Team Cauldron swaggered out of the dungeon, each member flush with loot. Though it had been a rough go of it at first, they had succeeded in probing the deepest depths and making it out with the treasure. Now, both of them weighed down with a big haul, they were making their way back to Treasure Town.

Or rather, they *should* have both been weighed down under a big haul. Currently, the leader—Blueshift the Totodile—was struggling under a double weight, thanks to the fact that his teammate Cynders, a sharp-eyed and somewhat lackadaisical Cyndaquil, had abruptly come down with some sort of stomach ailment. The Fire-type was toddling along, clutching his tummy and whining, making a big scene, so the team leader had elected to shoulder Cynders’s burdens until his compatriot started feeling better.

Their usual path back to Treasure Town was slowed thanks to Cynders’s ailment and Blueshift’s laboriousness, so when dusk arrived, burning the sky a low copper, they wandered off-path to a small glade which could serve as a makeshift camp.

Blueshift set his packs down with a wearied groan. He’d be feeling *that* weight in the morning, that was for sure. His weariness gnawed him to such a degree that he barely had any energy even to do more than set up a bedroll. “G’night,” he groaned to Cynders before settling his exhausted body into slumber.

The Cyndaquil waved back at him. “Night!”

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A soft but regular crunching sound tickled Blueshift’s ears, and the little croc grumbled awake. He opened his eyes to see—

He gasped. From the light, it couldn’t have been more than an hour or two after he’d gone to bed, yet there, on the other side of their bags, was Cynders—gorging himself on a Perfect Apple. Judging from the apple cores and berry rinds surrounding him, the Fire-type had been snacking on their supplies for quite a long time.

Blueshift jumped up and Cynders dropped the fruit with a squeak. “H-Hey boss,” he stammered. “I’m, uh… better!”

“More like you were never sick!” Blueshift growled.

Cynders dropped to all fours and raced into the dark woods, but there was no point. Blueshift pulled out a Rollcall Orb and smashed it against the ground, summoning his teammate to his side. The Cyndaquil teleported in with the abashed look of a caught troublemaker.

“You faked an illness to get me to carry all your stuff,” Blueshift said, the anger having banished any sense of weariness from him. “And then you have the nerve to chow down all our food!” He crossed his arms. “Well, Cynders, I figure fair’s fair. I carried a lot of weight on the way here, so it’s only fair you get weighed down yourself. And besides… if you really wanna fill your tummy so bad, I’ve got just the thing!”

Blueshift whipped out a hose from the bag and shoved it into the surprised Cyndaquil’s mouth, using a length of cord to keep it tied securely in place and preventing the other pokemon from spitting it out. Then, enjoying the sudden, wide-eyed look of panic on Cynders’s face, Blueshift raised the other end to his face.

“Be sure and drink your fill,” Blueshift said, smirking, taking the hose to his mouth. He summoned his power and began pumping water into it.

The effect was immediate. Cynders’s eyes bugged out even more, and he *mmmmmmm*ed in protest, reaching up with his paws to take out the hose. At a look from Blueshift that could have cut steel, though, the Cyndaquil stopped trying to undo it. Better this punishment than anything else his leader could cook up.

Already, the Cyndaquil’s small tummy was beginning to slosh out. As Blueshift continued summoning water, Cynders’s belly jutted out further and further, quickly filling up to the point where it looked as if he’d had several courses of a particularly delightsome meal.

Blueshift put a hold on pumping his errant teammate full of water for a moment to step close and admire Cynders’s growing form. He gave Cynders’s belly a jaunty slap, causing his tummy to jiggle, the water inside sloshing around more and more. Cynders groaned around the tube in his mouth, his eyes rolling back into his head.

“Oh, you’d better get used to the strain,” Blueshift said. “There’s more where that came from.” He resumed pushing water into his teammate, and Cynders’s belly grew even more—slowly but inexorably filling outward, outward, and outward. Amidst the sound of the water surging into the gluttonous explorer was another sound—Cynders’s voice, trailing whimpers throughout the night air.

Soon enough, the would-be thief was forced onto his back, his belly continuing to swell outwards. Already it was as big as the whole rest of his body, and it showed no signs of stopping.

Poking a claw into his partner’s belly, Blueshift admired both the way that the other pokemon’s skin depressed around it, as well as Cynders’s surprised chuff at the sensation. “Oh, what’s wrong?” the Totodile teased. He poked his head around Cynders’s enormous globe of a belly, eying his partner’s face. The Cyndaquil’s cheeks were straining around the hose, and tiny rivulets of water were dribbling out of the corners of his mouth. His formerly-wide eyes were now half-lidded. The sheer strain of being filled so full so suddenly was taking its toll on him, it seemed.

Blueshift sent a few more surges of water down the hose, smiling at the way Cynders’s throat worked as he was made to swallow enormous mouthfuls of water, one after another. The gulping sound—and the soft, barely-audible whimpers of protest that rose between them—only encouraged Blueshift to go further.

Stepping back for a moment, the Totodile admired his work. Cynders’s tummy was very big, stretching higher than Blueshift’s own head. The cream-colored fur burned a soft pink underneath, barely perceptible unless you knew what to look for, which spoke to just how much the Cyndaquil’s body was straining to keep the water in. Amazingly, despite being by all accounts so full that he shouldn’t be able to move, Cynders still managed to wriggle here and there, squirming his arms and legs in ways that merely served to showcase just how inflated he really was.

“Are you full?” Blueshift asked. “Did you learn your lesson?”

Cynders nodded his head glumly—as best he could, anyway. Even that bit of movement was apparently quite taxing. He somehow managed to force out a small “mmhmm.”

“Well, that’s all fine and well,” Blueshift said, “but see, considering how tired I am from carrying all your stuff… I think I want to rest the night on a good waterbed. How does that sound?”

A half-audible squawk of objection came from Cynders, and the Fire-type was shaking his head from side to side as best he could. “Mmm! Mmmm!” he protested.

“That’s what I thought you’d say,” Blueshift chuckled. Leaning back against his partner’s new enormity, he began pumping water into him in earnest.

Cynders’s groans and grumbles were quickly drowned out by the repetitive sound of him gulping, gulping, *gulping*—so much water was being poured in, and so fast, that the little ‘quil didn’t have time or energy to spend on anything else but taking it all down.

His belly sloshed audibly as it grew and grew, expanding ever outwards. Before long Cynders’s feet, which had been scrabbling for purchase in an apparent (and fruitless) attempt to get him away from the hose, ceased their movement as the Fire-type was resigned to lean back and just accept the water flowing in. Blueshift hummed to himself, leaning back as he continued inflating his partner. Every surge of water he sent was soon followed by a gulp from Cynders and then, almost immediately after, a tiny tremor from his belly as he was made to contain more and more of the liquid.

Finally, after several minutes, Blueshift set down the hose and turned to face his partner. Cynders had almost doubled in size since the last time, his belly now over twice Blueshift’s own height and equally as big in diameter. Indeed, Cynders didn’t so much look like a Cyndaquil anymore as a bright, strained sphere of cream-colored fur with a couple of extra bits at the edges.

Tentatively, Blueshift poked at Cynders’s tummy. There was no give this time. He whistled in admiration and lightly rapped it. The sound echoed through the water-stretched belly. “You’re as tight as a drum, aren’t ya?”

Walking over to Cynders’s head, Blueshift noted that the Cyndaquil’s eyes were almost completely lidded. The Fire-type blinked blearily as his partner worked the hose out and undid the strap around his mouth.

“There we are,” the Totodile said, his voice soothing. “That better?”

There was no response from Cynders—no words, not even a groan. Only shallow breaths and a slight, mildly wet-sounding hiccup.

“Well,” Blueshift said, “we can talk more about your errant behavior tomorrow.” He slowly scrabbled up Blueshift’s belly, perching on top. The weight beneath him was plush and slightly warm, comfortable in its firmness and supple from the water within. It rose and fell slightly with Cynders’s breaths.

“It’ll take a few days for that water to work its way through you,” Blueshift said, “so you’ll be nice and immobile in the meantime. Guess that means you can look forward to a fair bit serving as my personal waterbed.”

Another pathetic-sounding hiccup came from below, and Blueshift smiled. Curling atop his partner’s belly, he allowed himself to drift back to sleep, confident that justice had been served.