a camera and the microphone could pick up that sound, he turned red and anxious. He hoped the videos weren't saved or they were watching him right now. He quickly grabbed the pie and thanked the camera and scurried away backward making sure the back of his jacket didn't show to the family. He rushed to the car, huffing and wheezing still red hot from embarrassment.

He scavenged through the back of the mail carrier while slipping the ripped jackets off, looking for the two spares he kept in there. He eventually found both of them and slipped on the new pair and headed away, sighing with relief.

He stopped the car for a second to catch his breath, as he waited his stomach growled. Knowing well that he had a pie. Luke grabbed a cut slice and shoved it into his mouth, his stomach growling once more with satisfaction. It was SO good. He shoved more slices into his mouth, the blue hue from the blueberry covering his mouth. He grabbed a napkin they had provided him with and wiped his face off. He let out a huge *BUUUUUUURP* before excusing himself as he carried on with his packages. This was gonna be a long winter...

...Christmas Eve. 4 weeks later...

One jacket. That's all he could fit... and it was his old one he couldn't zip anymore. A 4XL. Luke sighed and looked in the mirror. Gone was his pudgy look and now he had gained quite the body for the holidays. Even putting Santa out of commission. The big blubbing mass he called his stomach had hung past his thighs, and about to his knees. His face has piled up with fat, cheeks bloating out like a chipmunk, and his chin folding in itself giving him a double chin. His arms had grown flabbier and now rested at an off-angle due to his belly. His legs had the same thing going. He had to now stand at a wider angle and couldn't close his legs anymore due to his massive weight. What used to be a flat chest, was now another fold in his torso. He was a Whale! He zipped up the large yellow jacket and hefted himself into the car, having to lift his belly and plop it down with a jiggle.

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Luke grabbed a few donuts from the counter. By a few, he maybe took half the box and shoved a donut in his mouth while he grabbed his coffee. He had to admit, AB did make a hell of a good donut with his new shop Swell Donuts open for business. He was glad the otter was doing well. Just as he was about to leave Xander came up to him, looking him up and down “I still don’t get why you wear all those jackets... especially in a heated room” The tiger cocked his head. Luke sighed and Luke responded sheepishly "I'm down to one! It's those snacks those people leave me! How do you do it,, Xander? How do you keep composure"

The tiger giggled a little “I just say no thanks”

Luke frowned and huffed at the tiger “Gee thanks for the help”

“Hey look at the bright side big guy!”

“What is that?”

“Now you can play as Santa!”

“Oh shut up...” Luke giggled slightly. He had to admit that was pretty funny. Xander waved to him goodbye as Luke went on his daily runs. Surprisingly no snacks had been left for the Dragonite, who was starting to get particularly hungry. People were probably busy getting ready for Christmas. He didn’t blame them, but he had gotten pretty used to all the snacks and food.

After delivering the last box, he hopped back into the mail van and grunted, his big lumbeing belly pressing against the steering wheel, as he sucked in his gut as much as he could. He put the truck in gear and drove back to the post office, ready to end his shift and stuff himself



with a few doughnuts maybe. As he got out of the truck, he was greeted by Xander once again he smiled “Finally finished your shift tubby?”

Luke turned bright red with embarrassment “Oh hush your maw.”

“I got a surprise for you!”

“Oh?” Luke tilted his head, curiously. The tiger rushed the Dragonite inside, the snow melting off his jacket from the warm heater. Xander quickly ushered him in, covering his eyes. Luke giggling as Xander led him to his surprise.

“You ready?” The tiger said with excitement. Luke nodded as the tiger uncovered his eyes. Luke gasped at the sight before him. In front of him a group of 10 people or so stood, a feast of pie, pizza, casserole galore. Luke teared up as everyone surprised. One of the kids, a small bear coming up to him “We did this to thank you for everything you’ve done”

He kneeled down, to the best of his ability, his waterbed of a belly making it quite difficult. He gave the small kid a hug and thanked everyone for their kindness and generosity.

“You guys have honestly made this Christmas the best one I could have asked for...”

The End