

After roughly 16 hours of falling in and out of sleep, Razer woke up the next morning energized and ready to work. Seeing as how his big belly bump hadn't shrunk as much as he would have liked, the Typhlosion had all the motivation he needed to work up a sweat and shed the extra couple pounds.

Alas, that determination wavered slightly once he stepped down stairs.

Oh no, it smelled just like the Alcremie's bakery! Having not eaten anything since that incident, Razer's stomach let out a low growl. Urrf, he was starving, and a few donuts would make for an excellent breakfast!

Apparently, he wasn't alone in that assessment; walking into the kitchen, Razer noticed Miyu chowing down on her own assortment of snacks. Like with everything else, the Greninja typically ate without making the slightest of sounds, so hearing her moan in delight with every bite was quite unusual, and a little adorable.

Razer would have left her to it if he wasn't feeling ravenous himself. "I take it that's the care package from Marle and Bery?"

Miyu flinched at the Typhlosion's voice; she typically preferred to be the one sneaking up on others. However, she quickly relaxed and slumped back down in her chair, patting the box with her webbed hands. "They've sent us quite the collection. It's simply irresistible."

"I can tell." Razer chuckled, leaning over the box. Goodness, it was quite the care package. The box itself looked as though it could have held several large stacks of books, and it was clear every inch of space was taken up by sweets. Cheesecakes, pastries, and so much more were crammed into it, all of which looked quite exquisite. Obviously Marle was to thank for that. But how did it taste?

Curiously, the fire-type reached in to grab a cookie, taking a bite. Then, he shoved the entire thing into his maw, snatching up two more in quick succession. Good gravy, they *were* irresistible! Bery's baking had always been incredible, but even that was kicked up a notch or three with these treats! Razer couldn't help but to launch himself into the box of foods, scarfing them down by the handful along with his partner.

And all too soon, the box came up empty.

This was a tad embarrassing. Razer couldn't help but feel his cheeks heat up as he let out a hearty burp, once again patting his round belly. He wasn't nearly as stuffed as yesterday's binge, but that didn't ease his mind much, given his stomach wasn't much smaller either. They *really* needed to work some of this off before it became a problem, but running on a full stomach was torture.

“Alright.” Razer huffed, leaning back into his chair. “Let’s... let’s take it easy today. But tomorrow, we drop the weight.”

Except that day never came.

The next day, the two rangers wound up stuffing themselves into submission yet again, as well as the day after that, and the day after that! Razer couldn’t help himself; they were just too damn good! There musn’t have been a single nutrient in those creamy, sugary treats, as eating them by the armful wasn’t enough to fill him up, no matter how bloated he felt. Miyu must have felt the same way; while not outright expressing her love of the treats, her actions spoke volumes as she was often the first to go after the box of treats, eating well past her limit. For someone who practiced restraint so diligently, she had a hard time saying no to one more donut.

Given the 20k+ calorie food bombs being sent to them, it was no wonder Razer found himself piling on the pounds as the day went by, his favorite jacket struggling to fit until one day tearing at the sleeves. It was no wonder Miyu stopped being so stealthy as well, her normally-silent approach now marked by floorboards creaking. Razer was well aware that two Pokemon Rangers shouldn’t turn into complete dough balls and did his best to fix their crash course into immobility, taking on more jobs for the two of them.

Alas, most of these jobs were simple patrols or bodyguarding in town. Alas, most of these jobs passed by the bakery. Alas, the bakery happened to be producing some enticing smells that drew Razer and Miyu in, no matter how much they ate beforehand. Alas, the pokemon rangers would wind up eating enough to put their first binge to shame, along with plenty of take-home packages and promises for more deliveries.

It became such a problem, Razer soon found it easier to just shrug off and ignore their rising weight issue than it was to address it. Alright, they were getting pretty fat, sure, but they don’t need to be model body builders to do their job, right? So they were a bit slower than usual, the weight didn’t fully get in the way, right? Yeah, he could ask for an extra helping of cheesecake, maybe get some whipped cream on top. He did a lot of walking today, so he deserved a special treat. A little weight was fine, right?

Right?

It all came to a head one sunny morning, when Razer woke up to his stomach growling. It was far from an unusual way to wake up for the Typhlosion; it just meant he didn’t need to wind an alarm clock. Smacking his drooling maw (he’d been dreaming of food again), Razer slowly awoke to a sight that never failed to make him smile.

Donuts.

A full dozen of the tasty little morsels, packaged neatly in a box atop of his stomach. It’d become a habit of him to save a few treats for himself to wake up to the next morning, the rare

few times Razer ever touched baked goods without eating them. It was the only way he knew to get first dibs at their morning shipments in the morning without Miyu getting to them first. Thankfully, the Greninja was nowhere near the agile thief she once was; perhaps this extra weight had its benefits, right?

Right?

Licking his lips, Razer reached out for the box, grinning eagerly... He reached out for the box... He. *Reached*. For the box...

Oh no.

Gritting his teeth, Razer grunted as he lunged for the donuts yet again, his entire body curling up around his stomach. Alas, that yellowish-cream hill remained insurmountable; all he could reach was his own squishy stomach, claws squishing into the softness while doing little to bother the donuts. Heck, Razer couldn't even maintain the half-sit up for long. Soon, the Typhlosion collapsed back panting, the box of donuts rising and falling with each labored breath. Taunting him.

"Alright... This has gone on far enough."

He was fat. More than that, even, Razer could fit another Typhlosion in his stomach, with room to spare! He'd gotten used to losing sight of his feet, but flat on his back, the fire-type realized he couldn't even see the opposite doorway! His vision was blocked by tummy; big, round, creamy, jiggly tummy. It was soft and yielding to the touch, swaying when he poked it, a massive sack of flab he'd spent the last two months growing on his own. He tried to ignore it, but there was no ignoring the donuts just out of arm's reach. He was enormous.

And likely to become even more so if he didn't do something about it.

Goodness, even looking down at himself was tiring. Razer could feel his second and third chin bunching against his pointy muzzle, his broad arms looking even wider and stubbier than ever before. Much of the two-person bed was taken up by his two-person back, serving to remind the Typhlosion that this wasn't just a foodbloat, that he was fat everywhere, not just his stomach.

Of course it wasn't a foodbloat, his stomach was *roaring*, demanding to be fed!

"Alright, alright." Razer groaned. With one hearty shove against his upper belly, the box of donuts tumbled forward down the sloshing mass of fur and flab, right into his arms. Can't plan a diet without some brain food, right?

With a donut in chubby maw and the box in chubby arm, Razer loudly rolled himself out of bed. Everything was loud; the bed creaking, the Typhlosion grunting, his chub sloshing, his

stomach gurgling. Camping was definitely out of the question; he'd alert every pokemon a mile away!

But he made it up with a fair bit of huffing. Razer reached for a second donut as he shuffled out the door, having to slide himself sideways just to fit through.

Descending the stairs was rather anxiety inducing, now that Razer was fully aware of just how far he'd let himself go. Nevermind his blubbery sides pressing against the handrails, hearing the wooden steps groan and bend beneath his fat feet hastened his heart rate. A good thing he was finally taking his weight loss seriously. Any fatter and he'd start falling through the floor; he noted as he munched on donuts three and four.

It wasn't hard to find Miyu. Given that her bed had broken weeks ago, the Greninja was commonly found on the couch, within easy access of their morning food. To think that couch used to sleep the water-type easily; now she had no chance of fitting properly, not without the coffee table pushed up to it to contain her spilling pudge.

In short, she wasn't much thinner than her partner, not in the slightest. Her blue hips and rump took up more than her fair share of the two-seater couch, and even then, Razer wouldn't have been able to tell given the sheer size of that yellow-cream stomach rolling over and muffin-topping her lower half. With a gut that size, there wasn't any way her lap could contain it all, much less her arms reaching around it. However, that wasn't a problem for the Greninja, as she had her lengthy tongue to snap up cookies and other snacks like flies.

Heh, now that Razer looked at her closer, he could tell that even that long, scarf-like tongue couldn't exactly hide how round and bulbous those cheeks were. He wasn't much better, not by a long shot, as his own were starting to creep into his peripheral vision, but seeing that hard edge on the assassin-like pokemon be softened into a cuddlier version was quite appealing.

With Razer's arrival, Miyu paused from her own meal to look up at the waddling Typhlosion. "Your potion is over there... somewhere." She muttered, pointed with her fat arm by the doorway.

Razer's ears folded back. The house had become a bit of a mess. They weren't slobs, no food crumbs and jelly stains were to be seen, as the two rarely let anything edible slip past their lips. No, the front of the house was full of packages stacked up to the ceiling, a constant reminder of just how much they've been eating lately.

He shook his head, cheeks and chins jiggling. "Miyu, we're fat."

Miyu stared straight back into him.

The typhlosion continued. "Like, 'we needed to diet weeks ago' fat. As in, we need to diet *now*."

Miyu nodded softly. "I concur."

Razer frowned. He was expecting a bit more pushback. "So, you're fine with cutting breakfast off a little early, then? Start focusing on cutting calories and doing cardio?"

"Indeed." The greninja rolled onto her feet, her bulk wobbling before settling into place. Almost six feet away, and their stomachs pressed into one another, furry creamy belly against smooth creamy belly. "I've been aware of our growing issue as well. Those bakers' talents are quite formidable. They've managed to bypass our defenses entirely... Are you going to finish that?"

She pointed at the last donut in Razer's box, one the Typhlosion had actually forgotten about after seeing his partner move. But now that he was reminded of it, he had no problems stuffing it into his mouth. "Miyu... we gotta, mfff, focus on dieting now." He probably didn't sound too serious, with cheeks puffed full of donut and crumbs spilling onto his billowing belly.

Miyu closed her eyes, no doubt repressing an annoyed sigh, before opening them again. "Very well. What do you suggest?"

- A) It was time to start taking on more Ranger missions. Something a bit more exciting than just waddling around.**
- B) Time to go on a jog around town! It'll be exhausting, but it'd help them lose weight, so long as they avoided the bakery.
- C) He and Miyu really needed to pay the two budding bakers a visit. See if they can be hooked up with low-calorie foods instead, before they wind up stuck in their door.
- D) Well... one way to curb their addiction is if one of them focused on losing weight and exercising while the other one... disposed of their deliveries.

Miyu cocked her head to the side, her chubby cheeks wobbling. "Is there a problem with just waddling around?"

Razer sighed. "We'll never lose the weight if we're just slowly ambling from place to place!"

"Our duties have yet to require us to lose weight."

"Alright, well we're not in the best shape to fight anyone. What would you do if you saw a purse-snatcher right in front of-"

His words were cut off by a sharpened object whizzing right past his cheek, enough to clip some of the fur. Stumbling back, Razer saw a shuriken embedded itself into one of the many cardboard boxes, before melting away in water.

"I assure you, while my body has grown soft, my skills have only sharpened." Razer turned back to find Miyu snacking on another slice of shortcake, holding three more shurikens in her webbed fingers.

Razer's ears folded back. "That makes one of us, I guess." Sure, their speed was nonexistent, but they did have their moves. Granted, Flamethrower wasn't exactly an ability the Typhlosion wanted to use in a public space, and Rollout would probably end up being lethal against anyone who wasn't a Legendary.

Rubbing his chubby cheek where the shuriken grazed him, Razer shuffled his way outside, grateful that the doorway was a bit wider than the one to his room, allowing him to squeeze out normally.

Before, he and Miyu were better at waking up before the mail Spearow arrived. Now, he'd been allowing himself to sleep in a bit late, and as a result missed their mission list being delivered. Probably for the best; the last thing he needed was for the Spearow to see how rotund they've gotten and start spreading rumors.

With the stack of envelopes in his pudgy hand, Razer began sorting through what looked feasible today.

- A) Missing Pokemon in a nearby cave? Yeah, that oughta get the old gears turning again!
- B) Bandits attacking pokemon along a major trade route? No need to fear going all out, then! Maybe they'd get rewarded with food, too...**
- C) A mysterious structure suddenly appeared in the nearby woods? With Razer's strength and Miyu's, erh, intuition, they should be able to investigate that safely.
- D) How interesting, one flier is an invitation to participate in a brand new tournament in town... what the heck is "sumo?"
- E) A noble in town is requesting two bodyguards? Standing around wouldn't help with their weight problem, but perhaps the generous pocket money could go into buying work out equipment... or reinforced housing.
- F) Someone was specifically requesting overweight Pokemon for help? What were the odds? Maybe they could help them lose weight!
- G) They were requested for a beauty pageant? Sure, they could help ensure everything goes well. Ah, if only they could make new clothes for him and Miyu...
- H) Nothing. Nothing at all. It was a slippery slope, but maybe they could spend one more day relaxing at home. Maybe invite Lester over to spend some time with him. It's been ages since they've seen each other.

Razer's cheeks flushed red as he realized what he just thought. Stupid! Not every job was supposed to reward them with lifetime supplies of baked goods! He should just be content with money and accessories, maybe a few apples *not* baked into a pie.

Urf, but just thinking about an apple pie made the pudgy Typhlosion's stomach growl. Those donuts didn't even put a dent into his appetite.

Gripping a hand into his flabby midsection, Razer shuffled back inside, holding up the envelope. "Alright, we got a good one. This oughta help us-

He paused. Razer *swore* he saw Miyu's hands move just now, if only just for a fraction. The Greninja sat completely still as she looked up at him, yet her body was jiggling far more than if she'd just been sitting on the couch. "What?"

"Uh..." He blinked. "Did you just... with your arms..."

"Of course not." Miyu huffed matter-of-factly. "I wasn't playing with my stomach at all."

"That wasn't what I... nevermind." Razer shook his head. Of course she wasn't having fun toying with her pudgy. She even agreed the two needed to lose weight. Well, the Typhlosion felt confident with this new mission, they'd take their first steps into moving back to a more reasonable weight!

Well, first he'd need to deal with his growling stomach. Good thing there were still plenty of pastries left, right?

The robberies were reportedly taking place in the Farhorn woods, right on the other side of town. A long stroll like that would also help burn calories, much to the Typhlosion's delight. Alas, it also meant walking close to that dreaded, wonderful bakery. Even if they took a different street, Razer wasn't so certain they would avoid the alluring smell. They'd just have to be strong and ignore the allure. They were on an important mission, no time for snacks!

Ah, but he was thinking too far ahead; first they had to cross town.

That in of itself was already a daunting task for two pokémon weighing over three times their proper weight. Razer couldn't even make a single block without feeling his breathing growing heavy. Having such a long, broad body meant his arms were constantly held out to his squishy sides, unable to properly "put down," especially when he shuffled forward. His short legs didn't help much either, as taking too large of a step meant digging his knees into the underside of that pendulum-like paunch. Much to his embarrassment, he discovered that the easiest method of moving was walking like a snorlax: arms held out for balance, legs spread out and

shuffling forward, swaying his body side to side. As long as no one got too close, he wouldn't have to worry about knocking anyone over, right?

Miyu fared little better. Her face remained as stoic as ever, but Razer could hear her soft grunts and panting even past their heavy footsteps and sloshing stomachs. Simply striding sideways wouldn't be enough to make her less noticeable; if anything, it'd do the opposite, given just how far her stomach jutted out. Her longer legs meant she wasn't confined to as significant of a waddle as Razer, but it was still a heavy waddle. Her footsteps still sent heavy ripples across her doughy body, and she was still out of breath from a simple stroll. Try as she might, there was no way to effortlessly hide her presence. There weren't many shadows large enough to conceal her presence, except maybe Razer's.

"Hey, guyth! W-woah, Razer, ith that you?"

Uh oh.

- A) Lester looked the same as ever! Great, so it really was just the two of them that blimped out.**
- B) At least Lester was looking a bit pudgier as well. Not quite as much as Razer and Miyu, but it felt reassuring to not be the only ones who've put on weight as of late.
- C) Goodness, he was huge! Looks like he was enjoying the new bakery's delights just as much as they were.
- D) Lester had certainly put on a few, but now that Razer noticed, many other pokemon were looking rather plus sized of late as well. Business must be booming at the bakery, huh?

Razer really wished Lester hadn't recognized them, at least until he could reach around his stomach again. Honestly, he wished the Lickilicky had also put on some weight as well, just so the two could laugh about it together. No, if anything Lester looked as though he lost weight, or maybe it just looked that way, compared to the two waddling dough balls he stood in front of.

Feeling his face burn red, the Typhlosion waved a chubby paw. "H-hey, Lester. It's, uh... been a while, hasn't it?"

"I'd thay!" The bubblegum-pink Pokemon slowly nodded, staring his friends up and down. "I thought you guyth were buthy doing thome big thary mithion or thomething... last I thaw you guyth, you could fit in your jacket!"

Owch. Razer really liked that jacket too, but it hadn't fit him in weeks. Heck, it was probably too tight only a week into their new lifestyle. Awkwardly scratching at his chubby cheeks, the Typhlosion tried putting on a casual smile. "Hah, yeah. Darn thing shrunk in the wash. It was Miyu's turn to clean the clothes. Must have heated the water too much or something, heh."

He could practically feel Miyu's murderous gaze on the back of his head, Sorry, Miyu, but he really didn't want to admit to one of his best friends that the two strong Pokemon Rangers he looked up to had been doing nothing but stuffing their fat faces for the past two months.

Not like it was a very good excuse to begin with. Lester simply raised a brow, not at all impressed. "Right, right. I figured it had to do with all... thith." He gave Razer's stomach a gentle push, both pokemon watching it squish inwards before *bworping* right out. "Goodneth, it feelth like a big sack of jelly! I-I mean, I'm no Bellsprout mythelf, but I think you guyth have gotten a little... jutht a little..."

"Fat?" Miyu sauntered forward, proudly jutting her stomach forward to collide with Razer's from the side. "Indeed, we have, and I assure you that every ounce was gained with pride. There exists an ancient method of training that originated from a village on the other side of Mount Paozu that involves putting on as much mass as possible. Through this method, we have been able to steadily increase our core strength and stamina, at the slight cost of speed."

Lester's eyes widened. "Ooooh, like a Macho Brace!"

"Precisely." Miyu nodded. "For the last two months, we have been training effortlessly to gain as much weight as possible, to learn how to wield it as though we'd been born in such a state."

"Amazing!" The Lickilicky broke out into a wide grin, his eyes practically shining. "And it worked?"

Razer could see the hidden grin beneath Miyu's tongue. "Indeed. We are now in the process of dropping this extra weight. Once we have done so, we will have gained immense power."

"That's tho cool!" Lester was practically hopping from foot to foot, enthralled with this story. Meanwhile, Razer allowed himself a heavy sigh of relief. That was a fat, erh, far better excuse than their clothes simply shrinking, and given the side-eye Miyu gave him, she knew it too. He definitely owed her big time for this.

But before Razer could start planning a reward, Lester held out his arms as though preparing for a hug, looking to the tubby Typhlosion with those big, hopeful eyes. "Mind if I feel for mythelf how heavy you are?"

Well, that certainly wasn't a request he was expecting, but seeing his friend continue to see him with awe and wonder rather than shame and embarrassment made the fire-type nod. "Go right ahead."

Razer let out a loud grunt as he felt a heavy hug wrap around his middle, the Lickilicky straining just to left all that furry flab at once. "H-hrrrf! I-it's tho heavy!" He squeezed tighter,

arms engulfed in blubber. Much to Razer's surprise, Lester wasn't *just* lifting it, but rather pressing his palms into that wall of chub, squeezing and kneading it like the mass of dough that it was.

Until he finally dropped it with a gasp, Razer's gut sloshing and bouncing heavily before slowly retaining his teardrop shape. "Goodneth. You two must be thuper throng right now, carrying all that around."

"Heh, thanks." Razer chuckled shyly, brushing the back of his fatty head. He didn't want to say much in risk of ruining Miyu's lie, and instead just nodded along.

Not like he would have gotten a chance to say anything, either, as Miyu suddenly nudged him aside, using her great weight to her advantage. "I-I've grown mighty and heavy as well! Please, feel free to see for yourself!"

Razer was caught off guard, both physically and mentally. Not often had he seen his partner move with such urgency like that, especially since they've started putting on weight. Was this really part of her lie?

In any case, Lester looked all too happy to give the Greninja the same treatment, wrapping his arms around that slick, smooth belly. Even without any belly fur, Miyu's doughy belly was enough to easily smother the Lickilicky's arms, along with his face. "Y-yeah, you too! Goodneth, I wouldn't last a day like thith!"

Razer tilted his head. Miyu must really be proud of how well her lie worked. That tongue was doing a terrible job of covering up her wide grin.

Again, Lester only managed a few moments before being forced to drop that hanging mass of flab, the pink Pokemon properly out of breath. "That'th crazy you guyth managed to get tho fat tho quickly! But you're gonna lose it all now?"

"Y-yeah." Razer quickly nodded, giving the side of his stomach a hearty slap. "Can't stay looking like Snorlaxes forever, not when there's trouble out there."

Lester's expression dropped significantly. "That'th a thame. You give thuch good hugs too. Do you think you could keep a little extra pudge, at leatht? You'd look a lot nicer to the terrified Pokemon you rethcue."

Razer blushed subtly at that. "S-sure, we can do that." Honestly, losing all this weight felt like an impossibility anyways, given their newfound food addiction.

The Lickilicky smiled again. "That'th good. What sucks is, I wath planning on trying out thith popular bakery in town. I'd totally invite you guyth if you weren't trying to lose weight. All that food would *really* help you get even fatter!"

Razer's blush was anything but subtle at that. Really? Why did *everything* have to loop back to that darned bakery? He even flashed a glance at Miyu, whose normally-calm demeanor had melted into one of shock upon hearing this. Clearly even she hadn't expected that outcome.

Problem was, Razer could definitely go for some food right now, too. His body was used to eating copious amounts of sweets whenever he strolled into town anyways. Should he give into temptation, or continue on with their mission? It's not like they had a strict time limit on dealing with the bandits.

- A) "Sorry, Lester. Another time, perhaps."
- B) "Well, it *has* been a while since the three of us have hung out. We can go, but only light snacks for us."**
- C) "You know what? Our strength training has been pretty effective. Sure, let's try and squeeze on a few more pounds!"

Razer felt a little sheepish (Mareep-ish?) as he said that, rubbing his chubby hands together. This wasn't part of the plan at all. They'd never drop this weight if they kept finding excuses to eat sweets and carbs like this. So much for self control.

Even Lester looked a little perplexed at that decision, his head tilting slightly. "Are ya thure, Razer? I thought you guyth were dieting."

"Well, yeah." Razer nodded, quickly trying to pull a lie out of his fatass to save face here. Can't let Miyu bail him out all the time, now. "But I feel bad for blowing you off everytime we run into one another. Our targets don't usually appear until late afternoon anyways, and it wouldn't do us well to fight on an empty stomach. Heh, with the size of these things, a few croissants and snacks can't do *that* much damage." He chuckled, patting the sides of his sloshing stomach.

Arceus above, he was glad Lester was so gullible. The Lickilicky just smiled along. "Yeah, that'th true. You guyth *are* pretty enormous. I bet you two could eat the whole place clean if you wanted to... I mean, I know you shouldn't, but it'd be cool to thee, I gueth." He muttered, shyly brushing his hands together.

The Typhlosion chuckled awkwardly. On an empty stomach, they just might. A good thing they already had a decent meal before leaving the house. "What do you think, Miyu?" He asked, turning towards the equally enormous water-type. "Sorry, I should have asked if you wanted to come before making that decision-"

"No, no." Miyu shook her round head, her eyes lighting up. "Your logic is perfect. We must remain fully satiated to perform at our best."

"H-heh, right." Razer's awkward chuckling continued. If he didn't know any better, he would have thought Miyu actually *wanted* to get fatter...

The bakery's front doors were quite wide, as were many other doors in town, to allow even the largest of guests inside. A great many inhabitants occupied their quiet town, ranging from large Tyrantrums and Charizards to tiny Rowlettes and Pikachus. Being around the average to slightly-upper-average size on that scale, Razer and Miyu fit just fine.

However, the Typhlosion couldn't help but notice how uncomfortably close the edges of the doorway came to brushing against him.

The bakery may be accommodating for pokemon large and small, but they were on a completely different scale of *large*. The type of large that bent the wooden planks beneath their fat feet, or that accidently brushed aside empty chairs and bumped against tables.

Razer couldn't help but feel a pang of anxiety in his heavy stomach when he looked upon said doors. It'd been some time since he and Miyu had waddled their way in for extra food, back when his knees only slightly jutted into his overhanging stomach when walking up steps. Now, more aware of his size than ever, the Typhlosion started to have regrets on coming here with his friend. The doors were large, but the building almost looked a bit smaller than he remembered. Would it also be cramped? Would others be ashamed of how fat the two local Pokemon Rangers have let themselves go?

Lester stopped just before the doorway, turning back towards the two. "Whatcha waiting for? I mean, I know Miyu doesn't like crowdth, but what about you, Razer?"

"E-erh." The Typhlosion blushed. "J-just trying to decide what I wanna order, that's all."

"Why not one of everything?"

"Lester!"

The Lickilicky giggled. "I'm jutht kidding... I mean, if you guyth did want that, I'd totally pay for it."

Razer sighed. It's like the universe was conspiring to ensure he kept his weight, and not his dignity. Putting on that casual, slightly-fake smile, the waddling Typhlosion shuffled after his friend, looking inside.

- A) Goodness, the place was a mess! Were Marle and Bery having another fight?
- B) Everyone was on the ground, cowering in fear over several large, thuggish pokemon. They walked right into a stick-up!**
- C) Razer heard plenty of talking outside, but stepping in he was met with dead silence. Nearly everyone had turned to gawk at the two enormous pokemon waddling in.

- D) They barely took two steps in before being swarmed by Marle and Bery. “Great timing, you two! We’re putting together a special promotion, and you guys are perfect for it!”
- E) Phew, hardly anyone looked towards them as they walked in, but Razer couldn’t help but notice a table of Pokemon looking awfully shady.
- F) Phew, hardly anyone looked towards them as they walked in. The place was thriving, but not crowded. A normal friendly environment.

Looks like they found their bandits a little early...

Razer’s eyes slowly widened as he began processing exactly what was taking place before him. Dozens of pokemon hiding beneath the tables or chairs, whimpering and sniveling with their arms over their heads. Those who weren’t on the floor were walking around the building confidently, staring down those on the ground.

One of them, a Thievul, turned to face the trio and groaned, shaking their furry face in disappointment. “Darex, I thought I told you to *lock* the door! We don’t need any more pokemon in here.”

“Ah, what’s a few more wallets to steal?”

Razer gasped as a Zoroark quite literally poofed into existence right in front of them, the dark-gray pokemon grinning maliciously. “How unfortunate. Now you get to be roped into this nonsense. That’s on me, fellas, I do apologize. But since we’re in this situation, I’m going to need you to step inside and close the door behind you. Erh, quietly now. Wouldn’t want to raise a ruckus, now.”

Lester gave an anxious look back at Razer, who responded with a brief nod. “Go along with it, for now.” He hoped he conveyed that message well without words. Stepping inside, the Typhlosion’s red eyes quickly darted around, taking into account the situation.

Counting the Zoroark named Darex, there were four bandits holding the others hostage: A Salazzle, an Arbok, and the Thievul. There were likely more somewhere as well; Razer noticed there wasn’t anyone by the counter. Either Paula, Bery, and Marle were hiding by there as well, or they were being taken hostage by another bandit in the kitchen area of the bakery. Were their lives in danger? Were these bandits after some quick cash, or something more? Razer had a bad feeling in his stomach.

And it wasn’t the two paws groping his gut.

“Bloody hell, look at the size of this thing!” Darex the Zoroark laughed, squishing and shoving the heavy mass of fur and fat around. “This thing would look big on a Snorlax, and you *still* went to a bakery? My friend, you should be finished eating for the *year!*”

Razer felt his cheeks tinge red, both from anger and a fair bit of embarrassment. Just swiping at the Zoroark's hands wouldn't even have been enough to get him to stop poking and playing with it, not when his stomach stood out farther than his reach.

Strangely enough, it was the Thievul that came to his rescue. "Quit antagonizing them, Darex. They might try something if you piss 'em off."

"Awww, what? Not these butterballs! They couldn't hurt a Joltik! Look at this big cuddly guy!" Darex was practically heaving in laughter; when he wasn't toying with the silently-fuming Razer, he was trying to recuperate from his own heaving fits. "S-S-Sylvester! C-come over here, look at how he jiggles!"

Razer felt his blood pressure rise seeing the Arbok quickly slither over to inspect the two fatties, a playful grin on his serpentine face. "Goodnesssss, not every day you ssssee thiss!" Hissing in delight, the large snake-like pokemon lifted the end of his tail against the bottom of Miyu's hefty belly, bouncing it up and down, just to watch it wobble and ripple. "Like a sssack of jelly. You are what you eat."

Razer felt an ember ignite on his back. He couldn't see Miyu's expression from this angle, but it was safe to assume her blood was boiling as well.

- A) They didn't have to take this! Time to retaliate and save these people!
- B) This was too much! Razer launched into their counter attack... but everything just went wrong!**
- C) But with a deep sigh, he put it out. They might hurt someone. Best to let them have their fun, while they think of a plan.

Razer knew he was being brash, but he couldn't help it! These jerks were going to pay for toying with them. With a deep breath, the Typhlosion ducked his head into his fat chest, shooting out a controlled pillar of fire towards the Zoroark. Small enough to put this Darex out of commission, without setting anything else ablaze, right?

He was rewarded with a startled yelp from the dark-type, but when he looked up, he was horrified to see the Zoroark suffered nothing worse than having his long red hair slightly singed. "You'll regret that!"

Beside him, Razer heard the Arbok let out a pained hiss; Miyu no doubt pricked him with a water shuriken. Alright, two on four. Sure, they were outnumbered, and the weights were a little stacked in their opponents favor, no pun intended. But they could make it out of this, right? The two Rangers had plenty of fighting experience.

In thin bodies.

Razer could do little else but block as the Zoroark lunged at him with an attack, pummeling his front. That fist sank deep into his heavy gut, enough to knock the wind out of him for sure, although the damage wasn't too severe. Grunting, the Typhlosion tried swiping with a counterattack, but the agile dark-type leapt away before he could even swing his heavy arms forward. Damn it!

The zoroark let out a whistle, smirking. "Almost got me, tubbs! Just try picturing me as some big yummy donut, that oughta motivate you some more, fatty."

The Typhlosion's face went pink. Fine, talk trash. he was at perfect flamethrower range anyways, and away from anyone as well! Razer took a deep breath-

THWAACK!! Only to instead yelp as he was struck in his side, knocking the wind right out of him again. Crap, the Thievel got a hit on him, and right in his blindside too! Only, it wouldn't have been a blindspot if his enormous belly wasn't in the way! Like with the previous attack, it barely hurt, but the hefty Typhlosion was left huffing and gasping for breath, slightly bent before his two aggressors. This wasn't a good look for him.

"You know what?" The Thievel snickered, hopping back towards the Zoroark. "You were right. He is fun to squeeze."

"Right?" The Zoroark laughed. "Doubt he even felt it too. Fat boy's a walking mass of hit points and blubber."

The other fox-like pokemon scoffed. "Just try not to get yourself flattened. We don't have the manpower to haul something like that off you."

Razer clenched his teeth. Oh that does it! One Rollout and these two will be begging for forgiveness-

"Ssssstop right there! One wrong move and your friend diessss!"

Uh oh.

Razer looked over to find his partner on the ground, coiled tightly in the Arbok's deadly coils. The powerful serpent squeezed himself against the squishy Greninja, her flab spilling against those coils, no doubt serving as a useful buffer to prevent her from getting strangled. Even so, the Arbok's teeth practically dripped poisonous drool as it hung over her neck, poised to strike. As if that weren't bad enough, the Salazzle hung around next to the obese Greninja, that coy smile on her face telling Razer all he needed to know: she had no issues taking out someone.

They were beaten, and so easily too...

Darex sighed and shook his head, shrugging. "Over before it got fun, too. Ah well, you look ready to keel over any minute, now. Take a load off, tubbs."

The Zoroark rushed for him yet again, and Razer weakly held up his arms to protect himself. Alas, he realized too late his opponent wasn't going for his front; a swift kick in the back of his leg caused him to yelp in shock, his knees buckling and sending him forward, before finally collapsing onto his front in one mighty *whump!* Tables and chairs rattled from the collision, and Razer swore he heard the floorboards creak beneath him.

Thank goodness those didn't break. He didn't need any more embarrassment piled onto him.

But piled on it did, as the Zoroark casually seated himself atop his hefty paunch, sinking in heavily into the furry flab. "Aaaah, now this is nice. H-hey, look at that, you're even fat enough to give me arm rests!" He laughed, resting his arms on the rising rolls of flab.

Naturally, this was not helpful in Razer desperately trying to get his breath back. Just looking up at that smug grin filled him with rage. Alas, lashing out wouldn't go well for him a second time at all. Even now, he could see Miyu in the corner of his eye being tied up with rope, both poison-types taking special care to keep her hands bound as tightly as possible. It was depressing, seeing Miyu defeated so easily, being poked and teased by those villains.

Not that he was in any less a humiliating spot. With a growl, he barked at the Zoroark looming over him. "Get off!"

Darex raised a brow. "But you're so cozy! Hey, don't be upset, I think you're pretty cool! No other fatty I know would be brave enough to defend their favorite bakery. Guess that makes you their number one customer... for more than just one reason." He cackled, slapping firmly the sides of the belly around him.

Razer grunted. "J-just what do you... want here, anyways?"

"Hmmm?" The zoroark's ears raised. "What do we want?"

- A) "I don't see what we have to tell you."
- B) "Money, what else? This place makes a killing. They may need to hire some... insurance."
- C) "Food, of course. We have a biiiig big camp outside the village who would *love* some nice food. Could bring you back as a souvenir, how does that sound?"
- D) "Your baker pals here are hiding a mighty treasure. We're just liberating it from them, nice and easy."
- E) **"Our boss is looking for intel on the two Pokemon Rangers who put him away a couple years ago. Couldn't be you two, no, you're *far* too fat."**

Razer blinked at that. All of this, just for some revenge? Just who the heck were these people? Those two Rangers wouldn't happen to be *them*, would it?

"Well, well, well!"

Razer felt a shiver run up his spine. *Oh no...*

Peeking past the Zoroark sitting on his stomach, The tubby Typhlosion was horrified to see an Obstagoon marching towards him, grinning and licking those sharp teeth. Every panic instinct flared up within the floored fire-type as he looked up at what was possibly his fiercest adversary yet. "Tarbok..."

"In the flesh!" Tarbok cackled, tongue lolling out of his mouth. Of all the Pokemon Razer never wanted to see again, Tarbok was #1 on the list. Those brawny muscles of his weren't for show, the large black-furred pokemon was a force to be reckoned with. Fighting him one on one was the hardest battle in the fire-type's life. Afterall, Tarbok could not only dodge Razer's Rollout; he could *catch* it! Whenever Razer thought "they've been through worse," *Tarbok* was who he was referring to.

And now Tarbok was back, as nasty as ever as he sneered at the pudgy Typhlosion. With one arm, he lifted and practically launched the startled Zoroark off his stomach as though Darex was just a paper weight, before setting his own hefty foot right onto that cream-colored belly. "Speaking of flesh, care to explain all of this?" He teased, gesturing to the mound of belly.

Of course Razer couldn't. He was too busy frantically trying to find a way out of this situation. Very rarely did he ever experience genuine fear while on the job. He even looked to Miyu for help, but the equally fat Greninja simply looked back with wide-eyes, frozen at the sight of Tarbok even as the other poison-types continued to poke her flab.

Suddenly, that foot drove deeper into Razer's stomach, causing him to yelp in pain. "C'mon, fatty. I'm not letting go until you say it!"

Crap, and in front of all these people too...

- A) "We let ourselves go... a lot."
- B) "We're training... this bulk is to make us stronger."
- C) **"Bite me."**

An uncomfortable hush fell throughout the entire building. Razer could even see Tarbok's goons look at each other nervously at that retort. However, the Typhlosion was more focused on the Obstagoon standing on him, glaring with defiant anger. Fat or not, he had dignity, and that wasn't something the muscle-headed jerk could bully out of him.

Tarbok's grin wavered just a tad as well, returning the cold stare right back. Soon, however, he let out a dry laugh. "You got guts, fatso. Always admired that about ya."

Razer let out a sigh as that heavy foot was lifted off his stomach, letting it spill out back to its normal round shape. Alas, he was only allowed a few breaths uninterrupted before squealing in shock as the large Obstagoon practically flopped onto him. Arceus above, he was heavy! Razer could feel his entire body shift back and forth, yielding beneath the dark-type. That Zoroark felt like a small stack of papers compared to him! Tarbok was heavy, and he knew it too!

He grabbed the Typhlosion's chin-straddled muzzle, forcing him to look him in the eyes, muzzles inches apart. "You've no idea how long I've waited for this day." Tarbok snarled, his tongue flicking against Razer's chins. "How I've thought of besting you, only to see you've bested yourself! Can't even stand against my idiot henchmen without losing your breath. The Razer I knew could have thrown me off if he tried. Now you can barely even get up on your own beneath all this flab."

The Obstagoon smeared, nodding his head to the side. "Don't think I've forgotten about your Greninja pal there, either. She can't exactly cling to the walls now if the walls crumble beneath her weight, can she? What can she use Substitute with? A house?"

Tarbok cackled yet again, causing Razer to flinch. Ugh, his breath smelled bad. More importantly, this situation was quickly going from bad to worse. There had to be a way out from this, out from under this menacing Obstagoon...

- A) Tarbok was being far too cocky; he hadn't pinned down Razer's arms or tied his mouth shut. A surprise Flamethrower might be his best bet!**
- B) Tarbok always liked a fair battle. "Fight me then, Tarbok, just you and me. I win, and you leave this town for good!"
- C) Tarbok always liked a fair battle. "Give me some time to prep, and I'll gladly wipe the floor with you, just like I did last time."
- D) His stomach gurgled beneath Tarbok, causing him to roar with laughter.**

Great, he *was* hungry! Razer couldn't ignore the smell of a bakery for too long, after all, his stomach gurgling yet again. He could feel Tarbok howling with laughter above him, grabbing and shaking his gelatinous sides, muttering remarks about what a gluttonous fatass he was.

Perfect.

Razer could feel the fire flaring up within him, feel the heat rising. Tarbok even noticed it too, but the cocky Obstagoon mistook it for something else. "Awww, you're flustered? Why are you so embarrassed now, tubbs? Wasn't it your lack of shame that turned you into a waddling, jiggling, useless, butterball-"

He never got to finish.

On principle, Razer always held a portion of himself back when dealing with foes. Oftentimes, they were wild and feral and didn't deserve his full strength. Either that, or they were bandits with poor fighting technique, those that he could subdue without injuring too severely. As such, even with moves like Flamethrower, Razer preferred to use it only to cut off someone's advance or retreat, or as a warning shot.

Not against Tarbok. He held nothing back.

A fiery blast shot out from the Typhlosion's mouth, nailing the Obstagoon straight in the face. It *had* to be his best shot, nothing less would work on such a powerful opponent. Even now, while Tarbok was howling in pain, Razer readied a Fire Punch, sending it straight into the Obstagoon's unprotected side. He threw as much of his weight as he could into that attack, despite being on his back, yet even so it was just barely enough to shove Tarbok off of him.

Now, how to get up...

Rolling in agony, Tarbok managed to put out the fires on his head. Settling into a crouched position, Razer watched as the Obstagoon glared at him with bloodshot eyes, nostrils flaring, teeth clenched, face blackened with ash. Uh oh, if he didn't get up soon enough, he might have just signed his death certificate.

Or, maybe not?

Tarbok yelped again, this time stumbling forward as water washed along his backside. That's three times he was struck by powerful moves while completely undefended; as mighty as the Obstagoon was, he wasn't getting up for a while after that.

In any case, Razer was delighted to look over and see Miyu sitting there, her flabby arm outstretched. Nearby, her two poison-type captors bawled at her in shock, quickly glancing between her and the shredded rope on the ground. Alas, they never quite put together just how the Flabby Greninja escaped, as a sharp kick into the Salazzle's chest knocked the lizard back, sending her crashing onto the table. As fat as those legs were, Greninjas had some fierce kicks!

Using the recoil of said kick, Miyu flung herself backwards, using her own body as a weapon to strike the Arbok. Her heavy figure slammed down on one of the serpent's coils, a loud *craaaack* could be heard, followed by a hiss of rage and pain. That hiss was quickly silenced, however, as Miyu rolled back onto her legs, swinging her body around and using the momentum of all that weight to deliver a devastating slap using the back of a water kunai right across the Arbok's snout, knocking him out cold. Just like that, she fought her way to freedom. Sure, she was panting heavily, but she was victorious.

But not for long, if the Zoroark and Thievul get to her!

Dammit, Razer had been trying to roll over and get up ever since landing that Fire Punch on Tarbok, but to no avail. The ground had actually cratered slightly when the heavy Obstagoon flopped onto him, making it even more difficult to roll onto his feet. He couldn't use Rollout from a lying position, could he?

No... but maybe he didn't need to. Watching Miyu take out that Arbok gave him an idea.

Closing his eyes, Razer forced himself to take deep breaths. Calm himself. Focus. Deep breath in, deep breath out...

And then let it all loose!

The fires on his back flared up to a degree even he didn't know was possible! In an explosive burst, Razer found himself flung forward by the force of his own attack, flying through the air. He couldn't control it, simply curling himself into a ball and hoping for the best. And thankfully, the best was provided to him, as he heard the sounds of the two fox-like pokemon screaming in shock before *whamming* right into them, launching the two dark-types through a window!

Just like that, he was tapped. Razer was breathing heavily, once again stuck on his back. He might need help rolling onto his feet again this time, having used all of his strength in that one explosive attack. But he did it! *They* did it! The bakery was a mess, and the poor innocent pokemon were likely terrified, but the villains were subdued!

Almost.

Razer felt a gentle hand rub against his belly, looking up to see Miyu standing beside him. At least she was still up, even if she was using her partner as a crutch at the moment. Still huffing, she pointed a webbed finger at Tarbok, who was still struggling to get onto his feet. "Surrender, villain. You've been defeated."

The Obstagoon glared at them with a piercing, villainous stare. Razer could feel his bloodlust from where he lay.

- A) "Fine... But I won't forgive this. I'll be back."
- B) "I'll withdraw from now. But I *will* return, and I *will* have my revenge."
- C) "**Never! This ends here and now!**"

Razer watched with horror as Tarbok charged straight towards the doughy duo, once more feeling helpless to do little more than spectate. That last attack of his really was his last attack; with how much heat and energy he produced to launch himself like that, he'd be lucky to

even get a spark out of his back right now. Flamethrower wasn't an option either. He really had no choice but to watch.

He could see Miyu looking on with apprehension as well. With what little strength she had, the Greninja threw several water shuriken, each of which were shrugged off by the charging dark-type. She really was out of options. Tarbok held his arms out to his sides, ready to intercept a dodge should Miyu attempt one. Not like it would be much of a dodge either, with all that weight and lethargy slowing her down.

So she chose to stand her ground instead.

Tarbok did not expect to suddenly dive headfirst into a soft, yet firm wall of chub. Despite his strength, Miyu only staggered back a couple steps, the Greninja's soft slippery belly absorbing the impact fairly well. More than absorb, actually; Tarbok actually staggered back himself, before losing his footing and falling.

Falling right beside Razer.

The Typhlosion let out a loud gasp as the intimidating Obstagoon landed right beside him with a thud loud enough to jiggle his body. Every instinct told him to roll away, get out of there, run from Tarbok. But he couldn't do that; he was a Pokemon Ranger. They run *towards* the danger.

In this case, he very lethargically rolled himself onto the danger.

Tarbok grunted as the obese Typhlosion slammed onto his left half. Razer hoped it'd be enough. Even with those impressive muscles, there's no way he could get up with someone as fat as Razer laying on half of him, right? Alas, that didn't stop Tarbok from lifting his other arm, preparing to strike at the Typhlosion.

But thankfully that never happened, as a second weight descended upon him, just as heavy as Razer, fully pinning the Obstagoon.

Miyu had landed herself on top of them.

"Get OFF!" Tarbok roared with anger, thrashing around as best as he could. Alas, his arms and thighs were among those buried and lost between the two masses of yellowish-cream blubber, pinned firmly beneath the bountiful blubber. All his struggling accomplished was to jiggle and slosh both Pokemon Rangers, and little more, outside of tiring himself out.

And working up a belch from Razer. Oops.

Eventually, Tarbok began to relent. His breathing was ragged and heavy, his limbs going numb. Razer himself grew out of breath just trying to contain all that rage and power; sure, it

was his fat doing all the work, but the anxiety was still there! At the very least, the dangerous, maniacal Pokemon sandwiched between the two of them had finally calmed down, enough for the two to look each other in the eye again.

- A) "This isn't over. I *will* return..."
- B) "Heh, it seems I really am no match for either of you..."**
- C) Tarbok didn't say anything, but... wait, was he blushing?

Local authorities arrived on the scene shortly after to better apprehend the situation. The ruckus Razer and Miyu made helped to alert them, especially seeing as how the Typhlosion quite literally knocked two Pokemon out a window. At first, Razer felt as though he and Miyu would get punished; their mission was to deal with raiders in the woods, not in town, and their battle caused quite a bit of collateral damage, not to mention the hostages around.

However, they were saved by the last person they expected.

Tarbok willingly went into custody, fully admitting his crimes and even stating he threatened the hostages to force Razer and Miyu into battling him. Razer felt a strange feeling in the pit of his stomach seeing Tarbok act so docile, going so far as to stretch the truth a tad just to protect his foes. Could the two learn to respect one another? It seemed the Obstagoon's true intentions really were just to resume the battle they started long ago.

... Nah! He put them through way too much trouble!

Gradually, the situation cleared up, and Razer and Miyu were allowed to rest on a pair of seats each as they recounted their side of the story. As the building slowly cleared out, the two fat Pokemon finally found themselves alone with Lester yet again.

Razer didn't want to say anything, avoiding eye contact with the Lickilicky. Even though they emerged triumphant, that experience was, well, quite humiliating. A situation that would have been resolved in mere moments were they at their prime was dragged out due to their weight issue, almost destroying the very building they were trying to save in the process. They weren't heroes, and he didn't want Lester to try to save their face and call them heroes, or hear the disappointment in the Lickilicky's voice.

Thankfully, he wouldn't have to just yet, however, as three familiar faces made their way over. Turns out, Paula and the others were being interrogated in the kitchen by Tarbok when Razer and Miyu first entered.

“That’s twice now you’ve saved our humble little bakery, and in a different way, too!” The Alcremie smiled sweetly. “How can we ever repay you?”

“By not trying to lie to us?” Razer sighed, pointing a pudgy claw at the hole in the wall he caused. “We did more damage to your bakery than Tarbok and his crew did.”

Paula waved her creamy hand dismissively. “Bah! Old wooden planks are cheap and easy to replace. Knowing those hoodlums are locked up and not causing any trouble, though, that’s priceless. I’d gladly let you two wreck my walls of furniture from time to time if it meant knowing we’re safe from the *real* danger.”

Miyu sighed. “That is a relief, for I fear these chairs might be next.” Indeed, Razer could feel his own sets of stools creaking and bending beneath his generous rump. Hopefully they’d last; his legs were still tired, and he *really* didn’t want to end up on his back again in front of everyone.

This time, it was Marle and Bery who spoke up, the Smeargle and Dachsbun’s heads lowering shyly. “That’s... our bad.” Bery muttered. “We knew our food was, erh, having an effect on your waistlines, but we were too excited to care. Seeing two hardened fighters getting so fat off of our food was a big compliment, so we sorta kept pushing for you guys to eat more and gain more weight. We’re really sorry about-”

“What are you guyth talking about? You did amathing!”

Razer blinked, looking at Lester. The Lickilicky had been silent ever since they had entered the bakery. Their large pink friend wasn’t addressing the two fat rangers, however, instead excitedly exclaiming to the bakers. “They were trying to get fat! Razer and Miyu told me they wanted to put on loth and loth of weight to make them thronger. Right, guyth?” He asked, turning towards Razer and Miyu.

“U-uh.” The Typhlosion felt his chubby cheeks flush red, definitely not the first time he blushed today. However, it was the first time he found himself smiling through the blush. A warm, genuine smile. “Heh, yeah. Sure was.” He nodded, patting the edge of his large wobbling stomach.

Marle and Bery looked relieved at this info, the Smeargle even letting out a sigh. “Thank goodness. But, then again, I should have known better. A Pokemon Ranger would *never* let themselves go to such a degree!”

This time, Razer’s smile was a bit more forced.

Marle continued. “We owe you guys big time, still! If there’s anything you want, name it! We have money, sure, but we could also throw you two a huge feast to celebrate. O-oh, we

could even become your personal chefs! You wouldn't have to worry about food ever again with us around!"

Ack, Razer couldn't stop himself from blushing. Covering his mouth, he turned to Miyu to see that even her chubby cheeks were a few shades pinker. Heh, even the silent and stoic ninja had her moments of weakness.

- A) "You know what? With those guys safely locked up, I think I can comfortably retire as a Pokemon Ranger. Bring on the food!"
- B) "Well, having some extra helpers around the house would be nice... But just for a while!"**
- C) "A feast sounds perfect. We're starving!"**
- D) "We could use a decent meal. Something to fill up these bad boys." He patted his stomach.
- E) "Maybe something more modest. We're, uh, still trying to lose the weight."

Razer couldn't think on an empty stomach now. Indeed, his large stomach chose a very opportune time to let out a loud gurgle, much to his embarrassment. With the stress of that situation well behind them, the large Typhlosion realized he normally would have eaten by now. A lot too, for that matter.

Thankfully, Bery and Marle didn't mind making a big, hearty feast for their heroes. The building may have been damaged, but the kitchen and its produce were untouched. The two once-feuding bakers quickly got to work, making sure to offer their fat heroes a nice selection of snacks to nibble on while they worked on their heroly feast.

And boy, what a feast it was! Razer and Miyu were practically drooling well before the meal was even finished. And when it was, the Typhlosion couldn't believe this bakery could fit so much food! If one of everything looked like a lot to them last time, try *two* of everything, complete with plenty of original meals that weren't on the menu before. The sheer scale and scope of this feast was overwhelming.

At least it was, before the two fat pokemon dug in!

A collection of scarfing, grunting, gulps, and burps erupted between the pair as they stuffed themselves silly with all that was available. Razer couldn't remember the last time he'd ever been so hungry, his hefty paunch still demanding more even as he crammed all that he could down his vacuous throat. Miyu was in a similar boat as well, the Greninja moreso concerned about feeding that growing stomach than maintaining her silent and striking appearance. The simple thought of dieting had all but erased itself from the two gluttons, their only concern being whether or not their next morsel was within reach.

Thankfully, with Bery and Marle's assistance, it always was!

The empty platters continued to rise beside Razer and Miyu as they gorged on their feast, soon soaring beyond their eye level like ivory towers. Razer could feel his stomach stretching and groaning, having eaten more than enough to satisfy his caloric needs for the next five days over. Dammit, this all just tasted so good though, he quite literally couldn't get enough of it!

Well, up until the plates staked so high, he quite literally couldn't reach past his own stomach for more.

Razer grunted and whined, struggling to reach his comparatively stubby arms past that broad yellowish gut of his. At best, he could barely touch the table his stomach currently collided with! The Typhlosion struggled fruitlessly, fighting against his own body for even more food, growling. Not fair! Miyu got to keep eating thanks to her lengthy prehensile tongue! He didn't have something like that to feed himself with!

As if responding to his not-so-internal cries of demand, Bery shuffled over with a large plate of cake, setting it atop the Typhlosion's shelf of a gut. "Ya know, you wouldn't have an issue reaching for more food if you had us around."

Razer practically inhaled the first slice before acknowledging what the Dachsbun was implying. "You really wanna live with us, huh?"

"Only if you want!" Bery huffed, rubbing his hands together. "Seeing others enjoy our cooking so much gives us life! Besides, you said putting on weight made you two stronger, or something similar?"

Oh, right. Technically Lester said that and not Razer, but the Typhlosion didn't exactly refute that earlier. That had been a quick lie on Miyu's behalf to save their reputation, but it may be backfiring a bit right now. Of course, Razer *could* just politely decline. This meal alone was already pushing them behind their diet goal.

But he'd already finished his cake at that point, and was yearning for more. Watching Miyu snap up treat after treat made him fidget with anxiety. "A-alright. Gimme that apple pie, and you guys have a deal!"

Bery pumped his fist in excitement as Razer stuffed himself with that apple pie, rumbling in delight. Oof, victory tastes sweet.

So sweet, in fact, that it helped dampen the effect of having his chair snap out from beneath him, the Typhlosion stumbling back a bit before his second chair burst as well, sending him falling onto his back once more with a hefty, jiggly thud. The embarrassment was there for

sure, but it was hard for Razer to feel anything but relief as Bery and Marle were quickly by his side, snacks in arm's reach.

At least they were, before a similar earthquake happened as Miyu's chairs met with the same fate. Alas, as stretchy as that tongue was, it couldn't quite reach the food on the table. Not that the bakers seemed to mind, taking turns offering more treats to eat, patting their stomachs encouragingly...

Yeah, they could get used to this for a few days, right?

- A) The next day
- B) Three days later**
- C) Five days later
- D) Next week.
- E) Two weeks later
- F) Next month
- G) Two months later
- H) Much, much later...