

The good pokemon of Brightmill Town gathered about, speaking in hushed whispers. “Do you think he’ll come back?” “He *has* to come back.” “No way, even he can’t take on a whole dungeon by himself!” The gossip fell like rain over the soft green grasses carpeting the sloping hills that rimmed the tiny burgh.

Brightmill was a uniquely unfortunate place. Situated at the joining of crossroads, it was a small but integral nexus of trade and commerce. Yet it was also far afield, further than most of the guilds or rescue organization were willing to send regular agents. The result was that the tiny town had been plagued by bandits and raiders, come to steal away their goods and money almost as soon as they made it. For a few weary years, it had seemed as if Brightmill had teetered on the edge of destruction.

That is, until their protector arrived.

He’d chased away hordes of bandits, met enemy pokemon in combat, and raided dungeons all on his own. He truly was their savior.

Now he had made his way to take down the greatest threat—the dungeon that the biggest bandit horde operating out of. The townsfolk wondered if he could succeed...

And their gossip quieted into awe as a familiar shape appeared on the horizon. He *had*.

He was legendary—a Zacian, to be exact. Some of the townsfolk had speculated what they had done to earn the protection of such a being, but most were content simply to benefit from his presence. Like most of his species, he was massive—over nine feet tall, with a presence to match. Unlike the usual cyan of his kind, his fur was grey like the morning mist, with a creamy white underbelly; his black braids were knotted together just over his shoulder, and he carried an ebony dark lance inlaid with gold instead of a sword. Even legends weren't completely invincible, and the eyepatch covering his right eye was a testament to that; but patch excluded, he was hale and hearty and a fine member of his species.

They called him 'Dokei'.

As their awe faded, the townsfolk erupted into cheers and rushed out to celebrate their savior. Dokei met their exuberance with a self-effacing wave of his paw, his eyes alight.

“Yup, they're all taken care of!” he said, his casual air unlike what the residents of Brightmill had expected of a legend. “Shouldn't be any problems with bandits for a while. So uh...” and here he began salivating. “About that reward?”

When the Zacian had first arrived to drive off the threats plaguing their town, the elders had fretted he would demand treasure or tribute or veneration—some great reward worthy of a legend of his stature. But oddly, all he had asked for was food; lots of it.

And that was something that Brightmill, situated as it was, had in abundance.

The elder, a stately Azumarill, barked out an order, and Hyatt, a young Zangoose who served as the aging pokemon's protégé, rushed out with a heavy satchel of food. Proffering it to Dokei, Hyatt stepped back as the wolf beamed with delight. Then, shamelessly, Dokei dipped his head down to the satchel and began to chow down.

The pokemon about him murmured at the sight. Dokei had been lean and powerful when he'd first arrived in Brightmill, and while his might remained, the leanness... not so much. Despite the activity that came from driving off ne'er-do-wells, the town's frequent tributes had led to him already developing a noticeable paunch. He was definitely pudgy, no doubt about it, fat plumping up along his side in friendly, inviting rolls that jiggled slightly as he gulped down the food.

The townsfolk, watching, could only wonder where he *put* it all; even for a pokemon just under ten feet, the sheer amount of goodies they offered was quite excessive. But he ate with no sign of slowing, only stopping when the satchel was less than halfway full. Hoisting it over his back with a small hiccup and a lick of his chops, the hero bid the pokemon a fine day before trotting away, modest fat rolling with every stride. He did not actually stay in Brightmill; he was too large for any of their buildings to support him. However, he did claim a cave nearby.

As he left, Dokei hummed to himself, the weight of the satchel barely registering. The outdoors really *was* a fine place, and maybe tomorrow, after he recuperated from the sore muscles left

from his adventure, he'd be willing to go tromping through it. For now, though, he was going to be decidedly indulgent.

Finding his cave—a dry and spacious tunnel set in a rocky hillside—Dokei wandered in, setting down the satchel. Truth be told, he wasn't especially hungry... but then, that was far from an obstacle to enjoying a good meal. A grin splitting his face, he ducked his head into the bag and set to work on the remainder of the food, throat working happily as he gulped it all down. Then, his belly feeling pleasingly stuffed, he crossed his paws and laid his head on them, settling down to cushion himself on his own pudge as he drifted off asleep.

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On the far side of Brightmill Town was an orchard. It was a sun-dappled, summery thing, with fruit trees of all sorts swaying in the light breeze—a place that smelled like sweet, nectary blossoms and luscious berries and fruits.

It was also a mystery dungeon. It was far from a stronghold of dangerous bandits or outlaws, but it could still be chancy for the average pokemon to wander in.

For a Zacian like Dokei, however, it was child's play.

The legendary pokemon's paws brushed against the soil, scarcely seeming to notice the heavy burden they carried. It had been a few weeks since he'd cleared out that last dungeon for the

townies, but his lifestyle had not grown any less indolent for it. Day in and day out, he'd lazed about, happily munching down the gifts the townsfolk brought him. Dokei's tummy had grown chubbier and chubbier; beyond just being a bit plump, he was now indisputably fat, his tummy having a definite squishiness to it that was soft and pliant. It was brushed against by his legs as he trotted down the pathway, jiggling gleefully as he moved. Though the pudginess was still mostly localized around Dokei's tummy, there were hints of more pudginess if you knew where to look: a slight roundness near his chin, an extra breath of heft along the back of his legs. Still, despite his heftiness, he made great time, not missing a beat as he strolled under the boughs of the fruit trees.

Most of the dungeon pokemon knew him by reputation as Brightmill's newfound, stalwart defender, and those who hadn't still knew better than to pick a fight with a legendary, so his lance had gone unused for this particular dungeon. Dokei didn't mind a bit: this wasn't a combat or search-and-rescue mission, but one based around tracking down specific kinds of goods.

"Let's see..." he muttered to himself, eyeing the piece of parchment he'd picked up from Hyatt. The eager Zangoose had become his primary liaison with the town, and he had dropped off the adventure request the previous day. "What was it they wanted again?" He rapped a nearby tree almost lazily; thanks to his tremendous strength, nearly all the berries from the tree were knocked off onto the grass. Bending over, he shook his head. "Bluk berries... nope, that wasn't it." An eager grin split his face. "Still, though."

Dokei dove in, happily devouring the succulent berries. They had a unique blend of sweetness with a somewhat dry aftertaste... it wasn't for every pokémon, but Dokei loved them.

*(But then again, he wryly mused as he continued happily chomping down the berries, I love just about every sort of food I can get my paws on.)*

Dokei's little sojourn into berry-eating wasn't *that* long, all things considered—but it was hardly the first one he had taken in this dungeon. As he finished up the last of the berries, feeling the yummy fruits settle as a pleasing weight down in his stomach, he mused that he was probably going to pack on even *more* pounds from this journey alone—to say nothing about the reward! The townsfolk had offered their usual prize of delicious foods—homemade breads, fresh veggies, and other treats—if he'd completed it. The thought of feasting on all that goodness after getting a whole dungeon's worth of goodies almost seemed unfair. Why, the chance to snack in this dungeon would be close to a proper reward all on its own!

The Zacian chuckled to himself as he licked his muzzle clear of berry juices. Not that he was complaining, mind.

Yep, the accumulated weight of all those extra berries was weighing down on him—he felt just a little jigglier, a little bit squishier than normal, the fat rolling against him as he walked. Dokei didn't care. In fact, he relished in his size, taking delight in the fact that as a naturally large pokémon—nine feet was nothing to sneeze at!—he naturally could grow that much bigger.

The path took Dokei through two large trees and as he tried to wriggle through them, he grunted, finding himself stuck.

Had he really put on that much weight? So quickly? Regardless, Dokei wasn't going to let something like a *tree* pen him in. He wriggled in, farther, farther, testing his might (and his weight) against the trees. He heard the telltale snapping of wood starting to break before finally, the trees splintered. He surged out with a surprised pant as the trees rained their bounty across the ground. Dokei fell with a *whumph* but he was more than happy to see the trees' fruit: Perfect Apples! Exactly what he'd been sent to find! In fact, this was his luck—he'd been sent to bring back about two dozen to Brightmill, but there were many more than that. Licking his chops, he decided to thin the herd, so to speak, of the remainder.

A single Perfect Apple was considered to be the most filling treat a pokemon could find... and he had well more than that. By the time he made it back to town, satchels stuffed with apples, he'd put on so much chub that his belly was nearly dragging on the ground, to his delight and the astonishment of the pokemon watching him.

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If the pokemon of Brightmill Town had expected Dokei's chub to subside at all, they would be thoroughly disappointed. A few days after his adventure in the orchard, he returned to town, drawing eyes and stares.

He was just as plump as he had been after his journey through the trees, but whereas before his belly had boasted the tight weight of a recently stuffed form, now he'd had a few days to sit on and digest his material. He was still as big, but he was softer, more pliable now; the extra size came not from the material in his belly but from the way it had added roll after roll of fat to his frame. The pokemon could only watch, open-mouthed, as he walked down the street.

Quite frankly, some of them wondered how he could even move under his own power. The already-towering pokemon had gone from a lean combat machine to a rolling blob of weight and fat. His tummy was large and sagged down nearly to the earth, rolls of fat enveloping themselves, and it was impossible to miss that his legs, muzzle, neck, and even his back were bedecked with plush plumpness. He was indisputably packing on the pounds.

Yet if Dokei's newfound heft was impressive, then the strength he displayed as a legendary was even *more* impressive. He was capable of carrying his new poundage without complaint or effort, his legs—which moved in a gradient from the same creamy fur as his underbelly up top to a quiet, ashen grey near his paws—stepping a brisk tempo as he strolled jauntily down the lane. His quick pace set all his rolls jiggling, and he smiled as he did so, seemingly impervious to the astonished gazes of the town pokemon—or perhaps even delighting in them.

The Zacian finally stopped in front of one of his favorite places: a pastry shop. The pokemon running it, a matronly Mienfoo with a pair round spectacles perched on her snout, looked up at him. “Forgive me, champion,” she said, “but I don't think our tribute is due for a few more days...”

“Yep, that’s right!” Dokei responded cheerily. “But I decided I wanted some more pastries in the meantime.”

“Well, I can arrange that. How many do you want?”

“Hmmm... how many could *this* get me?” And he pulled out a small pouch that clanged and clattered as he tossed it on the counter. As the Mienfoo snapped it open, she gasped, as did the pokemon surrounding them. The pouch was *overflowing* with treasure—gold coins and rare carvings and even a gem or two!

“Where... h-how...”

“Some bad guys in a dungeon had it,” Dokei said airily. “Been sitting on it for a while—uh, not literally—but ultimately decided what good is that gold if I ain’t even gonna *spend* it on anything, y’know? ‘S not like I’m gonna carry it into dungeons with me.”

He tapped one paw on the counter for emphasis, his pudge jiggling slightly as he did so. “So c’mon! How much will that get me?”

“U-uh... well, a single gem would... be enough to buy my entire stock for a... period of about two weeks?” the pastry shop owner said, her voice faint.

“Oh-*ho!* Well then! How about you keep that bag and just give me everything you’ve got—and double your additions to my tribute for the next, oh, couple of years, hmmm?”

The Mienfoo looked about ready to pass out. “I can... I can do that, champion...” Almost in a daze, she set about gathering pastries. It was still relatively early in the morning and so the pastries were warm and buttery, just the perfect flavor. The townsfolk chattered and whispered in amazement as she set about packing up literally her shop’s entire stock. As she set one bag (the first of several) on the counter, Dokei happily opened it and raided a fresh pastry. This one was rich and cinnamony, the recently-baked pastry bread flaking deliciously about his muzzle, and he licked his chops clean and snarfed down even more, feeling their warm weight settle pleasingly in his gut. Ah... was there *anything* better than a belly full of fresh warm food?

The wide-eyed townsfolk tittered and whispered around him, seemingly amazed that he was still going, and one child’s voice rang out: “Mama, is he gonna get even *bigger* if he keeps eating?” Though the mother quickly shushed her child, the question had been asked and everyone heard—but Dokei felt far from put on the spot.

“Maybe!” he said, turning to flash the assembled pokemon a healthy grin. “But if you think about it... the fact that I can get so big and still serve as your champion just speaks to how much power I *really* have as a legendary, doesn’t it?” The murmurs of the pokemon grew appreciative. “Besides!” Dokei added. “Plenty of pokemon have some natural heft to them—Pignite and Dragonite and Miltank! You wouldn’t question *them* for being big, would you?”

The murmurs grew more appreciative. That's true, they wouldn't... in fact, their town's founder had been a Miltank, and she was highly regarded as both a brave and wise pokemon *and* a famous beauty despite her notorious heftiness. And it was true! Their Zacian protector was big... but was he any less mighty for it? In fact, perhaps his bulk would serve him well in battle.

"Besides," Dokei amended between swallowing more pastries, "I was rake-thin when I got here! This extra heft... when you think about it, it's a token of appreciation from you all at the village. A sign of agreeability between us!"

The assembled pokemon cheered and as they dispersed, at least one or two could be heard muttering about how *they* could start packing on the pounds. As the final pokemon left, the Mienfoo finally placed the last of her pastry packages on her shop's stall. "Here you are, sir Zacian," she said, still quiet-voiced from her sudden wealth.

"Just Dokei is fine," he replied easily, sweeping the packages into his heavy satchel.

"Erm... do you need help taking it home, sir—I mean, Dokei?"

He smiled at her, the action forming dimples in his chubby cheeks. "Do I look like I need help?" he said before waddling off. She watched him go. No, he didn't.

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Hyatt grunted under the burden. The Zangoose counted himself as pretty strong—but the sheer size of Brightmill’s tribute to their protector, *especially* after the pastry shop had doubled their additions, was really becoming quite laborious! Still, it was an important job, and he was happy to do it—and truth be told, he didn’t mind serving as their liaison to Dokei. He greatly admired the Zacian for his strength, and also for his cutely alluring chub... Hyatt had experimented with increasing portion sizes and switching to richer, fattier foods himself to emulate, though he’d put on a pair of love handles at best; village life was too demanding to allow much else.

Making his way to the cave, Hyatt poked his head in. “Dokei!” he called. “It’s me! I’ve got—”

The Zangoose’s voice stuttered and died, his jaw dropping. The scene before him was unlike anything he could have ever imagined. Dokei was *huge*, far bigger than Hyatt had ever seen him. The nine-foot legendary’s belly had grown to such size that Dokei was perched on it as if it was a bed or a cushion. The chub spooled outwards, pressing against his legs and tail, the limbs leaving the fat dimpled as it ballooned around them. If Dokei strained, he could *probably* put his paws to earth... but as it was, the Zacian seemed content to just rest atop his swollen massiveness. His face was good and round as well, his cheeks puffed up and chubby, and his legs themselves were plush and round, especially up near where they met his body. Even Dokei’s tail was looking weightier, wagging with lazy happiness as its owner slept.

A speckling of crumbs surrounded Dokei’s muzzle—not anything slobby, but enough to show that he had recently scarfed down a snack or two (or twenty). Now he was dozing peacefully, his head resting on a cushion made of his own chinfat, face quiet and peaceful. Even in his sleep,

though, Dokei licked his chops as if dreaming about his next rich meal, and one of his legs pawed errantly at the ground.

Hyatt gazed at the massive Zacian with an open mouth. “Wow... *wow*,” he said, swallowing. Incredible. Just a few months ago he never would have considered looking at a fat pokemon with such admiration, but after Dokei...

Well...

After a few minutes, Hyatt swallowed again, aware he was blushing, had been staring, and that he had elsewhere to be. Setting the tribute down in front of Dokei, he turned to quietly leave and let the town’s protector nap in piece. But as he accidentally kicked a rock, the sound making a cacophony of noise, he tensed and bolted in embarrassment.

For his part, Dokei yawned awake, blinking the sleep from his eyes. What was...?

There was no pokemon around him, but there *was* a freshly-delivered pile of food. He instantly felt a pang of delight. More food was *always* right by him! Using his paws to drag himself over to it, he swept the food up to his mouth and began to chow down.

*If I don’t be careful, he thought wryly, I might not even end up fitting in my own cave. Now wouldn’t that be something.*

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Wouldn't that be something indeed.

The town had occasionally found more jobs for Dokei, which he did with eagerness, and the wolf pokemon wasn't averse to taking the odd personal adventure of his own—but truth be told, after he had cleared out that massive encampment of bandits, there was very little left in the area for him to do. Word spread fast and before long, all the ruffian pokemon knew better than to mess with Brightmill Town. Why pick a fight with a place that had a *legendary* protecting it?

Some might have wondered if Brightmill might have stepped down the rate of their tribute, since their corner of the world had grown more or less safe. But the town pokemon had kept up their deliveries to their canine protector. In fact, visitors to the town noticed a certain... change in outlook to the various pokemon. They had all grown a bit softer, a bit chubbier, with pleasing rolls of fat and chub starting to bedeck their frames. Oh, they were nowhere near being so big they couldn't move—life was still too hectic and active out in the frontier, after all, and the most that the pokemon of Brightmill got was an extra bit of cushioning here and there. But the townsfolk seemed eager and pleased with their new drive towards plushness and were known to occasionally tease out-of-towners for their skinny frames, insisting that they needed to plumpen out a bit. They were charmingly evasive when it came to their new outlook, but visitors did occasionally notice the town pokemon gathering food together for some strange purpose.

And perhaps some visitors also wondered about the seeming absence of the town's famed protector. Maybe a few put two and two together—but if so, they didn't say anything.

Brightmill's changed outlook was harmless, after all, and had nothing to do with the region's newfound security—and why provoke a pokemon powerful enough to clear the region of threats all on his lonesome, wherever he might be?

The villagers kept up their tribute and Dokei kept dutifully eating it, not that he needed any more encouragement. And before long...

His supposition came true.

One fine morning the Zacian woke with a pleasant grumble, the sensation working its way through his whole body—and there was a *lot* of body. He'd been eating all the food Brightmill had offered him and more, and with his ever-increasing indolence and lack of activity, that extra weight hadn't had anywhere to go but around his frame.

By now, his paws couldn't possibly reach the ground on their own without immense strain on his part. He didn't mind, though; he was content to just rest there most days, luxuriating in his own fatness, using his full and fluffy belly as a cushion and bed. It was far more comfortable than any mattress that normal artisans could have made. His face was a grinning, friendly muzzle atop a rolling pillow of squishy grey fur, his limbs thick and pudgy trunks of their own with comparatively small paws at the end. Even his tail was, by now, significantly fatter, spreading

out behind him, though his legendary strength still let him wag it with ease whenever he was pleased enough.

And why wouldn't Dokei be pleased? The villagers continued their gifts, and he was happy to receive.

Blinking fully awake, Dokei idly noted that he had grown to such a degree that his earlier jibe might well come true soon. He actually *was* almost too big for his cave. Perhaps he could oblige the villagers to build him a little hideaway in Brightmill...

But that was for later. For now, he noted with salivating eagerness that a fabulous pile of fresh tribute had been left just outside his cave.

His instinctual hunger easily overpowered any desire to avoid the exertion needed to move his massive bulk. Straining with the might of a legendary, Dokei managed to angle himself with one of his forepaws touching the cavern floor. With herculean effort, the wolf dragged himself forward step by step, eyes fixated directly on the food before him. Despite his massive state, he felt far from full. In fact, if he had to be completely honest, he was hungrier than ever...!

Making good time, Dokei dragged himself out of his cave. No longer constrained by the stone around it, his fatness finally ballooned out to its real, true size. The Zacian sighed contentedly as tension he hadn't even realized was there dissipated; he could *feel* his rolls flowing free, spreading his form across the grass and flowers. He was close to being a blob, his massive form

warming pleasantly from the summer sun up above. On some level, Dokei realized that he almost certainly wouldn't be able to force himself back into his cave. There would be no point in even trying.

But that was a concern for later. For now, it was time to indulge.

The mound of treats was piled so high that even perched atop his mountain of a belly, Dokei had no difficulties snagging them with his paws. First was the pastry shop's tribute. Ahh... delicious, warm, buttery soft puff pastry. Could anything be more delectable? First one made its way down his throat, then a second, then a third—each faster than the last, their small weight barely making a dent in his massive appetite.

Underneath the pastries were a smorgasbord of berries. These Dokei swept into his mouth eagerly, enjoying the interplay of taste—some tart, some sour, some delectably sweet, each of their flavors intermingling together to create a veritable symphony of flavor. How could you *not* love food and want to eat as much as you could when it tasted *this* good?

After the berries came a rich, crumbly cheese which Dokei happily snacked down, the flavor wafting over his mouth and making him excited. Complementing the cheese was a warm loaf of brown bread with seeds baked in; rather than cut himself slices, Dokei just tore into the loaf, gulping down as many mouthfuls as he could. Already, the pile of tribute was starting to get lower and lower—but he was nowhere close to done.

Hard candies in a variety of flavors; a slice of yummy crème cake; a generous bottle of Moomoo milk, fresh from Miltank said to be descendants of the town's original founder; each of these Dokei ate with aplomb, happily gulping them down to feel them settle pleasingly in his gut. Sighing contentedly, he eyed the pile again. It was growing quite small! But there on it was one amazingly delicious treat—a Perfect Apple!

“The townsfolk are spoiling me,” Dokei chuckled, reaching for it. But he realized too late that the pile had diminished too much and his belly had raised him high enough—his paws couldn't reach it! After stretching vainly for a few moments, Dokei decided enough was enough. Unsheathing his lance from his back, he fit the weapon into his mouth, the custom-made handle loop going over his muzzle for security. Skewering the treat, he raised the Perfect Apple to his mouth, taking it off his lance and crunching into it. The flavor... ah, pure bliss.

And he couldn't help but smiling. There was still more to go!

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Hyatt led a contingent of village pokemon, chuckling as he felt his pudgy roll about him with every step. Inspired by their champion's glorious size, he and the rest of the village had started putting on the pounds to what was (in his personal opinion) great effect! He was still new to his newfound squishiness—but he had great appreciation for it.

He and the others had a job to do. Though they'd delivered Dokei some food recently, they'd come into a wealth of material from a favorable trade with a passing caravan and had decided to pass some of it along.

The Zangoose followed the quiet path leading to the Zacian's cave—and stopped when he rounded the bend to bring the cave in view.

The sight before him was *glorious*.

Dokei was before them, looking not so much like a pokemon as a giant, fluffy, grey-colored *hill* of warm, inviting pudge. The wolf was truly massive, having stuffed in so much food that his legs trailed high over the ground. He was picking at the remains of their previous tribute with his lance, but it was slow going.

Hyatt and the others didn't have to say anything. They all came to the decision at once. The pokemon flocked to Dokei to set about helping their champion.

One pokemon, a Minccino who had pudged out a bit lately, grabbed some berries before climbing up Dokei's pliant fat to place them one after another into his eagerly waiting mouth. Others quickly grabbed more dishes, ready to pass them up as quick as Dokei needed them. Their guardian was hungry, and it was their job to fix that as soon as possible!

For his part, Hyatt sunk his arms into Dokei's flesh, blushing from the heavy pliability of it all. The rolls of Zacian fat were warm and inviting, ballooning out at his touch and threatening to engulf his paws. Truthfully, Dokei's new form was something to aspire to; Hyatt knew deep down he'd never manage to be the same size, if only because of how his species worked, but he could still dream...

Embracing the giant Zacian with a sigh, Hyatt let himself feel the fat against his own plump cheeks, the bigger pokemon's weight pulsing slightly with every breath. Once he and the other pokemon from the village had fed Dokei all their treats, he'd have to go to the elder and arrange a space for Brightmill's new guardian to be moved to. It was clear the cave wouldn't do anymore.

*Still*, he thought as he heard the eager gulping of the legendary, *that's a task for later*. For now, he was content to sit here and bask in the wonder that was their protector's massiveness—and take inspiration from it.

Brightmill had a *big* future in store, and all the pokemon looked eagerly to it.