The sooner he was done here, the better.

 Just sighed and wiped his sweaty brow as he trekked along the abandoned highway. The hot Californian sun was reflected off the dozens of massive decrepit skyscrapers, giving him the illusion of traveling through a long dead greenhouse. To make matters worse, he was completely surrounded by towering trash and rubble, many of which contained metal pieces that would certainly leave a burn mark on any careless individual.

 Panting with exertion, Just continued to stumble along the dusty trail, his careful eyes sweeping the area around him. He was well aware of the land’s dangers, and had gone through great lengths to prepare accordingly. His pearly-white hair, unusually long for a zoroark, brushed across the sand as he trekked forward, erasing his prints. His light blue jacket had several small holes to vent out any warm air that may get trapped within his clothes, and while it was effective in keeping out the heat, the Pokémon preferred using it as a means of camouflage, for when enough heat is stored up within the clothing, it will release a massive cloud of steam which bears a striking resemblance to the smoke-powered robots Just was fighting against: A R.U.N.

 R.U.N, or Robots for the Under-Nourished, were relics of the ancient past that continue to haunt the present. From the distance they appear as normal pot-bellied furs, bearing uncanny similarities to actual living creatures such as realistic movements and gestures. However, should one unfortunate soul dare to venture too close to the deranged automation, they would be subjugated to the force feeding of a life time.

 While their intentions may be pure, the R.U.N had all since been corrupted since their original creators left the planet, leaving them with one task: to feed. Their arms would split out into more limbs, trapping and ensnaring their target while their stomach cavity would open up to reveal a massive array of shrink-wrapped foods waiting to be eaten. With their target in hand, the R.U.N would force feed every last ounce of food within reach into the poor feedee, leaving them beyond bloated. Most of modern civilization had since adapted to living in a world overtaken by force-feeding robots and junk food, as evidenced by their plump figures. Just himself was no exception, the chubby zoroark recently outgrowing his previous 3XL jacket. As such, most furs would only suffer a major stomach ache from a feeding session by a R.U.N, but to anyone unfortunate enough to fall unconscious to one of their feedings…

 Just shook his head to shake away his anxious thoughts. He had heard tales of a robot mastermind behind the R.U.N. A monstrosity of a machine, larger than a house and capable of flying faster than the average could track. Some say that this creature could see through the eyes of its robot minions and could track anyone down so long as they were within eyesight. Anyone captured by the massive monster were never seen again.

 “I won’t let that happen,” Just muttered to himself as he bit into a snack cake he had been storing within his jacket. While he was well aware of the consequences of over eating, the pale zoroark knew from firsthand experience that nothing was more dangerous than an empty belly. The sound of a stomach roar would attract the attention of every R.U.N within a 10 mile radius. “And speaking of R.U.N…”

 Just grinned as he finally found what he was looking for: a broken down R.U.N half buried in a pile of rubble. The image looked like a scene out of a horror movie. A fox with an agonized expression reaching out for help, spare wires popping out along his rounded torso while his lower half was completely engulfed in dirt and cement. While most of these robots were hyper intelligent (the key word being most, as they were all programmed with unique personalities which either aided or inhibited their decision making), this one apparently never took into account the state of decay the skyscrapers were, which led to its demise. Given the occasional sparks and jittering, Just had to assume the fox perished as recent as last night, which excited the chubby zoroark greatly.

 “Well, my friend, better you than me. I hope you don’t mind if I pull a little autopsy on ya,” Just smirked as he kneeled next to the dead robot, reaching into his jacket for rubber gloves. He knew it would be impossible to retrieve the entirety of the R.U.N without a dozen friends helping with the excavation work. Besides, the legs were probably smashed to bits anyways, so it wouldn’t even be worth the trip back to San-D for help. The chest compartment was the main goal for Just anyways as he carefully ran his gloved paws along the fox’s round belly, feeling around for a hidden switch hidden within the fake fur. “C’mon, don’t be stubborn now. If you were alive, you’d be more than willing to share your treasure with-“

 *Click!*

 “Theeeeere we go,” Just grinned as he opened up the fox’s torso, revealing dozens of miniature cakes similar to the one he recently ate, all ripe for the picking. The chubby zoroark eagerly grabbed as many of cakes as he could in his arms without squishing them. “Phew, there’s more here than I thought. I doubt my tiny can will be able to carry all of these. You wouldn’t happen to know where I could find a bigger container, would you?”

 To no one’s surprise, the Fox didn’t respond, its lifeless red eyes staring back at the Pokémon before him. “Right, didn’t think so. Even if you weren’t half-buried in rubble, I bet you wouldn’t tell me anyways. I doubt there’s not much room in your tiny robot brain to think of anything outside of “feed feed feed,” is there?”

 Feeling a sudden urge to mock the decaying machine, Just sat his plump rump down before the fox, unwrapping a stale snack cake to nibble on as he stared down the robot. “I have a friend who was a scavenger like myself, you know, a young… pffft, yuck! Lemon!... dragon named Psychic. He was surprisingly fit too, only 300 pounds when he first became a scavenger, and strong enough to carry two loads of food all by himself. He was a little simpleminded, yes, but still a nice guy who meant well.”

 With a bitter scowl, Just leaned forward and smeared the fox’s face with the half-eaten snack cake, coating the machine with crumbs and lemon icing. “Well, because of you evil abominations, he won’t be carrying anything anytime soon other than his own stomach! In his first month, he was assaulted by nearly twenty of you R.U.N assholes. Twenty! Just one of you force-feeding bastards was enough to make anyone go up a shirt size, just imagine what twenty of you did to him! No, of course you can’t imagine, your tiny brains can’t process when enough is enough, can they?

 “Just last week he got stuck on his back after his bed broke beneath his weight, and it took nearly ten of us to hoister him back onto his feet! He’s a massive fat-filled blob who can’t even leave his house without a team of people to help squeeze him through! He keeps swearing he’ll find a way to slim back down and become a scavenger again, but we all know that it’s simply not possible. It’s impossible to lose weight in this world, a world that you and your creators have brought upon us. He’s tried jogging off the weight, but lately he can’t even make it past his front yard without tiring out and giving up. Psychic probably won’t make it past 30 without becoming completely immobile, and it’s all your fault!”

 Just was panting at this point, his rage taking its toll on his soft body. He shouldn’t be shouting. He knew better than to attract unnecessary attention to himself, lest he should end up like his obese companion, and yet it felt good to vent out much of his anger to the machines that fattened the world. With a grunt, the pudgy zoroark slowly heaved himself onto his feet, casting another cold gaze on the cake-covered fox. “Any last words you’d like to say before I leave you to rot?”

 To Just’s horror, the R.U.N responded in an unusually dark voice before shutting down for good. “You’re not going anywhere.”

 Just’s heart pounded heavily in his chest as he stared at the dead robot with widened eyes, his breathing quick and shallow. In his years as a scavenger, he had never seen or heard a decaying R.U.N make such a threat. Hell, even a healthy R.U.N would pretend that they’re aiding their victims, even if said victim doesn’t see it as aiding. To hear one threaten him in such a malicious tone spelt disaster for the panicked zoroark, who wasted no time spinning around and running in the opposite direction, tossing aside the snack-cakes.

 He didn’t get very far.

 Just wasn’t even out of eye-sight of the fox before a massive shape blotted out the sun, casting a large round shadow on the plump adventurer. Said shadow grew and grew until, the sound of turbines deafening Just before a sudden shockwave blasted him off his feet. The next thing Just knew, he was rolling along the dusty trail like a white tumbleweed before eventually colliding into the exterior of a degraded skyscraper. Dazed and startled, the panicked zoroark clumsily made an attempt to roll back on his feet, knowing full well the danger he was in.

 And yet again, he didn’t get very far.

 Before he was even on his feet, a massive metallic hand swooped down and snatched the chubby zoroark right off the ground, clutching him uncomfortably tight. With a gasp, Just felt himself being thrown several feet high, warm air rushing around him as he ascended. His view of the world was constantly spinning with the rest of him as he flailed his arms and legs about, trying to find something, anything to grasp onto before he fell into the jagged debris below him. Before he could scream in shock, the pudgy pokemon felt the same metallic hand grip his torso again, his soft belly squishing through the individual fingers. Just gasped and panted, his mind reeling from the sudden action. When he dared to open his eyes, he was shocked to find himself muzzle-to-muzzle with what could only be described as a monstrosity. The wheels slowly turned in the zoroark’s fatigued mind as he took in the beast before him, cognizant of the peril he was in. “You’re… Metal Gut.”

 “In th’ flesh… Well, yeh know what I mean!” The 30 foot tall robot laughed harshly, it’s rustic voice grinding and painful to Just’s ears. Back home, grownups told tales of a 30 foot tall metallic monster named Metal Gut who could fly through the air faster than the eye could see. He was some abomination between a dragon and a wolf, owning a wide snout with metal teeth jutting out haphazardly and yet had what looked like a black canine nose pad on the end. Of course, the elders themselves never believed these stories, simply finding another way to make up the typical “if you don’t behave, the monster will come and get you” story.

 But this was all real.

 The massive R.U.N laughed again as he could see the color draining from Just’s already pale face, holding the chubby zoroark out further. “Aha, poor thing, yah look ready t’ pass out! I’d feel bad for yah if you weren’t such a bloody idiot!” Showing off his menacing metal teeth, Metal Gut lowered Just beside the robot fox’s corpse, gripping him tight. “I understand yer all a bunch of hillbillies, but wouldn’t ya think twice before sitting down and chatting with a R.U.N that’s still alive? I can see through those things, ya know!”

 Just was too busy looking for an escape route to pay too much attention to what the maniacal monster was yammering about, his eyes darting around to find something to leverage himself free. Sweat beaded his forehead as he found next to nothing valuable within arm’s reach, aside from the discarded snack cakes from earlier. Would it be worth it to try and snatch the bag when Metal Gut wasn’t looking? The cakes were rather buttery, could it be possible to use it as a lubricant and squeeze his way out from the monster’s grip? Or even smear them along the giant’s glowing green eyes and escape undetected?

 Metal Gut’s monologue was bound to end soon enough, leaving Just extremely pressed for time. Sucking in his stomach, the zoroark lunged forward as far as he could go, his fingers just barely nicking the bag before he was suddenly yanked away by Metal Gut, a bemused smirk spread across his mechanical face. “Oy, if yer that eager for a good stuffin’ I don’t mind helping ya out. It’s in my name, after all: Delivers Emergency Nutriants to Yonder Areas, or D.E.N.Y.A fer short. Just tell me where yer little friends are hiding and I’ll make sure yer stomach ache only lasts a few-“

 Just hacked a loogy onto Metal Gut’s nose, cutting off the massive robot’s sentence. The terror of being confronted by a robot 6 times his size had finally worn off, leaving him with a growing sense of annoyance instead. “By god, you’re one of the most annoying bastards I’ve ever met! Do you talk just to listen to the sound of your own horrible voice? I’ve heard lawn mowers that sounded more appealing than anything you’ll ever-“

 This time, it was Metal Gut’s turn to interrupt, albeit in a much more direct way. Without warning, the massive draolf robot flung the tip of his lengthy tail directly into the zoroark’s maw in a swift yet careful manner, prying Just’s mouth open as wide as he could comfortably. “Boy, yeh better be grateful my programming doesn’t allow me to harm living beings, otherwise I would shove this thing somewhere else,” the metal giant laughed again, his voice echoing throughout the valley.

 Just’s grunts were muffled as he frantically swatted at the metal pipe shoved into his maw, his breathing hastening as he realized what was bound to happen next. A force-feeding session from an average R.U.N left even the larger furs with an uncomfortable bloated feeling; simply imagining how much food the obese robot’s stomach carried caused Just to feel rather sick.

 He didn’t have to imagine for much longer. The zoroark heard a pumping sound within the monster’s metal gut, and before he knew it Just’s maw was filled with a torrent of a viscous cream tasting eerily similar to the snack cakes all R.U.N’s carried.

 “Tasty, isn’t it? Just like a milkshake,” the silver beast sneered, rubbing his pinky around the zoroark’s stomach. “I wouldn’t much of a R.U.N without some cakes, after all. I believe you hill billies used t’ believe in some fat man with a belly full of milk and cookies who’d fly around delivering presents. Well, consider this an upgrade!”

 As Metal Gut laughed, Just helplessly gulped away at the fattening sludge, still weakly attempting to pry the tail away. No matter how quickly he swallowed, the zoroark’s maw constantly refilled with dissolved cake. In a matter of seconds, Just felt the edge of his belly start to expand, his jacket’s winkles straightening out as his stomach pushed on the material. He was a big eater, as was everyone else he knew, but not even he could swallow several hundred gallons of this stuff and survive!

 Picking up on the canine’s distress, Metal Gut laughed again, tapping Just’s pudgy stomach playfully. “Hahaharr! Poor little foxy, stuck to my paw while I generously share my food. What a glutton you are, eatin’ away at everythin’ I have t’ offer! I was considerin’ sharing some cakes with the rest of yer friends, but after what ye said about me and mah voice, I think I’ll have to reconsider!”

 Just whimpered as he watched his stomach swell before his eyes, awaiting the painful stretching feeling he had expected from swallowing gallons of sludge. He could feel his jacket quickly unzipping itself, the two ends pulling away as if they were a curtain unveiling the feature presentation that was Just’s belly. And yet, even as the fluffy peach colored tum flopped onto his lap past his knees, the swelling pokemon felt no indication that he was in any danger. He felt bloated, certainly, but not stuffed or even overfilled, despite having swallowed nearly 10 gallons of milkshake in the past few minutes.

 “Haharr, hungry lil piggy arentcha?” Metal Gut teased, watching as Just’s flab started to squeeze between the gaps in his fingers. “Perhaps that’s my fault for squeezing a few too many appetite stimulators or whatever into myself, or maybe it’s too easy to digest so much food at one time when it’s already sludge! Or maybe it’s… oof, yer getting a lil heavy, tubby.” The massive robot chortled as he held the fat pokemon in both hands now, his grin growing wider along with Just’s waistline.

 “Oh… that explains it,” the tubby fox thought to himself briefly, curious as to why the arms of his jacket felt increasingly tighter. Regardless, if he hadn’t found out now, he would have figured it out within the next 5 seconds as the sleeves to his jacket ripped down the ends, letting his arm flab expand outwards before sagging down like uncooked dough. Another 10 seconds passed before Just could vaguely hear the sound of his pants ripping in much the same way, his thighs rushing to meet each other, hidden beneath his blanket of a belly. And yet, it all sounded rather far away. Was his hearing being affected by the constant churning sound within Metal Gut’s gut? Or was the food laced with more than just an appetite stimulate. Either way, the zoroark started to feel lightheaded, an oxymoron if you considered his baseball-sized cheeks and low-hanging second chin.

 “It’s starting to taste pretty good, isn’t it?” Just heard his robot captor mutter, although his voice sounded far less grating than before. Metal Gut still spoke with his sharp rustic accent, but something about it felt more… soothing, than anything. Just couldn’t help but cling to every word the massive robot was saying just like he clung at the metal tube, sucking on it like a pacifier. “I bet yer gut’s feeling great, constantly stuffed to the brim with delicious snacks. Even so, I can tell yer still hungry, still needin’ more substance to fill that bottomless pit of a gut ya got there. I may not have feelin’s like you do, but I do know the satisfaction of filling up my stomach with that very same cream until it’s 100%, so I can assume just how fantastic it is for you to constantly be at 100% occupancy.

 Just’s eyelids began to droop as he reclined into Metal Gut’s claws, his massive rump filling out both of the massive robot’s couch-sized hands, his spherical butt cheeks morphing around the metal. His vision blurred until he could just barely see the edge of his stomach, which gradually swelled past his eye sight once he was as wide as he was tall. His swollen limbs, once kicking and punching at the hose before him, now rested gently against his bulbous sides as they slowly grew into immobility. Somehow, Just managed to completely ignore the sensation of his ever-shrinking clothes, only briefly aware of them once he finally exploded out of him, scattering the shreds of fabric into the wind like confetti. In the back of his mind, the obese zoroark briefly remembered Psychic and enormous his friend was, unable to walk short distances without the aid of others. That had taken the dragon months of constant binges from R.U.Ns, and now Just outweighed him by several hundred pounds after only half an hour of constant eating.

 And for some reason, he was proud.

 “Looks like yer ready for the next step,” Metal Gut noted as he set the quivering blob of fur and fat on the ground, his tail still hooked up to Just’s muzzle. The rumbling sound from the monster’s stomach grew into a roar, loud enough to briefly stir the zoroark awake. Before he could react, however, he was suddenly assaulted by a mighty torrent of pure cream, hundreds of gallons being pumped into the pokemon a second!

 Just’s eyes flew open as he was assaulted by the sudden wave of food, feeling it pump straight into his stomach without the need to swallow. Like a balloon, his body blorped outwards as layers upon layers of lard developed in an instant, his flab rolling through the land like a tidal wave, encompassing any and all debris in the way. Aside from his own stomach, Just stared at Metal Gut’s ankles, his bloated neck too thick to allow him to look around. However, soon he found himself at eye level with the robot’s shins, his jumbo butt lifting him up higher. From car sized to monster truck size, soon reaching the size of a small room, Just was completely overwhelmed by the influx of cream. Any defining traits he might have had were buried beneath yards of pure lard, leaving no room for movement save for a twitch of his sausage-like fingers.

 Just was just starting to be eye-level with the bottom of Metal Gut’s stomach before the flow of cream finally dwindled down. Once the tail was pulled free from his maw, the massive zoroark gasped for breath, the taste of air feeling foreign after drowning his taste buds in cream. With another sneer, the giant robot loomed over the house-sized pile of blubber, pressing his hand into the fluffy paunch and laughing as Just responded with a noisy belch. “Hahaharr, I think I mighta gotten a wee bit carried away. How am I supposed to carry yeh back to my base now?”

 Just didn’t answer, his mind still reeling from eating so much in such a short time. Every muscle in his body was inhibited by entire feet, sometimes yards of pure lard… and it felt fantastic! The gluttonous zoroark let out a guttural moan, purring as his chest wobbled from the action. He was so tremendously heavy, even Metal Gut admitted he could haul so much pokemon at one go! He was like a mighty monument looking over the valley, an unmovable force who owned the land around him with his sheer size alone. Very deep down, buried beneath countless layers of pudge, Just’s conscious briefly thought back to his life in San-D and how he devoted his time in fighting and avoiding the R.U.N.

 That thought was shortlived as his stomach unleashed a mighty growl, shaking the very Earth beneath him.

 “Ho hoh! That’s gonna bring some attention!” Metal Gut laughed as he patted the zoroark’s gelatinous stomach, wobbling the blimped surface. “Do me a favor, pup. When the R.U.N start swarming ya and stuffin’ yer face with their cakes, tell them where they can find more of yer kind. Do that, and I’ll appoint yew the new mayor of San D, and I think yew know how the inauguration will go down,” he chuckled, patting his hollowed metal stomach. “Do we have a deal?”

 Just’s eyes went wide, locked onto the massive robot’s belly and all the cream it could store inside. He thought about his hometown, about breaking through the walls with his sheer girth, his rolling stomach demolishing the buildings more efficiently than any bulldozer could until nothing but a pile of rubble remained buried beneath a skyscraper of chub.

 He nodded his head.