

Who would have thought a factory exporting baked goods would have looked like, well, a factory!

Tendo recognized that was a dumb thought the second it popped into his head, yet the Blaziken still found himself stuck in the doorway staring in, gaping at the sight. Like any factory he had seen before, Blue Inc. featured an enormous gray room, with ceilings as high as an airplane hangar. Yet despite the massive interior, a large chunk of it was dedicated to conveyor belts and machinery of all kinds, some on ground level, others built along the walls or even hanging from the ceiling.

And riding along these conveyor belts were an innumerable amount of pastries, all of which were at various stages of development; from clumps of dough to finished sweets frosted and packaged. Really, the smell of the factory was the secondary reason why Tendo was frozen in place. One whiff and he felt himself salivating; he couldn't wait to start his new job!

"He-hey, Tendo! Don't stand there with the door wide open, an employee might try and escape!"

The blaziken was brought out of his sight seeing to find a large dragon walking towards him, chuckling at his own joke. Tendo easily recognized that dragon as the same one who held his interview just the other week. It was impossible to miss the bright blue scales adorning the drake's back, along with a big round belly as yellow as custard.

However, what wasn't as easily apparent was the drake's name; the pokemon brought a talon to his beak. "O-oh, hey, uh...Fenix?"

"Felix."

"Right, Felix! That was my second guess."

Felix laughed. "It was closer than your 'Ferdinand' guess last week, at least! How ya doing, big guy?"

Smiling awkwardly, the blaziken reached back to rub at his snowy hair, shuffling in place. "H-heh, still a bit nervous, I guess. First day jitters, ya know?"

"Oh, pfffft. I don't believe that at all!" The pot-bellied dragon dismissed Tendo's nerves with a wave of his paw, as well as giving the avian's own gut a playful pat. "A gourmand as experienced as yourself shouldn't have any problem in a place like this! Why, you should feel right at home here!"

Felix meant to sound reassuring, yet all that did was hike up Tendo's anxiety another notch, his nervous shuffling enough to bounce his own gut in place. "H-heh, well...the nerves never really do go away, even with, erh, someone with as much experience as myself."

And that experience was exactly zero.

Tendo lied on his resume; not just in one or two places either, the entire thing may as well have been written entirely by someone else. It was dishonest and wrong, he knew that, but at the same time he couldn't help himself. Who *wouldn't* want to make a living as a full-time taste tester? According to the job application, all he had to do was sit in a cozy office, sample whatever pastry they sat in front of him, then write up a little blurb about what he thought about it. Yes, they were looking for hires with a strong culinary background and a sensitive palette, but it's not like Tendo needed to go to a special school to say whether a new food tastes good or not, right?

For once, however, Tendo's own physique actually helped him land the job. During the interview last week, Felix made a number of remarks about the fire bird's body shape, all of which were positive, and some even encouraging! A 5XL winter jacket just barely wrapped around his crimson red gut, requiring the big bird to squish his stomach inward just to zip it up. Sitting, said stomach rested atop his legs, giving his arms a comfortable place to rest during the interviewing process. Even beneath that apron of a gut, his thighs were easily wider than a slender fur's waist, as was expected for a Pokemon species whose primary attacks were kicks. Well, not Tendo specifically, as simply lifting those tree trunk thighs high enough to climb steps was an ordeal for him.

Still, Tendo wasn't shy about his own weight, and even played it up to his advantage during the interviewing process, crediting it for the reason he landed the job in the first place. After all, it was clear from one glance at the blubbery blaziken that he knew his way around food!

However, as they walked through the factory, a quick glance around told him he wasn't the only one. There weren't as many workers as he expected, as the pastry-making process was apparently fully autonomous; the only other furs being maintenance workers and the like. Even so, a good many of them sported their own plump paunches and hefty haunches; none quite as much as Tendo, although he did find it mildly humorous that there wasn't a skinny fur in sight. He was gonna fit in better than he realized.

"We're glad you could join the team, Tendo." Felix started chatting, the dragon's tail tip flicking behind him. "Even though all of the goods in here are mass produced, we still want everything leaving Blue inc. to taste better than how mother would make them. And that's where you come in, Mr. taste tester! Ah, but I've already told you this at the interview, haven't I?"

Tendo laughed again, once more awkwardly grooming his own snowy hair. If Felix had indeed said that, the avian completely forgot it. "W-well, a refresher never hurt anyone."

“Too true, too true.” Felix rambled, waving a claw in the air. The dragon sounded dismissive, but Tendo decided not to think too much about it. Having an easy going boss would make his life all the easier, especially considering he, well, lied to get the job.

Having walked nearly the entire length of the factory, they at last came to a set of double wide doors, with Felix opening one for his newest employee. “And here we have your office! Unfortunately, it is close to our furnaces so it may be a tad toasty inside, but that shouldn’t bother a fire type like yourself, right?”

Tendo snickered. “That’s perfect for me. Means the food will taste fresh longer, right?” Hopefully he was right; he had no idea if room temperature actually affected food taste.

Ah, but as Felix opened the door, the blaziken’s stomach let out an earthy rumble. The sweet scents he’d been smelling for a while were compounded the moment he peeked inside his new office, and one glance inside would explain why. Resting at the edge of the room was a crescent desk, easily twice the size of a normal desk. And taking up one half of that double-wide desk stood literal boxes, upon boxes, *upon boxes* of what Tendo could only assume were plenty of fresh baked goods!

Good thing there was a two-seater couch in front of it; Tendo felt ready to collapse at the sheer scope of food towering before him. “This is...I gotta eat *all* of it?”

“Well, you *are* a full-time employee! I have no doubts you can knock it out during an 8 hour work period.” Felix laughed again, causing Tendo to blush. Shoot, he was doing a poor job of pretending to be experienced with this kind of work.

The dragon squeezed by the avian’s ample girth to step inside, tapping a claw on the desk. “Now, you are Blue Inc.’s first official taste tester, but we tried setting up everything to make this process as seamless and painless as possible. Each treat in those boxes has a matching survey form somewhere in here.” Felix nodded towards the stack of papers on the emptier half of the desk.

“Just answer everything honestly. Each pastry survey should also have a blank page if you need to write up a more detailed review. I know it’s a lot of writing, especially over eight hours. Trust me, we’re working on getting this process digitized. Give us a couple weeks, and you won’t have to deal with a cramped wrist anymore!”

Really, judging from how much food Tendo was expected to eat, a cramped wrist was the least of his concerns. But, he smiled and nodded regardless. This was what he agreed upon, right? “It’s fine, really.”

“Wonderful! That’s what I like to hear!” Felix squeezed back out, but not without tapping the blaziken’s belly. Felix really enjoyed tapping on things; maybe he played piano as a hobby? “My office is right outside, to your right if you need anything. There should be plenty of water

and saltines in there to cleanse your palette, but if you ever run out, feel free to give me a knock!” And with that, Felix waved and sauntered out, leaving Tendo alone in his new office.

He sighed, and closed the door behind him. The fire bird was starting to have regrets lying on his resume about this. Felix seemed like such a nice guy, even if he was a little handsy with the blaziken’s belly. He didn’t want to disappoint the dragon and end up saying the wrong thing about the food they were making. What if he denied an inventive new snack that would have sold well? Or accepted a terrible snack that everyone hated?

Tendo shook his head, ruffling his hair. No, he was gonna do his best, darn it! Full of determination, he plopped his heavy rump onto the couch and leaned forward, opening the top box.

“Alright...this one looks like just a chocolate donut?”

Tendo muttered to himself, munching on a talonful of saltines to cleanse his palate. Sure enough, the chocolate glazed ring he held looked just like that: a simple donut with chocolate icing. Not that the blaziken was complaining of course; this was a refreshing change of pace after munching on strange creations of oven-baked confections for hours on end.

He raised the donut to his beak, taking a whiff. “Smells normal. Nothing out of the ordinary. Feels normal as well,” he added, giving the pastry a gentle squeeze. With a shrug, the pokemon took a big bite out of the pastry.

And in that single bite, there was a very noisy crunch, causing his blue eyes to widen in shock. He wanted to spit it out on instinct, as donuts should NOT make a crunching sound, yet he slowly chewed on the beakful of pastry, rolling it around in his tongue before swallowing. Why couldn’t any of these pastries just be *normal*?

Finally swallowing the bite, Tendo leaned forward to look through the stack of papers, his stuffed stomach digging into the desk. Aha, this one had a picture of the donut he just ate. Squinting, he flipped through until he found the list of ingredients, silently scanning the document.

“Almonds?” He frowned. And consequently took another bite. Well, after realizing what the source of the crunch was, Tendo had to admit the donut actually was quite tasty. He couldn’t just write it tasted good, though. They expected a real review, right?

He thought to himself, eyes drifting upwards to the ceiling as he took yet another bite. “The crisp almond crunch is enough to give every bite of this donut a surprise.” He mused to

himself, verbally planning how he would write the review. "It's clear the almonds were roasted to perfection, and would remind anyone snacking on them of similar almonds you'd munch on at the fair."

He took another bite. "While some may be put off at the uneven distribution of almonds, I, for one, would harken it to exploring a mirror maze at said fair. Will I bump into a mirror, or proceed to my destination? Will my bite of donut contain zero nuts, or three?" Yeah, smart people used metaphors in their reviews, right? Tendo was pretty sure he watched an anime about food once that used metaphors like that to describe the flavors.

He pushed the rest of the donut into his maw, gulping it down with ease. "The simple surprise factor alone would make this perfect to market towards a younger audience, but the extra work in chewing might make it difficult for our older clientele to enjoy."

Perfect! That sounded like a professional review, right? Smiling at himself, the overfed bird leaned forward to quickly scribble down his thoughts while they were still fresh in his head. As he did so, he glanced at the ingredient list once more, making sure he wasn't missing anything.

In doing so, Tendo frowned. "Secret ingredient?"

Nearly everything Tendo sampled contained this so-called "secret ingredient," from flakey croissants to creamy eclairs. Yet the avian couldn't decipher what this special ingredient was, no matter how many treats he sampled. It raised a lot of questions for the new hire. Was this ingredient so special that they wouldn't trust a new employee with its secret? Could this ingredient be the reason why Tendo hardly felt full despite how many pastries he had chomped down on already? Could this be the secret as to why just about everything Tendo sampled so far tasted wonderful, even if certain foods needed a second or third bite before he became accustomed to it?

For now, Tendo decided to ignore that factor. If it was a secret ingredient, he probably shouldn't make any mention of it in his reviews. Instead, he'll just focus on the taste and texture of the food instead, only referring to the ingredient list if something perplexed him, such as the almonds in the chocolate donut.

Nodding to himself, the pokemon reached for the saltines again, washed it down with a large slurp of water, and moved onto his next pastry.

*"Bwurrrawrrrrrruuuuurp!"*

Goodness, that was a loud one! Tendo raised a talon to his beak, his cheeks flushing an even brighter shade of red than usual. He hadn't meant to release such a volatile explosion of gas.

And yet, after doing nothing but eating pastries for the past 8 hours, he had to do *something* to ease the tension in his stomach!

The blaziken grunted as he laid back on the couch, idly rubbing at his enormous belly. His brown winter jacket felt even tighter than usual, straining to contain the sheer amount of bird blubber buried beneath it. The boxes of pastries that intimidated Tendo earlier that day had been thoroughly emptied, reduced to crumbs residing on the pokémon's pudgy beak. That was quite an ordeal, to say the least, but Tendo couldn't be more proud of the work he'd done today. Not only had he finished off every last bite, he made sure to provide a thoughtful and detailed review for the pastries as well. Surely Felix would be proud of him, right?

Ah, speak of the devil! Tendo raised a brow as he watched his office door swing open, turning to watch as the blue and yellow dragon himself waltzed in. "Hey hey! It's been a while, bud! Just wanted to check in to see if everything was—"

He paused, the drake's smile fading as he glanced from the emptied desk, to the opposite-of-empty blaziken. "Holy...you ate *everything*?!"

"W-what?!" Tendo went wide eyed, grunting as he struggled to sit upright. "Sh-shoot, was I not supposed to?"

"No no, you're fine, I just..." Felix let out a low whistle, chuckling. "Heh, I was expecting you to, erh, nibble on each of the pastries, ya know? Didn't have to eat every last bite! Guess that gut of yours ain't just for show, huh?"

"Urf, don't remind me." Tendo hiccuped, slumping back down to rub at his poor belly. He felt ready to pop at any moment; hopefully Felix wouldn't poke him with those sharp claws of his.

The dragon just laughed. "Well, I was gonna say you're welcome to take home any leftovers, but it looks like you won't be taking anything today, heh. Do you need help getting up, bud?"

"I-I'm good." C'mon, he wasn't *that* fat! Although Tendo wished he'd taken him up on that offer as he braced himself against the couch, sloooooowly hauling himself onto his feet. Arceus above, he was stuffed! It might be worth it to swing by a pharmacy on the way home for some Pepto Bismol. His stomach was groaning like its own mini factory!

“Oh, you’re still welcome to take home anything you liked, if you want!” Felix chirped, following the lumbering bird out. “We don’t have a functioning disposal unit at the moment. Really, we have loads of pastries!”

“I-I’m good.” Tendo did *not* want to think about more food at the moment. Just standing up was a reminder of how stuffed he was, his hefty stomach weighing him down. Thank goodness for his species’ inherently strong legs.

“Have you figured out what the secret ingredient is, by any chance?”

Those inherently strong legs suddenly stopped, as Tendo whirled around as fast as he could manage. Felix stood there with a rather sly smirk across his chubby muzzle, causing the fire type to break out into a nervous sweat. Was he being tested? Would a professional taste tester be able to decipher what that secret ingredient was? Was this how he would lose his new job?

“U-ummm...” Tendo managed a nervous smile. “Give me another week, I’ll figure it out!”

“Hah!” The dragon snickered, crossing his arms. “I’m just teasing ya! I’d be surprised if you could figure it out, considering we’ve only used trace amounts of it so far.”

Tendo sighed. “Don’t tease me like that! You’re gonna upset my stomach.” He groaned, placing a talon across that hefty belly. Waving a dismissive claw, the pudgy pokemon sauntered his way out of the factory, hand still on his gut. After a strange and eventful day like today, Tendo couldn’t wait to go home and collapse on his bed.

And repeat the process the next day.

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“Hrrrrnnnnngg! C’mon, zip up, dammit!”

Tendo grunted loudly, gritting his beak tightly. Alas, despite his pleas, the two ends of his jacket simply refused to meet up. Letting out a defeated groan, the big-bellied bird sighed and released the jacket, watching as the sides flew apart to reveal more of said big-belly.

This was ridiculous. He knew he’d put on weight working as a taste tester. He knew that eating pastries for eight hours a day would have an impact on his figure. He knew that eventually, his clothes may not fit anymore if he continued his job like this.

But for his jacket to stop fitting after only a single week?! That would have to mean that at the moment, Tendo’s belly was bigger completely empty, than it was stuffed full of food just last week!

Huffing and puffing, Tendo tried once more to combine both ends of his jacket. He couldn't even glance down at himself anymore, as looking down meant being met with a face full of moob. Clearly, this weight wasn't just being centered around his belly, as the avian's waddle was now more pronounced in order to accommodate those widening thighs. Just what the heck were in those pastries?

Success! Somehow, he managed to get his winter jacket zipped partially up, although Tendo didn't dare sigh in relief in fear they'd burst right open again. For the same reason, he didn't even try to zip the jacket all the way up to his chest, and not just because he struggled to reach around his own stomach. He'll definitely have to buy another size up after work. For now, hopefully he won't run into Felix, the blaziken cautiously stepped into the factory-

"Hey hey, Tendo!"

"Gah!" Tendo gasped, which alone was enough to cause his zipper to slide down a few clicks. "Don't scare me like that!"

But Felix wasn't watching, those slitted green eyes of his focused on the revealed belly before him. "Heheh, bit of a wardrobe malfunction today I see," he teased, poking a claw into where Tendo's belly button would be.

The avian grunted; it may not have looked like it to Felix, but Tendo was doing his damndest to keep his gut sucked in. "Heh, yeah. It, erh, was fitting just fine on the walk over." He lied, not wanting to admit he came to work with his jacket completely open. "I'm not...violating any work rules, am I?"

"Bah!" Felix waved a claw. "I mean, maaaaaybe technically there's some obscure state law that says you are, but you know I'm not a stickler for the rules! We don't have a uniform policy or anything. Just as long as you're decent, wear as much or as little as you want!"

That was...reassuring, maybe? Tendo wasn't too sure he liked the phrasing of that last sentence there, but the big bird was more relieved that he wouldn't get a write up for his struggling jacket issues. Which was a big relief, considering his abdominal muscles were really starting to ache from how long he had to suck in his stomach.

With a pained smile, Tendo gave a hollow laugh and quickly shuffled his way through the factory, cutting the conversation short. Still holding his gut, the avian took quick, short breaths through his nose, waddling desperately towards his office. There, he could safely let loose the breath he'd been holding all this time.

And with it, his stomach *fwumped* back out, not just unzipping his jacket, but completely bursting open the zipper!

Groaning in frustration, the oversized blaziken flopped onto the couch, wincing as the furniture creaked beneath his bulk. “What am I gonna do with you?” He addressed his own flowing crimson belly, grabbing his plump love handles with two talons. He’d always been tubby, ever since he was but a small torchic, but this was starting to get a little much, even for him! For the first time in his life, Tendo was actually considering going on a diet! After all, only a week into this job and he put on...what, fifty pounds, at least? What was gonna happen to him after a month? Or a year?

And yet, despite worrying about the future of his body, Tendo’s gut chose now to let loose a long, low growl, sensing the presence of food within arm’s reach. What a prized pig he was turning into.

“Guess we’ll brainstorm some weight loss solutions after work,” the large pokemon muttered to himself, reaching for a box...before pausing.

There was more today.

It could have just been his imagination; after all, Tendo had only been working at Blue Inc. for a week. Yet, the blubbery bird swore there were a few extra boxes on top of his already monstrously large pile of baked goods to sample. To confirm his suspicions, he checked the stacks of paper; sure enough, there were a few extra survey forms for him to work on as well.

Tendo furrowed his brow. It wasn’t uncommon for companies to assign their new employees a lighter workload while they grew acclimated to the job, but man, what a time Felix chose to give him extra food! This meant he had to eat even faster just to meet his eight hour deadline, and he really didn’t need anymore on his plate, pun entirely intended.

“Alright.” Tendo slapped his talons into his chubby cheeks, mentally prepping himself. “No eating everything this time. Take a bite or two, write a quick blurb about it, then discard and move onto the next pastry.” This way, he’ll have more time to write a better review without sacrificing too much time eating.

Yeah, he could do this! He could make it through this!

Eight hours later, Tendo lay defeated on the couch, covered in shame, regret, and crumbs. Not a single bite remained on his “To Do” pile, every bit of sugary, buttery food now residing within that massive cauldron of a gut, gurgling and churning noisily as it processed every calorie into even more fat, much like a miniature factory itself. He was stuck making short, gasping wheezes again, not from trying to suck in his gut. On the contrary, there was no sucking in that beast! Just from the size of it, Tendo was surprised he could ever fit his lap-filling tummy within his jacket earlier today.

“Tomorrow...” Tendo whimpered between hiccups, weakly rubbing the side of his colossal paunch. “Tomorrow...! I’ll eat less...and do better...”

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Tendo did not do better tomorrow. He ate just as much that day as he did the next, and the next. Tendo stuffed himself silly every day that week, devouring everything on his desk.

He did the same the next week as well, and the week after that. Every. Single. Pastry.

Tendo didn’t know what had gotten into him! Sure, he’d always been a big glutton, his size before was testament enough, but he thought he’d have *some* semblance of self control! Yet, the moment he sat on the couch right before his desk of food, a little switch went off in his brain, and the bird went into a feeding frenzy, barely registering the need to write a review as he scarfed down the treats one at a time! It didn’t matter how out there the flavors were, every strange combination of scents and tastes were just as addictive as the next.

And just as fattening as well.

Tendo practically watched himself swell out in real time in the mirror as the days went on, like yeast rising in the oven. He watched as an extra chin was added to his collection, as his arms were stuck further and further out to the side, as his legs were forced into a wider and wider gait, until eventually he even outgrew his own mirror! Clothes that fit him one week were practically bursting at the seams the next, to the point where Tendo had long given up even trying on clothes anymore. Why bother, when his own body kept him decent?

Nobody at work seemed to mind the blimped up bird forgoing his clothes. If anything, they found the sight of all that bird inviting, as Tendo was constantly greeted with friendly hugs and belly pats. He was a real sight at work, to be sure; everyone knew of his presence despite the sheer size of the factory. He was a real friend to everyone at work.

And what kind of friend would he be if he didn’t accept a few favors as well?

“Hey, Mister taste tester! My wife just baked this batch of cookies, and she wanted to hear an expert’s critique on them!” He’d hear someone say, pushing several large baggies of cookies to the blaziken. Being the glutton he was, Tendo wouldn’t just sample one or two, but scarf down every single cookie, even bringing the bags to his beak to lick up every last crumb, before muttering his thoughts. The employee would smile and thank him, and he’d move on to the next employee with sweets they wanted him to sample. And then the next. And then the next. And then the-

It didn’t just end there, either. Even after a full day of gorging, with Tendo struggling to pry himself off the ever shrinking couch, he would occasionally find Felix outside his office to greet him. The dragon was never angry, never criticizing the bloated bird ball for his increasingly

lazier reviews. On the contrary, Felix gave Tendo nothing but praises, congratulations, and more treats.

“They’re gonna go bad anyways, and we’re the last ones here. Figured you’d like a snack to share with a friend or family member back home!”

It was like Felix knew Tendo could never say no to more food. No matter how much food he’d eaten that day, or how many extras Felix gave him, Tendo finished off every single extra snack before he even got home. It didn’t matter if Tendo’s stomach was creaking and groaning, like a rubber balloon about to give out, the blaziken would always find room for more.

Consequently, Tendo discovered that the bigger he grew, the faster he grew, looking more and more like an actual balloon! And much like a balloon, Tendo could only grow so much before finally reaching a breaking point.

That breaking point was reached one Friday morning as Tendo walked, er, waddled, er, *shuffled* through the factory. He made his usual rounds with his workplace friends, who, of course, had plenty for him to sample. Three cheesecakes, two dozen eclairs, and several birthday cakes later, the feathered fatass finally found himself outside of his office.

Yet, he didn’t step inside, as much as his still-ravenous stomach craved the mountain of food just steps away. Instead, Tendo found himself huffing and puffing, one talon placed against the wall as he bent over to catch his breath. This was an obvious red flag; Tendo was a blaziken, for Arceus’ sake! They were known for their powerful leg muscles, yet he was too fat to even walk the length of a large room without doubling over in fatigue!

To make matters worse, as Tendo breathed in and out, he felt the cold chill of his stomach grazing against the concrete ground. His belly. Was touching. The ground!

“Hey hey, there he is!”

Tendo scowled as he heard that dreadfully delightful voice behind him, feeling a dragon’s claw playfully patting his backside. “A little late to work today, I see! Ah, don’t worry, it’s no big deal! Just try to not let it become a habit, yeah?”

Was Felix blind? The only reason Tendo was late was because it took him so long to haul himself into a standing position! Silently fuming, the enormous bird slowly turned around to face his boss, trying not to knock the dragon off his feet with that gargantuan gut. “Felix... I’m sorry, but I think today’s my last day working here. I can’t keep doing this.”

“What?!” Felix’s friendly smile dropped in a blink of an eye, replaced with an aghast grimace. “B-but why? I thought you were enjoying yourself!”

"I-I was." Tendo blushed, looking down to avoid eye contact. Sheesh, what a way to guilt someone. The blaziken was starting to feel bad for asking to quit. But then again, a quick look down revealed the rotund, wobbling, jiggling reason for his sudden departure. Heck, Tendo didn't even have to look down to be reminded, as his pudgy cheeks were starting to encroach his peripheral vision. "I really was, Felix. You and everyone have been so kind, and the food was delicious. But...C'mon, look at me. I *really* need to cut back."

"Do you?" Felix muttered incredulously, looking up and down the looming blaziken. "You have put on a little weight, admittedly, but it's nothing no one's ever dealt with working here before, bud. Take a look around. You're in good company, Tendo!"

"A little?!" Oh, now Felix had done it! The fire type felt his heart pounding, his entire body heating up as though the pokemon were preparing for an attack. Yet, all the blaziken could do was stamp his foot down indignantly, quivering his entire body.

"Look at me, Felix! I'm huge!" Tendo grabbed as much of his quivering mass as he could, lifting up the armful of belly pudge before dropping it, hearing it noisily *glorp* and slosh about. "I can't even walk on the sidewalk without my hips bumping into every single freaking mailbox along the way! Heck, I can't even fit into any doors inside my own house anymore! I've had to have a friend help move all my crap into the garage, since that's the only room I can squeeze in anymore, and even that's becoming a tight squeeze! I leaned against my car once to catch my breath, and completely dented the friggen thing! This isn't 'a little' extra weight, Felix. This is a LOT of extra weight! I'm massive! I'm...I'm a *wailord!*"

Tendo ended up yelling until he had to catch his breath again, his gut once more heaving up and down just inches away from the floor. The blaziken blushed as he realized he was once more the center of attention within the room, and for once not just due to his sheer size. Even Felix was stunned into silence at that outburst, although Tendo figured that was because he had made his point. Tendo was one fat pokemon, easily bigger than any snorlax!

His big belly needed no introduction, as Tendo was well aware of its size from the fact that, as aforementioned, it rubbed against the ground when he leaned forward. That billowing ball of belly bulged out, what, five or six feet before him at this point? Maybe even more? Tendo was certain his old self could fit inside if he curled up into a ball, with room to spare.

But that wasn't to say the rest of him wasn't absurdly plump as well. Starting this job, Tendo could barely reach around his belly on a full stomach, but now he couldn't even reach his waist with his arms! Every inch of him was plump full of lard, round and perky, yet soft enough to give anyone the impression they could lose an arm in just one of those numerous folds. He couldn't move an inch anywhere on his body without setting off ripples of fat everywhere else. Those arms of his were struggling to bend all the way now, those powerful legs reduced, or rather augmented, to billowing stacks of fat. And that rump; goodness, what a rump! To his horror, those round, spherical cheeks were starting to reach the size of his gut before taking on this job! Gosh, he was so fat, he even felt it on his hair! Instead of flowing behind him, the

avian's flowing white mane now rode along his roll-filled back, ending just short of that magnificent behind!

Finally, after an uncomfortably long period of time, Felix's muzzle finally opened. "...I'm sorry, Tendo, I didn't mean to patronize you. Yes you are...quite obese, to put it frankly, I just didn't want you to concern yourself with your weight."

"Well, it's a bit late for that, isn't it?" Tendo snorted, crossing his arms over his chest. Rather, he attempted to, but those pillowy moobs of his prevented such an action, and as such he had to resort to placing his talons on his hips instead. Or rather his upper sides, as he couldn't quite reach his hips anymore.

Felix solemnly nodded. "No no, I understand perfectly. We'll all miss you very much, Tendo, but if you feel the need to leave, then so be it. After today, you'll be removed from the work registry."

"Thank you." Tendo nodded, turning back to his office. Gosh, he really was fat if it took him this long to do a simple 180. Thankfully, all his yelling had completely ruined his appetite; he no longer looked forward to stuffing his face with the pastries inside, subconsciously or otherwise. Perhaps he could finally stick to eating just a bite or two of everything and leave work without being stuffed to the gills? It'd be a great way to start his diet, but just how long of a strict diet would he need to uphold before he finally slimmed back down to his normal, morbidly obese size?

From behind him, he could hear Felix sighing loudly. "It's a shame, too. You were so close to earning a promotion, too."

Tendo paused, frozen. "What was that?"

"Hm?" He heard the dragon grunting. "Oh, it's nothing. It's just, you've been such a good employee, I wanted to offer you a promotion to a completely new job title. It would have come with a raise and other employee benefits, but I suppose since you're leaving-

"Wait, wait." Tendo whirled around as fast as his mammoth body could manage, big belly wobbling before him. "What was the promotion?"

The blaziken swore he saw a twinkle in the drake's green eyes, although that could have just been his imagination. "Well, hypothetically, if you were to stay with us for just one more month, I could get you in on a sweet deal. A brand new job title all yours for the taking, and you'd be making ten times your current salary as well, not to mention-

"*Ten times?!*" Apparently, Tendo still had energy to squawk as he balked at the notion of increasing his income tenfold. "A-and this...promotion..." Gosh, he could barely speak! "I don't have to sample anything anymore, right?"

Felix chuckled. "Well, if you ever feel like sampling something on the side, then by all means! But as far as job requirements go, no, you won't have to sample anything again."

Tendo's lower beak trembled. "A-and it's just for one more month, right? You promise?"

"On my honor as a dragon, you have my word, as witnessed by everyone present here. Four more weeks, and the promotion is yours."

Tendo started to tremble, but not because of his sore legs. "Is it...can I still keep my job, sir?"

Again, Tendo was certain he saw that twinkle in Felix's eye as the dragon's grin widened. "Are you sure, Tendo? You're getting awfully fat, you know." As the dragon spoke, he stepped closer to the whimpering butterball before him, firmly planting a palm on that wall of red, finding zero resistance in all that flab.

Tendo nodded. "Y-yes. It's fine!"

"And you're likely to end up fatter. Much fatter, even." Felix purred, now attempting to wrap his arms around as much of Tendo as possible. Heck, "attempt" was a strong word, as Tendo was head and shoulders taller than the dragon, not even mentioning the belly nearly as wide as he was tall. Instead, Felix was practically engulfed in soft, feathery flab, sticking his snout into where Tendo's navel would be. "You think you can handle it, you big, beautiful, blubbery bird?"

"Yes, I can!" The big, beautiful, blubbery bird barely registered the dragon's words. He barely even noticed the squishy hug being offered to him, the avian unable to even see Felix past his own set of moobs. Everything was a blur to him; the greedy pokemon was focused solely on the promotion, and the hefty raise that came with it!

Finally, Felix stepped back and smiled up at his employee, giving that belly a hearty slap. "Then get to eating, big guy! You've got a lot of catching up to do, seeing how late you are!"

"I-I will, sir!" Grinning wide, Tendo swiveled faster than ever back to his office, squeezing through the doors to practically dive onto the couch. Who cared if his ample rear filled both ends of the two-seater couch? Who cared if his stomach reached the desk long before his arms did? Tendo was so excited for this new job opportunity, he practically inhaled the first box of pastries before remembering he was supposed to be reviewing them. Thankfully, Felix made good on his promise to digitize everything, as Tendo reached for the tablet where he recorded all of his reviews. Easy peasy; less time writing meant more time eating! He could fully relax against his sturdy seat. Relax, and eat. Relax, and eat.

For the first time since starting his job, Tendo wasn't bothered at all that he demolished every single pastry.



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The mornings at Blue Inc. were the most peaceful for the workers, as it was the only part of the day they didn't hear noisy scarfing and hefty burping within Tendo's office. Thankfully, those mornings started to last longer and longer, as despite Felix's warnings, the blaziken had made it a habit of arriving to work rather late. However, as the month came to an end, there were plenty of signs that the overweight pokemon was approaching.

For starters, there was that tell tale rumbling that signified Tendo approached; subtle, but noticeable. The sounds of heavy footsteps and window panes rattling could be heard if one were to listen to it; heck, some even claimed to feel the ground shake ever so subtly beneath their feet.

This early warning never lasted long, as soon the doors would barge wide open, and something large, crimson, and squishy would flood through the doublewide entrance, blotting out nearly every bit of light. Squirming and grunting could be seen, and after no small amount of effort, a pair of talons would emerge on either side of the doorway, helping to squeeze the blubbery ball of feathers and flab through. Eventually, a glimmer of orange and white could be

seen as Tendo's chest and hair popped into view, followed by a very, very ragged and gaspy face, huffing and puffing from the effort of squeezing through a double wide door.

To say the last month had been devastating on the blaziken's waistline would have been an understatement; Tendo was easily the fattest thing alive on two legs. That stomach of his alone was wider than the fire bird was tall; nothing less than a team of furs or heavy machinery could even hope to budge that thing off the ground as well, an incredible orb of pure lard that, while flopped onto the ground, nearly came up to eye level with Tendo! He had to resort to shoving the damn thing around in front of him everywhere he went, not that he was complaining or anything. The enormous blubber ball made for a good cushion whenever he leaned forward, although he had to be careful his feet didn't leave contact with the ground. Which he made good use of, as he weighed more than most cars; most vehicles, even!

And Tendo didn't even mind one bit.

It wasn't that he didn't notice; far from it. It was impossible *not* to notice his arms growing heavier than a normal-sized person, having become so thick and bulbous as to make bending them a challenge. It was impossible *not* to notice the thick cracks forming in the sidewalk when he walked, which were starting to turn into craters only recently.

No, Tendo simply didn't *care*.

After all, what were a few more dozen pounds, erh, hundred pounds anyways? With ten times his salary, he could hire a dietician to get him back down to a more normal weight anyways. Maybe even a personal chef who could cook those really tasty, low-calorie meals he often saw on TV? By all means, he could end up as fat as kingdom come; it's not like his new promotion was too physically demanding, right?

Well, there was still the case of making it to his office.

*THUD...THUD...THUD...*

Tendo furrowed his brow. No one had come by to feed him yet. By now, he was used to coworkers swarming over him, hugging his plush flanks, hand feeding him entire cakes and pies for his reviews. But turning his head (or rather his entire torso, as his head was a tad too thick to turn anymore), Tendo noticed the other furs simply standing by and watching him go. Was it because he was now super important at the company, or something? Felix still out ranked him, right? Yet everyone was friendly with the dragon.

*THUD...THUD...THUD...*

Speaking of Felix, why did the dragon have to wait for him at his office? Tendo swore the factory was getting both bigger and smaller; bigger in the sense it took him longer to cross it to reach his office, smaller in that everything kept bumping into him no matter how much space he

gave. Well, no better way to start his weight loss than with plenty of walking, right? Even if he was moving at a snail's pace.

*THUD...THUD...HUFF...HUFF...*

Finally, he made it! Panting and wheezing, Tendo stood a good distance away from his boss, as it was the only way to see his scaly supervisor's face from beyond that sea of tummy. Felix, however, was seemingly unaware of this, as his smiling face disappeared beneath that red horizon to give the belly a friendly hug. "Gooooooood morning, Tendo! Slept well, I take it?"

"M'hm." Tendo would have nodded, if he could have.

"I figured! It's nearly noon, ya big lug! Gotta get ya a better alarm clock!"

"Right." The blaziken grunted. Even his voice had put on some weight, it seemed. It was deeper, richer, smoother, like heavy cream. "I still, hurrff, get my promotion, right?"

"Of course, of course!" Felix drummed cheerfully on that feathery belly, rippling the blubber bird up and down. "But what's the rush? You just got here, after all. Could I interest you in a coffee? A croissant, perhaps?"

"We have those?" Tendo couldn't help but let loose a deep chuckle, bouncing that wobbling tummy against the dragon. He was only half serious; everything he'd eaten in the past month or two had been either deep fried, covered in frosting, or a combination of the two. "No thanks...promotion, please."

"Alright, alright. I promised I'd get ya started today, I know. Just sign these papers. Your new job awaits." Tendo watched as Felix's claws came into view, the dragon having to step onto his tiptoes to reach the top of that belly. He planted a clipboard with a stack of papers at the edge, along with a pen.

Tendo sighed. "Felix..."

"Oh, at least try to reach for it? I like seeing how squishy you are!"

"I haven't been able to reach that far in 20 days!" Tendo's (broken) couch now sat perpendicular to his desk, as the only way the big bird could reach anything beyond himself was by the side.

Thankfully, Felix withdrew the clipboard from the avian's tum. "Alright, alright. It's on your right now."

Sure enough, Tendo felt the pen on his right talon. How long had it been since he held one? Ever since switching to digital, the big blaziken had gotten used to just tapping at a screen,

now holding a pen felt cumbersome and awkward. He was grateful talons couldn't put on fat, or else it'd be impossible just to hold the darned thing. The clipboard clicked against his talons, and Tendo signed his name. Or at least, he did his best, being unable to see the clipboard and all.

He must have done a good enough job, for soon the pen was yanked from him, and Felix's smiling face reappeared over his stomach. "Congratulations, Tendo! You've been promoted!"

The bird's crimson red cheeks dimpled as he smiled oh so wide. Finally, his hard work of eating and occasionally writing was finally being paid off! He felt a huge weight leave his shoulders - metaphorically of course, he was still impossibly heavy. But as he stood there saturating in self-praise, a question popped into his head. A question he felt stupid for not asking earlier. "So, what is my promotion?"

"Oh, we'll get to that soon, my friend!" The dragon patted Tendo's belly affectionately. "In the meantime, why don't you take a load off? You're looking a lil shaky on your legs there."

Tendo was hesitant to just sit down in the open like this. Without any leverage to haul himself back up, he'd be left a sitting duck, erh, blaziken unless the entire factory worked together to shove him upright. But, Felix was right; Tendo's legs *were* getting sore. A quick break wouldn't hurt, right? With a *whump*, Tendo allowed himself to collapse onto his rump, the sheer size of which meant his height hardly changed.

He was completely unaware he'd never move from that spot again.

"Theeeeeere we go. Feeling comfier already, huh?" Felix chuckled, leaning into the stationary blubber ball. "Now, how about some refreshments, hmm? This is a celebration, after all, and everyone knows you can't celebrate without cake!"

Tendo wanted to say no, but his stomach chose a wonderful time to let loose an earth-shaking grumble. The avian's red face turned redder. He'd normally have his beak shoved into a box of pastries at this point, and his stomach was quite angry he hadn't met his sugar quota for the hour quite yet. "M-maybe a couple snacks," he requested sheepishly, rubbing the sides of his stomach. Not like a few pastries could do much more harm, right?

Felix was there to the rescue, as the dragon had disappeared from view, only to return with a container no doubt containing more than just a "couple snacks." Sheesh, this thing was huge; Tendo was about to reach for his tablet out of reflex to taste them! If he hadn't known any better, Tendo would have assumed that it was a giant garbage can, just loaded with pastries!

Whatever it was, the strange shape made it easy to reach in and grab the sugary snacks, even if his arm fat squished heavily into the rim. Tendo didn't even think twice as he grabbed at the warm, doughy, gooey mess of calories and fat, stuffing them into his blubbery

beak with zero hesitation. This was infinitely better than anything he sampled during his time here! While the sampled goods were stuck in his office until he ate them, which meant they were bound to become a bit cool and stale by the end of the day, this food tasted as though it were right out of the oven. Perfect for a fire type like himself. It was all too soon that he felt his claws scrape the bottom edge of the container.

But just as he was about to lament that his diet was about to officially begin, Felix returned once more, this time wheeling in two more of the enormous containers.

Tendo was stunned. This wasn't the celebration he had expected for his promotion. He'd been sitting and eating for the greater portion of an hour, yet now he was being offered more? Well, it's not like he could say no; the adipose-laden avian was quick to scoop his talons into more of that mushy, sweet goodness. After all, his stomach was growling, considering it only had a light 5,000 calories snack.

But as he opened his beak to chomp down on all that sugar and fats, Tendo could see his boss standing before him beyond the horizon of his own belly, wearing a confident, cocky smirk that told the pokemon Felix had won. That twinkle in Felix's eye was unmistakable, that smarmy way he crossed his arms across his chest even more so.

Tendo still ate. He couldn't help *but* to eat. It's been his major source of income for several months to *just* eat, there was no way he could stop now! But even with a beak full of pastries, he couldn't help but blurt out a quick, short sentence. "You tricked me..."

"Tricked you?" Felix raised a brow, still grinning. "Now why would you think that, bud? I've been very up front with you, haven't I?"

"I haven't *bwurp* started my new job yet..." Tendo grunted, taking a moment to swallow his current mouthful, reach for another, and continue. "You're just...trying to stuff me...bigger and bigger..."

"Oh, pffff! C'mon, you've *already* started your job!" Felix stepped forward and disappeared beneath that big red horizon, only for Tendo to feel a firm squeeze around that tum. "Didn't you read your contract? You're our newest disposal unit!"

The blaziken grunted as he felt a pair of feet paws step onto his thick love handles, watching as the chubby dragon clambered onto him, before *flopping* onto that sprawling mass of feathers and fat, watching his flabby self slosh and wobble about like an overfilled waterbed. "Not, disposable as in *you're* disposable. Oh, on the contrary, you're perhaps the most crucial team member here! The city taxes us for how much waste we produce, and it's your job to make sure that waste is as close to zero as possible. Looks like you've figured out how to dispose of all this food all on your own, huh?"

Tendo blushed at that remark. With Felix on his stomach, this was the closest he'd been face to face with anyone in quite a long time, the blaziken suddenly feeling a bit sheepish as he sunk his fat head deeper into his own chub in order to hide from the looming, snarky dragon. "Y-you..made me...into a-

"I *encouraged* you. I didn't *make* you do anything, hun." Felix reached into one of the containers to pull out a long john, waving it around Tendo's beak. Tendo, without a second's hesitation, bit into it. "Everyone at Blue Inc. is plus sized. You are just several plus sizes now, I suppose. A company mascot, now, as well as a stress reliever! You wouldn't mind if we used your belly as a break room, right?"

Felix stuck his tongue out before flopping back onto the stomach, grinning ear to ear. Much to Tendo's shock, Felix could actually fully lay across his stomach like a bed, without any fear of falling off. Even more so, the dragon's blue arms and legs spread out and back in again, in and out, making an angel in the chub! "Oh, this is simply delightful! Far better than I could have ever imagined, Tendo! I know you're a little hesitant about your new role for the company, but think of the smiles you'll be bringing to your peers!"

Chuckling at this, the dragon rolled onto his own stomach, staring up at Tendo with his snout half buried between those pillowy moobs. "I'll tell you what: you're still gonna receive the salary raise, but I'll even throw in a little of my personal income to make sure you're as spoiled and pampered as can be! We can install a television on the opposite wall and give you the sole remote to it, or maybe just a full on VR headset you can play around with while you eat! Or perhaps-

"More."

Felix blinked. "Erh, more? W-well, if the VR headset isn't enough, perhaps-

"Nah, more food please." This time, it was Tendo's turn to smile. "I'm supposed to eat all the extra food before it goes bad, right? Well, hurry up and feed me. I don't like being behind schedule."

Yes, Tendo mainly said this as an excuse to finally get a chance to order his own boss around. What employee wouldn't relish in the chance to do just that? However, the bird couldn't deny the satisfaction in seeing his boss's eyes light up, as well as knowing he would never have to worry about food ever again.

Reaching immobility had always been a source of anxiety in the avian's mind, but now that the moment had certainly passed, with no sign of his weight gain ever slowing down, Tendo finally felt at peace. It finally happened; he couldn't stand on his own anymore, let alone walk. And while he had fears that reaching such a size would impede his productivity, he now had a job where the opposite was true! As long as he sat and ate, he was making a killer of a living; who cares how fat he got from this point on? What's next, he loses the ability to bend his arms?

So what? He could get someone else to feed him, or fetch him things. He was set for life! Besides, Felix was right; his coworkers *loved* his current size, and no doubt they'd continue to love it as he grew into a big enough blubber ball to support all of their weight!

In fact, the more he thought about it, the more he realized the increase of pay wasn't even needed! Everything he could ever want: food, friends, entertainment, all at his beck and call without him ever needing to lift a finger.

And all he had to do in return was eat...and eat...and eat...



“Alright, everyone. Before we start today’s meeting, I just want to give a quick thank you to everyone for showing up. I know your time is very valuable, and I understand many employee’s preference for email updates instead, but I can’t stress enough the importance of this particular meeting being in person.”

Felix sighed softly through his nose as he paced by his end of the table, his lengthy tail shyly rubbing against his ankles. Years of being a boss, yet the dragon still felt awkward giving presentations like this, especially since he knew most employees would actually prefer a simple email update. Even so, this meeting really *was* important!

Thankfully, None of his employees looked too bothered by this conference. If anything, the dragon noticed a few smiles present among his workers. Soon enough, a smile of his own made its way across his muzzle.

Particularly when he noted how many of his employees had grown a bit wider around the waist since he had last looked closely at them. Everywhere he looked, he saw dimpled cheeks, smothered chairs, and strained buttons. Hell, a certain dragon-wolf employee's shirt couldn't even reach the upper portion of his navel anymore, reminding Felix of Tendo only a week into the blaziken's job.

Ah, despite the years that had passed, it only felt like yesterday.

"Now then," he cleared his throat, blushing slightly. Goodness, he was about to get flustered the longer he looked at them. "It's been a very hectic year for many of us, I know. Record-breaking sales means constant upgrades and renovations to our machinery, on top of ramping up production further with every major sales breakthrough." The dragon waded towards the desk, flicking on the projector before gesturing at the wall. "As you can see on this graph-

"It's crooked!"

Felix blinked, looking back. "Pardon?"

The pudgy dragon-wolf from earlier scarfed the rest of his donut down, gulping it in one go before repeating himself. "The screen's crooked."

Felix turned back towards the projection on the wall, scratching at his horns. "Huh, so it will seem." He chuckled as he waded back to the table, his bare foot claws ruffling the sea of red feathers beneath him. Not at all to his surprise, the projector wasn't tilted, but the entire table itself.

Well, really, Felix should be grateful they were able to even haul a table on top of Tendo's stomach anyways.

The drake fidgeted with the table, trying to balance it atop of Tendo's chub. That was no easy feat, as practically anything would send that ocean of chub rippling. "Is this better?"

"Not really." The dragon-wolf shrugged.

Felix sighed. "Well, I'm afraid we'll just have to get used to it, then. But as we can see on this *crooked* graph, sales figures are quite literally off the charts! Even with constant renovations and upgrades, it's getting harder and harder to meet consumer demands. Heck, I'm worried our food disposal unit here will start going hungry soon!"

Felix meant that as a joke; with how much food they were pumping into Tendo everyday, there was no way that blubber ball could ever be less than stuffed! Yet, right on cue, everyone in the meeting felt the ground rumble and jiggle on its own beneath their feet. Goodness, Tendo was currently stuffing his face as they spoke, and he was *still hungry?*

Well, that shouldn't be a problem soon. After this meeting, Felix would personally see to Tendo's hunger pangs, once and for all.

"R-right, moving on." Felix grunted, still caught off by the sudden roaring. "I'm delighted to inform everyone that construction of our second factory is currently wrapping up. Having acquired the latest technology in factory-built pastries, our production should ramp up three-fold in a mostly-automated sequence, only requiring basic maintenance and supervision to function. Even so, in normal cases, the energy costs for such technology would be astronomical, requiring a small powerplant to power everything.

"Which brings me to my next point." Felix grinned. "Today is Tendo's birthday. Let's all wish him a happy birthday, on a count of three."

Tendo perked up when he heard the choruses of "happy birthdays," a broad smile crossing his beak. The fact that they all chose to sang extra loud so he could hear them over his own feast really was heartwarming for the blob of a blaziken. He wished he could thank them back, but alas, eating from a funnel as wide as a soccer ball made it hard to speak.

True to Felix's word, Tendo really was the most spoiled, pampered Pokemon to ever exist! Not a single went by where the immobile blaziken *wasn't* being attended to. There was always someone on break to rub his belly, to hug against his plush body, to clear his face of crumbs, and of course, to feed him. He never had to lift a talon ever again, and as such completely went along with his employee's whims, using the rare times his mouth wasn't full to request rubs along the farthest edges of his stomach.

Of course he gained weight; how couldn't he? Honestly, Tendo was wondering if he was born *to* gain, seeing as how quickly he swelled out in blubber the moment immobility hit. He had long since given up worrying about it, seeing as how he had crossed that threshold with no going back. If anything, he found it fun to see just how much weight he could pack on in a certain amount of time, to the point where he even challenged his coworkers to fatten him up quicker!

"Hey guys, let's get my stomach reaching that wall by the end of the month!"

"If yall feed me enough by the end of the week, I may be able to fit you guys on my stomach at the same time!"

Employee productivity soared to new heights, as everyone wanted the bonus of being able to feed and care for the behemoth of blubber slowly taking up factory space. Engineers

even came together to build a massive funnel hanging from the ceiling, where a stray conveyor belt of treats would dump straight into it, connecting to a hose that went straight into Tendo's gullet on request. However, as production of pastries increased, so too did Tendo's appetite, and another conveyor belt had to be fed to the funnel. And another. And another. But while the factory slowly reached its limit of just how much food it could produce, both to satisfy its growing consumer market and its growing Tendo, the blaziken never, ever stopped gaining.

Which was why they were able to host an entire meeting on top of that floor-covering stomach.

In Tendo's own estimations, he was the size of a small house. His head was over thirty feet away from the factory wall, yet his stomach still smooshed heavily against it, the edge of which even curled upwards against the wall, proving there was far more than just thirty feet of belly. His rump traveled nearly just as far behind him, completely swallowing up any signs of tail feathers between two massive globes tall enough for people to need a ladder simply to climb upon. Somewhere in the middle, his feet lay suspended, completely swaddled in rolls upon rolls of cankle and thigh blubber, each one bigger than the last. Heck, a testing wiggle of his foot claws proved that they were higher above the ground than he was tall, back when he first started working!

Back when he used to be afraid of his figure growing out of hand. Oh, if past him could only see him now.

He loved everything about being so massive: The comfort, the attention, the food, everything! However, a new worry began to make its way into his head, as Tendo's stomach roared out again. He wasn't being fed *nearly* as much as he would have liked, despite the seven or so conveyor belts dumping sweet treats into his fattened maw. Was he finally at his limit? Would his weight gain start to slow down? Would he have to deal with being hungry again?

Tendo couldn't hear the rest of the meeting happening atop of him; he could barely even see past the metal hose he ate from, let alone his own incredible cheeks and chins. He could feel Felix's pacing, the tables and chairs digging into his chub, a few others' foot tappings as well. Were they talking about him? They *had* to be; why else would they hold a meeting on top of his stomach?!

"Meeting adjourned!"

Ah, it was finally over. Tendo felt himself jiggling uncontrollably as the group of furs on top of him slowly clambered down. Apparently, no one wanted to be the one to bring the table and chairs down, not that Tendo blamed them. How anyone managed to get furniture on top of his 40-foot tall self was a complete mystery; the blaziken was over halfway to the factory's roof, for crying out loud!

Ah, one of the furs was walking towards his maw. Blinking, Tendo watched as Felix scaled the mountain of moob and made his way towards the sunken in head of the blaziken, grinning. "Happy birthday, bud! Thanks again for letting us use your belly for the meeting. I mean, with your gut sealing all the meeting rooms shut, you *do* owe us a big, but still, it was great fun! It was hard not to bounce around on top of ya; I felt like a kid at a trampoline park."

Tendo snorted at that remark, his cheeks dimpling. While he may be unable to speak, he hoped his eyes could relay the message as well as his words could. "*Did ya get me a birthday present?*"

"Oho, I know that greedy luck! Sheesh, does *nothing* satisfy you anymore?" Felix laughed, playfully poking at Tendo's beak, the only part of his body outside of his claws that wasn't swaddled in lard. "I got you something better than just food, bud. How does a second promotion sound?"

Tendo's eyes widened at that, letting out a particularly loud gulp that Felix immediately picked up on. "Yeah, I bet you would. Unfortunately, I'm not sure if financially compensating you further is exactly feasible, but trust me, I'll make it worth your while!"

He went on. "Ya see, we're moving to a new factory soon, and we're gonna convert this building - and you - into an energy source. It's a good thing you're a fire type; all that thermal energy is gonna be perfect in powering our ovens! However, based on a few assessments, you're not quite at the level yet to power an entire factory on your own, bud."

Felix dropped down into a crouch, grinning wide enough to show off every single one of his teeth. "You need to be fatter, Tendo. Much, much, *much* fatter, and quickly!"

If Tendo wasn't wide eyed before, he certainly was now! What the heck, he has to be *fatter?! Was that even possible?* It took many years of nonstop gorging just to get him to this size; just how big is Felix trying to get him? Yet, despite the shock of it all, he felt his heart start pumping in excitement. Did this mean more food?

Felix chuckled, rubbing a claw along Tendo's cheek. "Have you ever guessed what our secret ingredient was?"

Honestly, Tendo had completely forgotten about the secret ingredient listed in everything he ate, back when he was a mere 'sampler.' He had assumed all the foods had different secret ingredients, not shared the same one. If he could, the blaziken would have shook his head no.

The dragon smirked. "You know what an alcremie is, right?"

Yup. That explained everything.

Felix laughed. “Yup! Everything made in this factory was made using alcremie cream as a staple ingredient! That’s the big secret to our product’s addicting taste, and fattening features. Heh, the FDA is even thinking about putting warning labels on our products because of how potent they are, but thankfully they can be bought off, like every other government program.

“And lucky for you, we’ve got a biiiiig big batch coming your way, as we speak! Exciting stuff, huh? You’re the first pokemon besides a certain pikachu to consume *this* much alcremie cream in a single sitting.”

A loud creaking sound, and Tendo glanced upwards to see the roof of the building start to open outwards, blooming like a flower. He didn’t know the factory’s roof could do that! Was this just a feature every factory had for whatever purpose? Or did Felix design this feature himself, preparing for this very moment?

If it was the latter, then Tendo truly did feel grateful that he was in the spot he was now. What a lucky pokemon he was!

“Speak of the devil! They’re here early.” Felix let loose a low whistle, glancing upwards at the ceiling. “Looks like this is my cue to evacuate with the others. Ah, but one last thing before I go.”

From his person, Felix produced a tiny metal speaker, holding it out to Tendo. Alas, blazikens had no noticeable ears to stick it by, but that wasn’t a problem as Felix simply wedged it between the pokemon’s head and his pillow-sized cheeks. “This may be a bit of a bumpy process, bud. I mean, no one’s ever eaten *this* much alcremie cream before. I’ll be talking with ya through the other end, but if it gets too much for you, just holler and we’ll stop, got it!”

Tendo did his best to nod, jiggling his chins. Too much or not, his competitive nature was kicking into overdrive. He *will* drink every last drop of this stuff in one go, whether or not his body could handle it!

“Good luck!” Felix waved, before scrambling down the jiggly giant’s sides. Good timing too, for no sooner did Felix hop off did Tendo hear the whirring of something *massive* just outside. A pump, no doubt; looks like he won’t need to swallow, if they have a pump that is powerful enough to shove the cream down his throat. A shame he couldn’t see over the walls of the factory; he would have loved to see it.

The whirring grew louder, and a sloshing noise filled the air overhead. They weren’t kidding about needing to get him fatter faster, this was all happening so quickly, Tendo could barely have time to process it! Was this also Felix’s doing, making sure the blaziken would agree to it without having too much time to back out?

Well, at least he had the speaker to complain to if it was too much...right?

Tendo grunted as, without warning, a torrent of liquid flooded down the hose and into his mouth, forcing its way down his throat, just as he hypothesized it would. So sudden was the gush, he could barely even taste the substance.

But what little he could taste...oh, it was wonderful!

The blaziken let out a low rumble, his eyes slowly closing. No wonder this was about to receive a government-issued warning; this stuff was *too* good! The thickest, heaviest, sweetest cream of his life was currently being pumped into him by the gallon, his hungry belly suddenly feeling quite stuffed. Yet despite the sudden fullness, all he could think about was how much *more* he wanted! His mind went completely blank; all he could focus was on the wonderful, delicious, tastiest flavor he had ever tasted. He'd be perfectly content if alcremie cream was the only thing he ate for the next year. Decade, even!

He just wanted more, more, more!

Tendo's eyes were forced open as he felt a pressure forming at the end of his stomach. He worried he was starting to fill up too fast, and would need to call off the feeding. However, to his delight (and surprise), he found he wasn't getting full, his stomach was just starting to shove further against the wall, rising up, up, up!

He was getting fatter!

How could this be possible?! To his disbelief, the blob of a blaziken watched himself swelling out before his eyes, entire months worth of gaining and growing being accomplished over mere seconds. It sounded too weird to be true, yet before his eyes, the edge of his belly continued to swell higher and higher, reaching eye level. Which was even more impressive when he factored in the fact that his whole body was rising higher with flab as well.

*Brrrrrt!*

Tendo couldn't believe it; he was being *pushed back* by his own stomach! He didn't think anything on Earth was capable of moving him anymore, let alone his own belly. Yet here he was, forced to scoot back by his own rising girth, watching as the wall itself started to crack and crumble at the sheer force being exerted upon it.

The wall wasn't alone in its claustrophobic suffering, as Tendo felt various pieces of machinery start to poke at his fattening sides and thighs. It stung a bit at first, but as the big bird grew softer and flabbier, and his rolls began enveloping the factory's interior bit by bit, the feeling began to pass. In fact, the blaziken felt no small amount of satisfaction in hearing the metal scraping along the floor, forced to compact and compress into itself just to make room for the growing avian.

A fire formed in the pit of his stomach, one that grew into a blazing inferno as he himself grew into a shapeless blob. If he wasn't currently guzzling gallons of alcremie cream like it was going out of style, he would have cried out in excitement. He was immense! Already twice as big as he was earlier today, and still growing bigger, he was the mightiest pokemon to ever walk, erh, sit on the planet! Entire machines were shoved away to make room for his bulk, breaking apart like toothpicks beneath his own body.

He needed more. He needed more!

"Hey, uh, Tendo? We're seeing a strange... orange light through the factory windows. Is that your doing?"

Tendo ignored Felix's voice in his ear, growling to himself as he felt himself evolve, right then and there! He couldn't explain how, but the sheer size of himself was forcing his body to power up on its own, even without the required Mega Stone! Right before his eyes, that ocean of crimson red turned a more vivid, brighter shade of orange one that glowed bright enough to light up a stadium. His upper thighs and chest, conversely, became darker until they were a near pitch black, making it near impossible for an outsider to discern the multiple folds unless they were right next to the blobziken. Even his wispy white hair turned a dark yellow-ish shade, along with a tuft of feathers along his chins, reminding Tendo of the cream he was currently guzzling down.

The mountain of bird snorted to himself. Was this what Felix meant by not being fat enough to power a factory? Well, now he felt more than capable of fulfilling that task, but he wasn't done yet. He wanted more; he wanted to power an entire city!

He swallowed more, even as he felt his rising arm and leg fat completely smother his claws, obscuring them from the outside world forever more. He swallowed more, even as he felt the edge of his rump collide with the otherside of the factory. He swallowed more, even as his rising chins met with his beak. He swallowed more, even as his head started to bump against the ceiling.

Tendo growled to himself. Apparently they closed the ceiling back over him when the hose of alcremie cream had been fed through. It wasn't the discomfort that soured the mega blaziken's mood, but the mere idea that they thought he could be contained. As if!

Tendo started *sucking* on the hose, no longer content to just let it flow into his mouth, draining the tankard outside as quickly as possible. Right away he felt a surge of weight pile on, his vision suddenly dark as his head was completely submerged in his own fat, the rest of his body finally catching on. Another massive slurp, and the space around him grew tight and confined, the entire building creaking, struggling to hold back his immense girth.

“H-hey, Tendo, buddy. The entire factory’s starting to get all round-looking, like a bag of popcorn in the microwave. It looks like something straight out of a cartoon! If you’re ok in there, give us a- *woah!*”

Felix’s frightened voice was interrupted as the windows of the factory gave out one by one, rotund globs of fat spilling forth like rising yeast. Yet that did little to ease up the pressure surrounding the feathered fatty; if anything, Tendo felt as though it were redoubling on itself! His head was completely surrounded in his own girth, his own obesity, a product of his own gluttony, and while common sense would have told him to stop and call for help, Tendo couldn’t bring himself to do it. He did this to himself, the only reasonable course was to see this through. He gulped...gulped...gulped...gul-

*KABOOOOOOM!*

Like a volcano, Tendo felt himself erupted straight up, finally free from the confines of the factory. Matching the volcano motif, his bright orange, lava-like body oozed out in all directions, encompassing everything in its wake as it spread forward to take up as much land as possible. He was free!

Tendo huffed and puffed, exhausted from the effort needed to burst from the steel walls. The remains of the factory were now either wedged in his thick rolls or completely buried in his hundreds of feet of blubber. Tendo couldn’t even begin to fathom how massive he grew, only realizing that he never believed he’d reach such a size in a million years! Just thinking about how he used to walk half the length of his belly to his butt everyday to work was mind boggling. His face was completely engulfed in a sea of chins and cheeks, his eyes stuck squinting due to their sheer size encroaching his beak. All he could see before him was rolls of yellow, black, and orange, a veritable sea of blaziken that would surely make the news today, no doubt.

And he couldn’t have been prouder.

Tendo cracked a smile at feeling the tiny anthros below him start to rub and poke at his mass. To the mega blaziken, they were practically ants! He could fit the entire factory in his belly alone, not even factoring in the colossal rump that spilled onto the sidewalk behind him, rivaling said belly. The table and chairs they held the meeting on him with were nothing but tiny brown specks amidst his ocean of blubber.

Lost in the pleasures of his own body, it took Tendo a moment to realize Felix was speaking with him. “Well, congratulations, Tendo! Looks like we’ll be able to power the second factory easily, with energy to spare!”

Tendo chuckled deeply. Of course they would.

Felix continued. “Well, I know you’ve been promoted past your job as taste tester, but I’m curious what you thought of the alcremie cream. Your opinion as the fattest pokemon alive is quite valuable, ya know.”

After a moment of smacking his lips, Tendo responded back into the microphone. “Could use more butter.”

