

Team Gluttony By Jollyguts

“Are you saying you *don't* want your team to rank up?” A blue, green, and yellow-feathered parakeet of short and stubby stature asked. Chatot twisted their neck in confusion, flabbergasted that a team would suggest such a thing. Its odd head was shaped in an eighth note, while its black tail straightened into that of a metronome. Their feathers were impeccable; free of any dust, and bright and vibrant. They were stern and orderly, greatly opposing the two standing in front of them right now. Chatot's wings fluttered in anger, their cheeks red with rage, and they cried, “I know what you're trying to do, and I'm onto you! Don't think you two can get a free room and unlimited food for nothing!”

A pikachu sat idly by with a curious glance, wishing they could leave this conversation. It wasn't their fault they were in this situation! They were a bit anxious, lanky, and carried a blue backpack filled to the brim with gummies and apples, but they weren't for him. They were for their good-for-nothing partner. Pikachu gulped, and eyed their partner attentively. “What do we do?” the yellow rat whispered, “I don't think any team has ever denied this opportunity before. Maybe we should-”

“We don't want it,” a rotund, lazing shinx spat while munching on a bulging pouch of seeds hanging from their neck, “Too much work, and not enough time. Can't we stick to rookie?”

Cookie was fat, especially for a shinx. Their legs were already short because of their nature, but the excess blubber hanging from their barrel-like torso made the four limbs quite stubby. Their footsteps were heavy, and slow, which made adventuring quite the task. Their rear grew black fur with designs of hearts sporadically decorating their blue-furred hide. A taut, convex belly bellowed from their middle, blue as a cloudless sky. It squeezed in between their four legs like a balloon ready to pop. They wore only a jet-black scarf, which had the designs of pin-sized, white stars on it. They frequently found themselves asking Pikachu to loosen it up for them as they grew. ‘Baby fat,’ Cookie liked to call it. They had no intention of losing weight, and any attempt to draw attention to the jiggle in their step was merely brushed away with an ignorant grin.

Pikachu gulped, and bit their lip. “Cookie, I don't think-”

Cookie chortled, their fatty cheeks rolling up their face as they gave a toothy smile. “We want to stay in the rookie rank. Is that too much to ask? Let the others slave over the hard work. I'd rather stick to delivering mail than going into any dungeon.”

Chatot's beak looked about to snap from how hard they were biting to keep from screaming. “I don't suppose there is anything wrong with that. Just know that Team Laze is denied entry to training facilities the other ranks have, and-”

Cookie interrupted with a cough. "We have everything we need, I assure you. We can take care of ourselves. Thank you! Thank you..." The shinx turned tail to leave, tapping Pikachu on the back as they passed. "Let's go home and kick back, my friend. My legs are killing me."

Pikachu frowned and itched the back of their head. "Well," they said, procuring a short letter stamped with the Wigglytuff seal of approval, "we have been accepted on our first rescue mission. It's a baby bonsly, not too far into Apple Woods. There's barely anything in there that could hurt us, and I've been training a little myself. If it's not too much to ask -"

Cookie looked disgusted at their partner like they had backstabbed them with a knife. Chatot grinned as Cookie frowned and looked towards the ground, trying to avoid locking eyes with the bird. How could they deny their own partner in front of Chatot? Cookie knew what they were thinking - serves them right! Oh, Cookie would have a *long* talk with Pikachu after this. Again and again, shinx cleared their throat to answer, but they could not find the words. 'Deny it! Deny it!' they thought, but they saw the look Pikachu was giving them. The mouse really wanted to do this. Cookie sighed, and exclaimed, "Fine, but you're leading. I don't want anything to scuff up my fur."

Pikachu smiled like never before. Normally, their back was arched to the ground, and it looked as if they were always searching for something interesting at their feet. They spent long hours doing their best offering their assistance like any other in Wigglytuff guild; delivering items to people in the marketplace, helping carry luggage, or showing new people around town. They were quite a good worker, but unfortunately, they were paired with the laziest electric type in the world. Seeing Pikachu like this almost brought a smile to Cookie's face, but they remembered what this had meant for them. Their first rescue mission - ugh, what a drag.

"In all my years of running this place, I have never met a lazier pokemon," Chatot said, "If there was a fire, you would surely stay in place hoping that someone may come to find you, not out of fear, but pure idleness. A snorlax couldn't even say that."

Cookie groaned, feeling their bag grow lighter and lighter as today's feed was disappearing in their gullet. There was a sudden fear that pinged in the depths of their chest. Would Chatot revoke their privileges at the feast? The shinx's stomach growled, and they began walking towards the stairway outside of the guild. Pikachu was looking at the job list intensely, their eyes marking the highest-paying and most dangerous jobs they could do. "Coming?" Cookie growled as their tail slipped around the corner. Pikachu gasped in horror and chased after them, giving Chatot a thumbs up before zipping out of the guild.

"I want you to know I am only doing this because it is Apple Woods," Cookie grumbled, their short legs waddling as they passed by several hurried guild members setting off to adventure. "Have you heard of Apple Woods?"

Pikachu shrugged, and exclaimed, "I assume there are apples there?"

“Oh yes, there are apples there. Many apples. They say you can find hills of apples that have fallen from the trees.” Cookie didn’t notice it, but they were salivating from their mouth. A trickle of slobber hung, just from thinking about how much they could eat on the way there. Whenever Cookie sat eyes on food, they finished it. “Hopefully there will be more. It takes a bit for me to get sick of apples, but if I eat enough of it, it’s bound to happen.”

Pikachu eyed Cookie’s stomach as it shifted from side to side as they walked from the busy streets into the dirt pathways of a heavily forested, and shadowy land. The shinx had grown much fatter ever since they were accepted into the guild. When they first met, Cookie was just a scrawny thing. If they packed in too much weight, they may not be able to go on adventures at all. Cookie was already denying the simplest jobs, ranging from stamping jobs with a seal of approval, or simply calling out names of the people who left and entered the guild. Pikachu cleared their throat and said softly as to not annoy the shinx, “Don’t you think you have eaten enough? I already gave you your seeds for today, and you ate Kecleon’s gummies that were about to expire, and -”

Pikachu stopped as they saw Cookie blushing and glancing away. The two remained silent as the forest began to silence any noise besides the occasional snap of a twig, or a falling branch. Thankfully, Apple Woods was a common location to gather food, so the dirt pathways were packed in, and fairly straight forward. The smell turned from a natural, mildewed breeze to a sweet, sugary twang. “We’re getting close,” Cookie said with a grin, watching as the apples grew bigger, and more plentiful until they were nearly weighing down the branches. “All this walking is making me have quite an appetite.”

“I’d say,” Pikachu joked as they poked Cookie in the gut. Their tiny finger did not meet any resistance, and Pikachu could only guess that Cookie didn’t even notice because they continued walking on without saying a word. Pikachu chuckled as Cookie scooped up some of the apples on the ground with their teeth and dropped it into the bag on their side. Each one was nearly too big to fit, and large enough to serve as an entire meal by itself. “One for now, and two for later?” Pikachu teased.

“Shut up,” Cookie spat, but it wasn’t towards Pikachu’s comment. The shinx motioned for them to slip into the treeline, and Pikachu’s heart raced. Was there a dangerous pokemon around? The electric duo crouched low and eyed the pathways intently. There was a fork in the road, one leading onwards for an unknown length until there was no light left. The sun barely fell through the canopies of the trees, and made it dark and cold. On the other pathway lie a wall of apples against a grouping of tall, thick, and ancient oak trees. It felt like several minutes passed by until Pikachu asked, “Is it a trap?”

Cookie nodded, and grumbled, “It may be. I think I hear muffled screaming. Is someone trapped underneath all that?”

Pikachu was too focused on the stack of apples to notice Cookie already crawling towards it. “Cookie!” Pikachu gasped, racing over to their partner’s side.

It was short and sporadic - there were cries for help underneath all the apples. Pikachu began shuffling them out of the way hastily. Cookie bit into one and threw it behind them without much issue, but the juice lathered their tongue, and they murmured in joy. They anticipated the next bite, and accidentally bit into it too hard. They were no longer trying to move the apples. The shinx bit into another, lazily pushing some with their snout, and sitting down in front of the stack of fruit. Pikachu sighed, but patted Cookie on the back as they ate. "At least you're kind of helping, I suppose," Pikachu growled.

The apples began to shuffle, and they saw what looked like a tree root underneath all of the crimson fruit. Its cries were ear-shattering, and Cookie frowned as they ate. "Ugh! Can you shut that thing up?!"

Pikachu grabbed the creature, and pulled expecting it to be lighter than it actually was, but it was no use. It was ridiculously heavy! They took a deep breath, and dug their hands underneath it. They panted as they lifted the pokemon out of the bundle of apples, and collapsed on the ground. "PHEW! W-what is it?!"

Cookie smacked their lips as they swallowed an entire apple whole. They grunted, "That's your Bonsly, partner. Now you have to drag it all the way back. Not as easy of a job as you thought, huh?"

Pikachu watched their companion gorge themselves, and sighed. "You're evil." The mouse patted the Bonsly to ease it, but it kept crying and kicking its legs. It didn't even seem to know how to walk. "Alright, Pikachu, let's make these muscles work!"

Cookie burped as they walked - they had really eaten a ton! They did not remember the last time they were *this* full. Had it been the time when the guild had made too many pizza's? Or maybe it was the time they found the guild's secret food supply. The shinx eyed their partner with a satisfied smile. "It was really worth coming here! Thank you, Pikachu."

"Yeah, right." Pikachu grunted, pulling Bonsly just a few inches at a time. It took them the rest of the day to return to the guild this way, and Cookie made sure to eat a few more apples as they passed. By the time they had stepped back into town square, it was as dark as it was in the forest. Sweat trailed down Pikachu's face as they stopped in front of Wigglytuff guild, and the electric mouse fell forwards onto his stomach. A small puff of dust raised from the impact, and Pikachu moaned. "Can you call someone to help?"

"Sure thing, friend," Cookie said, waltzing into the guild with a jolly flick in their tail. They returned with a massive machop with their arms folded over their chest. The gargantuan meathead snickered and said, "I'm surprised you dragged this poor little guy all this way." They easily cupped the child in their arms, carefully settled them into their chest and nodded their head. "They must be around thirty pounds. Impressive, to say the least. I'll take them to their parents. Why don't you get some rest? Rest is more important than working out, in my opinion,"

the machamp looked down at Cookie and chortled, “Looks like your friend has that in the bag. BWAHAHAHA!”

Cookie blushed and tried to stand a little more sturdy until the machamp left. As soon as they saw their muscular thunder thighs roll around the corner, Cookie relaxed and slumped down again. “What an awful person. I’m not even that big!”

“Yes you are,” Pikachu simply grumbled, barely able to find their breath.

“Hmph! Well, I suppose you are too tired to pack into the room tonight? Are you just going to sleep out here?”

Pikachu groaned, their body aching, but they rose to their feet and began to slump towards the Wigglytuff Guild. “I’m coming, I’m coming.”

Pikachu was still asleep as Cookie opened their eyes. They must have immediately fallen asleep after their first big adventure. Cookie lurched forwards onto all fours, and their belly followed slowly behind. They steadied themselves and shook any hay that had tangled into their fur and smiled. What a fantastic place! There was so much to eat, and the smell was almost intoxicating. Cookie had half the mind to head over to Apple Woods alone before Pikachu got started with their day. As Cookie turned to leave, their smile turned into a frown. There was a pile of mail at the foot of their room. “Jobs!” Cookie grumbled under their breath. They looked over at Pikachu to make sure they were sleeping, and began sweeping the letters underneath their hay beds.

“What is that noise?” Pikachu suddenly sighed, and Cookie’s heart jumped. The shinx quickly brushed the final letters away and stood, smiling.

“Just sweeping the floor.”

Pikachu glanced at Cookie with a grimace. “With only your feet?”

Cookie shrugged, and exclaimed, “Couldn’t find a sweeper.”

Pikachu nodded their head. “It’s all dirt,” the electric mouse pointed towards Cookie’s feet, “What’s that?”

Cookie’s heart jumped as they saw one final letter at their feet. Is this where it all began? Would they have to go on adventures if their team grew too popular? Cookie sighed, and bit on the letter, carrying it towards Pikachu. They spit it on the ground and frowned. “Not sure,” they exclaimed, defeated, “Better open it.”

Pikachu took the letter and tore it open with anticipation. “It’s a letter from Bonsly’s parents. They have invited us to their ramen shop in town square.”

Cookie snickered - they dodged a bullet this time! Ramen sounded delectable, so long as they could eat as much as they wanted! It was easy to swallow, heavy, and plentiful. Perfect for someone with a large appetite like them. If this was the reward for doing jobs, then Cookie could get used to this! "What time does it say we should arrive?" Cookie asked, stomach already growling for another feast. "I could go for another round or two."

Pikachu's ears folded behind their back. "I suppose we could have ramen for lunch. It'll take us the morning to get there anyways. I'm not sure how you pack it all away." The electric mouse eyed the cheeky dome of Cookie's middle. What was it like to be so gluttonous?

The two made their way into town square, where adventurers of all shapes and sizes were gathering tools and items for their next mission. Cookie passed by a particularly rotund grovyle, who had been busy chopping up bananas and making pudding underneath the shade of a small stand. They wore a tight vest that clang onto their thick body, buttons threatening to burst off at a moment's notice. Their belly button was clear in view, for their clothing rode up their gut; it was clear that this pokemon had terrible issues pulling their clothes down their frame.

As they turned around a fork in the road, Cookie was surprised by a figure next to a shower, and a gym. They thought it was another stand that was commonplace in the market square, but it had been a massive Snorlax that had set up a resting place against the side of the gym. A hitmonchan danced swiftly up and down in front of them, raising their fists and taking jabs directly in the center of their gut. Each hit sent a wave of blubber rolling like a pebble being dropped into a pond. Snorlax didn't seem to care, and instead held a leaf over their eyes to block out the sunlight.

All the while, Cookie could not stop thinking about how hungry they were, oblivious to how fat they had gotten in such a short amount of time. They eyed the massive pokemon with a smile, stomach gurgling from how stuffed it still was from last night's venture. Had they started noticing the larger pokemon more? They had never seen so many in town square before. Pikachu snickered at their friend, eyeing the way they wobbled to keep up with them. Much like the heavy creatures around them, Cookie was beginning to show folds upon folds of blubber. Their legs were showing uneasiness from how much excess weight they carried. The scarf around their neck was running out of length to tie around their neck. Cookie was becoming obese, but didn't seem to notice or care in the slightest.

At last, they arrived at Sudowoodo's Ramen Shop. The smell was spicy, which made Cookie drool from the side of their mouth. The hint of sizzling chicken, beef, and fish in the cold, morning breeze was enough to hypnotise the shinx into a gluttonous stupor. It looked much like a longhouse, made of fallen tree trunks, clay, and rope. Makeshift as it was, it was very sturdy, and held an entire kitchen and eating area. It was hot enough inside to make Cookie sweat like a pig. Two Sudowoodo raced back and forth, nearly knocking into each other because of how thin the walkways were behind the bar. They expertly flipped knives into the air, gathering

ingredients onto a cutting board before catching the knife and slicing away. One stoked the fire underneath a massive, metal pot with their bare hands. Any grass type would have been astonished that they would do such a thing, but their figure was merely a ruse. The fire didn't affect them at all.

There was one other sitting on a stool at the bar, or rather two stools. A pangoro, elephantine by normal standards, had amassed such a husky frame that just one chair was not enough to support their robust rear. One globular of their stomach drooped over another layer of blubber just below their belly button, giving them what looked like two stomachs. Their love handles made for good arm rests as they held four chopsticks, two in each hand, expertly bringing the massive bowl to their face. Their cheeks were bloated with food, and they stuffed it hastily before giving a hefty swallow and groaning. They took a deep, wheezy breath before stuffing themselves again, and again, and again. "Another!" they cried, knocking their hand on the table and rattling the high stack of empty dishes nearby from their past meals.

The Sudowoodo smiled happily as Pangoro ate their fill, barely slowing their pace as they became absolutely stuffed. Broth splattered onto a fiery-red bib wrapped around their neck with the design of a torkoal holding a spatula in their mouth. 'Team Gluttony' was written on it in bold, gold letters. Cookie and Pikachu entered and one of the tree-folk gasped.

"It's you!" they said, hurriedly dashing through the kitchen and to the duo. "You saved our child! We are so grateful. You can eat here as much as you want, little ones! You're so brave entering those forests by yourself, and so young! Bonsly likes to play in it, but got lost and trapped underneath all those apples. We couldn't find them!"

Cookie smirked and exclaimed, "Oh, it was nothing." Pikachu rolled their eyes, and held back the urge to call their partner out. The shinx continued, ignoring the electric mouse, "I'm more than happy to sample your food, though I may not be able to sit on a stool."

Sudowoodo bowed and said, "We are aware of our quadruped customers. Feast your eyes over here-" they pointed towards a trough with a catch hooked onto it. The sudowoodo could easily pour the ramen down an open pipe and into the trough. A comfortable crimson cushion stuffed with feathers spread on the ground in front of the trough. Cookie was in love, and could not take their eyes off of it. "You look eager to get started, small one," Sudowoodo said, patting Cookie on the head, "I will make sure my mate keeps you sated."

Pikachu smiled, happy to see their partner with a grin that stretched from ear to ear. "I'll have one as well," the mouse said, hopping up next to the pangoro, who paid very little attention to them. Pikachu gulped as the panda swallowed a portion of ramen nearly the size of themselves in one go. They were certain that they could eat themselves, Cookie, and both of the Sudowoodo if they wanted to. Pikachu cleared their throat and cheekily asked, "Is it good?" The pangoro gave a grumble and kept stuffing themselves greedily. "Oh... oh dear..."

Cookie sat on the cushion and their eyes grew wide as a river of noodles, meat, and vegetables rained down in front of them. The trough was big enough to feed a mudsdale, but they filled it to the brim for Cookie. The shinx took initiative and stuffed their maw into it, slurping up any and all they could muster. It was a delectable mix of flavours, but ultimately it was difficult to tell what exactly they were eating. It was a mash of assorted meats, broccoli, carrots, and dozens of other things, but it was smooth, and kept Cookie wanting for more. They barely scraped the surface before Sudowoodo yelled, "More coming!" and the trough was filled again. Cookie was daunted by how much food was laid out before them, but happily, and greedily itched away at it. Besides, this was the reward for all of the hard work they had done in Apple Woods, right?

Their stomach was the first to see some change. The warm, chicken-based broth soothed their gastric system, which allowed them to consume more than usual, while everything else was incredibly heavy and hearty. The impact was visually noticeable, especially around their middle. Where their stomach used to jiggle and sway, it was now packed like a rock. Then came the lethargy; they found themselves teetering off into a sleepy, dream-like state where all they did was swallow. They felt heavy, and bloated beyond belief, but the food was too good to pass up. Any chance they got, they burped to allow more room into their greedy gullet, but even that was becoming a chore. It did not take long for their eyes to fall, and their mouth slipped off of the trough and onto the cushion. Pangoro chuckled to themselves as the shinx fell asleep, and grumbled, "Interesting..."

The shadows of Cookie's dreams distracted the shinx from how full they really were. They had eaten far beyond their usual feast for the last couple of meals. Still, they felt as light as a feather, as if they were flying through the sky. Wait... were they falling? Cookie jolted awake, and could see the ground beneath them. They let out a blood-curdling scream, eying the canopies of trees twenty feet below them.

"Calm down, little one," a deep, grumbling voice said. Cookie snapped into reality, and felt someone carrying them. There was an orange-scaled, thick, tree trunk-like arm holding them close to a similarly massive body. Cookie shook as they saw great wings flutter, somehow magically holding up hundreds of pounds of weight in the air. It was a dragonite wearing a bib very similar to Pangoro's - red with a torkoal holding a spatula. "You must have fallen asleep. Your friend told us to carry you home. They said your name is Cookie. Very thematic, I'd say."

"Are you friends with Pangoro?" Cookie mumbled, feeling the broth in their belly shake as they danced in the air.

"That is correct. You sure know how to pack away food like us!" Dragonite jostled Cookie around in their grasp, and the shinx shivered in fear of falling. Dragonite barely paid attention, and exclaimed with an energetic vigour, "You'd make a good part of our team! Especially when you get bigger."

“What team is that?” Cookie growled impatiently. Why would they want to be part of a group of fatties? They were more than happy to join a team of heavy eaters, but even that required some semblance of effort.

Dragonite stopped in the air, hovering over a grouping of thick trees shedding their leaves in preparation for winter, and held the shinx in both hands so they were face-to-face. A cheeky grin stretched across their face, and they yelled, “Team Gluttony!” They flipped horizontally in the air and playfully placed Cookie on their belly. Cookie stood on the malleable surface of the dragon, shaking from the cold autumn air, but felt very secure on top of their sturdy scales. Never had Cookie felt so small; they were literally riding on top of a pokemon, and quite a big one at that. Dragonites were known to be a little on the chubby side, but this one had gone far beyond that. Where once their stomach bellowed outwards in a fairly smooth curvature, they were now morbidly obese. Two gargantuan moobs protruded from their chest, and Dragonite couldn’t help but play with them as they talked. They could hear the dragon’s food slush around in their stomach. Cookie watched the dragonite’s stubby claws sink out of sight as their fingers massaged their bubbly stomach.

Dragonite chuckled, their fat neck folding together to lock Cookie’s eyes. They pat and massaged their middle, a little shocked at the unaffected glance that Cookie was giving them and said, “We love to eat the best food in town, and we review every establishment around. It’s easy to tell that you have the same interests as us. It is a bit difficult to hide our hobbies, isn’t it? It just kinda... hangs off of us. HARHARHAR!”

Cookie shrugged, trying not to agree with the fatty. They weren’t fat! They were just a little bigger than most shinx. Besides, it would all go away when they evolved. They may even end up being the tallest luxray there ever was! “I’m not sure what you’re talking about.”

Never had Cookie dreamed of riding on top of something this inescapably rotund. They were like a blimp in the sky - a whale that had jettisoned out of the water and flown through the sky. Still, that irritating smile was stretched over their face, like they knew something that Cookie didn’t. Dragonite whispered inquisitively under their breath, “I know of a place where you can eat all you want, and you will never be judged for it. Not only that, it holds warm waters, where if you eat too much, it will soothe your muscles.”

Cookie couldn’t help but raise a brow. As soon as they did, it was too late. The dragon flipped back over, securing Cookie back in their arms, and dashing away from Cookie’s home. “I knew it. I can feel that belly in my hands, Shinx. There is no shame in fulfilling your wishes. Goodra will make you right at home.”

Cookie braced themselves as they zipped through trees, and into Deep Dusk Forest. Much like Apple Woods, the sunlight was suddenly removed from existence, and only the distant sounds of birds, moving underbrush, and the occasional terrifying, rib-shaking screech. Cookie remained calm, thinking only of the paradise that Dragonite described. It did seem too

good to be true, but Cookie wanted to see it for their own hedonistic nature. Wherever Dragonite was taking them, it sounded safe enough to spread out and really glut themselves.

“It is a fairly hidden area, but if we find them, Goodra will be able to take you there in mere minutes.” Dragonite gasped as they pushed away tree limbs and slashed through thick vines with razor-sharp claws. The underbrush of the forest was becoming too claustrophobic for their wings, so they landed abruptly and began walking with Cookie held close to their chest. Cookie remained unfazed by the danger they were in, assuming that the dragonite would save them if anything happened.

“W-what?! OW!”

Dragonite took several steps back after they slashed through a particularly slimy vine. The voice was very watered down like they were yelling in a shallow pool. Purple, green and pink goo began to coalesce into a tall, and very wide dragon. They had two luminescent, emerald-green eyes, a long, thick neck, and a much thicker belly. Cookie had never seen a pokemon like this before, and stared in awe as they straightened their back, their head peering down at them somewhat snobbishly, and snorted.

“Dragonite, that was me, you idiot!” Goodra grumbled, rubbing an irritated portion on their hide. Dragonite’s strong, sharp claws didn’t even break skin, or whatever this thing had covering their vital organs.

“Sorry, but I want you to take this shinx named Cookie to Hot Springs. There, I want them to be treated like royalty.” Dragonite snickered, amused that Cookie remained calm throughout their expedition. “I believe they are one of a kind, this one. I’ve never seen someone so calm, and so very lazy.”

“Hmmp!” Cookie grumbled, folding their stubby arms over their chest.

Goodra nodded their head in agreement. “Dragonite, I’m going to do this only because you bought me that cake for my birthday.”

Dragonite shook their head. “No, you’re going to do it because you’d never miss a chance to go to Hot Springs.”

The slime-dragon shrugged and exclaimed, “Perhaps. It does sound like fun, doesn’t it, little one?”

Cookie lifted a finger and said, “I don’t know what’s going on, or who you two are, but I heard there was free food and a place to rest, and that’s all I need.”

Goodra snorted again, and took Cookie in their arms. The goo was warm, but not uncomfortable. Dragonite stood hesitantly as Goodra turned tail deeper into the forest. “Just make sure they don’t get stuck in the pathways.”

“If they do, I can get them out.”

Cookie smiled, “Are you calling me fatter than you two?”

Goodra huffed and stomped their feet. “How dare you! We don’t use that word around here. You are not as malleable as I am. Too many bones. You’ll see.”

Cookie’s eyes widened as they began sinking low into the swampy forest floor. The last thing Cookie saw before diving head-first into the water was Dragonite scratching their stomach idly thinking of what to do next. Cookie held their breath, and felt their fur curl as Goodra dashed through numerous passages hidden underneath the bog, the water becoming warmer and warmer as they swam. These long, curling, and maze-like corridors looked to be exits to the Hot Springs, and became narrower and narrower until Goodra began stretching and shaping to fit inside of them. Cookie thought for sure they would get stuck a few times and let out a yelp of terror, but within what seemed like seconds, they rose out of the water again.

The sun was intense, but the air was chilled. They were on the top of a mountain, and all around the eye could see were all of the biomes of the land. Eyesight only ended where the horizon met the land miles and miles below. Far in the distance, Cookie could see the guild, where Pikachu must have wondered where they had vanished off to. Cookie swam to the surface and lazily shook off the water on their fur, barely able to find the velocity with their barrel-like frame to do so. There was a scent in the air - sizzling grills and bowls upon bowls of sweets! Cookie counted six foldable tables with food on them, each sorted by the flavour. There were sour poffins, spicy curry, and dozens of gummies. They looked at the other pokemon around them, and gasped.

A grotesque slaking sat half in the water, their paunch rising from its depths, too fat to fully fit in the natural hot spring. They were the definition of a great ape - a pokemon so horrendously fat that they were probably stuck here for quite a while. They held their mouth idly open, groaning as they were fed grapes and other fruits endlessly by three elemental monkey pokemon - Pansage, Pansear, and Panpour. The three seemed more than happy to serve Slaking to any need that arose, ranging from feeding them food, to massaging their body, and it was quite a task to do the last one. Cookie smiled at the three monkeys as they waved towards them.

“Shinx, a little bird told me you were coming.” A shaky, and ancient voice called from in the shallower part of the springs. It was a torkoal, and a fossil at that. Their face was wrinkled with wisdom as much as their stomach was wide. They weren’t particularly fat, but they still held an unusual amount of blubber for a turtle of their stature. They looked towards Cookie with a

smile, and nodded towards Goodra. "I am pleased that you brought a new pokemon here. I can tell that you'll settle into our little crew quite easily."

Cookie smacked their lips and eyed the food with a smile as they spoke. They wanted to try one of everything. There were berries here that they had never heard of - watmel berries the size of their head, spicy figy berries, and so much more stacked into a pile of food. Cookie was sure the amount of food made the mountain appear taller from afar. Their stomach growled in hopes that they could stay here forever. Cookie wasn't sure if they had the will to leave. Once they start, they may not be able to stop.

"Come, sit over by Slaking, Cookie." Torkoal said with a weary tone. It seemed like they were about to nod off to sleep at any second. Cookie couldn't blame them: it was divine in this pool. The water wasn't too hot, or too cold. Lounging in this, along with unlimited food and a massage from one of those monkeys, and Cookie was certain that they'd be counting sheep soon as well. Slaking and the others certainly enjoyed it. Cookie could tell that the ape had completely forgone any effort to maintain a level of fitness, and instead exchanged that for a life of luxury. They had three chins that drooped down to two globulars of pure fat - moobs that would serve as trays for the three monkeys that fed them. The three pressed into a wall of pure adipose, their hands miniscule in comparison to the much greater primate. Their fingers disappeared into Slaking's frame much like pushing into freshly baked cake. It was easy to get lost in the behemoth's girth.

Cookie gulped, and waded into the water next to Slaking. The top of their ears barely made it over the ape's thunder thighs, each limb possibly weighing more than the shinx did entirely. Cookie watched the massive dome of their gut bulging and inflating with air, each time deflating a little less because of how stuffed they were getting. Cookie settled against the wall of the pool much like a bipedal creature would with their front legs hanging loosely in front of them. Usually, Cookie ignored their weight, but sitting next to such a grotesquely obese creature made them realize exactly what they were here for. No longer could they deny that they enjoyed being fat, and everyone in the hot pools knew it. 'This is it. At least I am in good company,' Cookie thought, peering down at their own pot belly they had created.

"Welcome!" Pansage said, eyeing Cookie with a bright smile. Even though the three monkeys had been handling food for who knows how long, their fur was incredibly well kept and clean. They wore a two piece suit with a cute, black bowtie. They bowed, and when they returned their starry gaze and met eyes with Cookie, they gave a dark, sinister smirk. "May I ask your name?"

The shinx grumbled. It felt like there was a frog in their throat. Were they... excited for this? "Er... Cookie. You're not going to make me as fat as that pokemon, right?"

The green monkey looked at Slaking and their two partners. Panpour had two gallons of whole milk pouring down their gullet at the same time. It was difficult for Slaking to keep up with how fast they were being fed, and a drop of the creamy dairy dribbled down the side of their

mouth. Pansear had heated up a comfortable amount, and stood atop Slaking's belly, slowly massaging the climax of their gut. Pansage returned to Cookie and shrugged. "Only if you want to be a blimp. HAHHAH!"

The three tiny monkeys began to chatter maniacally much like their wild brethren, while Slaking groaned, burped, and wheezed uncontrollably. Cookie suddenly felt both excited, and an undeniable sense of dread. After this, there was no way they were going to adventure with Pikachu again. But, they enjoyed being larger, and loved to eat a little more than usual. The shinx sighed, a little anxious, but smiled. "Fill me up, small fry."

Pansage nodded their head, their tree-like hair shaking in the wind, and began filling up a large, metal tray full of food. Cookie chortled as they saw what they were stacking on it - berries larger than their fist, a liter of orange juice, and enough poffins to feed a family of five. Pansage lowered the tray in front of Cookie's maw so they could chew without much movement, and pat their head playfully. "Eat up, and if there is anything you need, just ask."

Cookie immediately dashed towards a chocolatey poffin that was oozing chocolate syrup. Their fangs tore open the soft, puffy exterior of the desert and the chocolate lathered their chubby face. Cookie was hooked as soon as it hit their taste buds, and in the back of their mind, all they could think about was food. "Lick that up, or else you'll waste it." Pansage teased, poking Cookie on the cheek gently. Cookie's eyes rolled to the back of their head in bliss, and they obeyed Pansage's command and lapped up all of the chocolate on their face like a dog to peanut butter. The monkey then grabbed a massive cup and poured the orange juice into it. "Head's up!" Cookie barely had time to swallow the rest of the poffin before their cheeks began to bloat with the sweet juice. It lathered their throat and forced the smooth chocolate down their gullet faster.

"Next in my arsenal here, I challenge you to eat these three berries as fast as you can." Pansage said, holding a group of three navy-blue berries, perfectly cylindrical besides a short, orange stem. They weren't the biggest berries, but they still jiggled with juice much like a water balloon. "These grow only in Hot Springs."

Cookie nodded and opened their maw greedily. Pansage snickered, and tossed one inside of their mouth. As soon as the skin touched their tongue, its thin skin burst, and a delicious, and unique sweet and spicy flavour lathered their gullet. It bubbled, as if it held carbonation in it. Like chugging a soda, Cookie swallowed hastily before opening their mouth again, and again until all three were gone. Their stomach suddenly felt very airy, as if something were boiling in it. Cookie burped, and while their mouth was open, Pansage forced a couple orange berries inside their maw. "Good, good." Pansage said, rubbing Cookie's back to soothe them as they ate. "Those berries will interact with each other, and digest food faster than usual. You're going to be quite a fatty soon."

Cookie's heart raced. They really were trying to fatten them up! Glutting themselves was one thing, but speeding up their digestive system so it can churn out fat faster was on a whole

different level. Before they could open their mouth to argue, another four poffins forced down their throat. Cookie groaned as these were heavy, and never before had they had stuffed so much in their mouth. Chewing was almost impossible, and there was little time before Pansage returned with more food. The warmth from the Hot Springs, and the gurgling in their belly made them sweat, but their muscles were fully relaxed. Cookie was here for good.

Cookie grumbled, mouth too full of food to formulate words, and leaned back into Pansage's assault of food in pure bliss. They floated lethargically on their back, too lazy to sit up any longer. This was exactly what Cookie wanted all along. They were so happy that they had gone on the adventure with Pikachu, for if they didn't, they would still be searching the kitchens at the guild for leftovers. As they ate, they immediately fattened up, and soon their legs began to formulate so much excess adipose that they spread apart from each other, widening their gait tremendously. Their cheeks bulged with fat, and made them look like a chipmunk storing nuts in their mouth for later. The scarf around their fatty neck threatened to burst off at any second. Their chest continued into a large dome overhead. If they were on all fours, the climax of their gut would nearly scrape against the ground. Their thighs bulged with fat, and made them look much more like a pig than the small shinx they used to be.

"O-okay! I'm done, I'm DONE!" Cookie gasped, panting for breath from the intense train churning in the depths of their stomach. It felt as if they had run a mile while doing nothing but eating. They let out a hearty burp, and brushed away Pansage's hand as they tried to pat their head again. "I'm not some dog!" They flipped onto their stomach and doggy peddled their way to the edge of the springs, and struggled to climb onto the ground.

"Let me help you." Pansage exclaimed, snickering at how much weight Cookie gained. They pushed the shinx to the shore, and Cookie immediately fell onto their gut, exhausted.

"Ugh... I'm stuffed."

There was a strange sound from above, and Cookie made it out to be wings. They were heavy, slow, yet powerful. Cookie smiled as they saw Dragonite land and talk to Torkoal, glancing over at Cookie every-so-often. "Hey kid, er-" Dragonite said, glancing down in awe at how big Cookie had gotten. "Not many could eat as much as you. We'd like to offer you a special place in Team Gluttony."

"I agree." Cookie said almost immediately, and Dragonite's cheeks swelled as they beamed with happiness.

"Well, that was easy. Let's go back to the guild, and share the news!" A shadow appeared in Dragonite's eyes. "Chatot is going to throw a fit."

Cookie stood on top of their gut. They had become so husky that it was difficult to tell if they were standing on their legs or leaning into the climax of their stomach. Chatot's face was

cherry red, and they flapped their wings angrily as they glanced towards Dragonite, Cookie, and Pikachu. "In all my years, I have never seen such a display!" They cawed, churning their upper and lower beak together. "Combine your teams together, I don't care! Why would I care?! Do whatever you want!"

Pikachu scratched their head, eyeing how monstrously rotund both Cookie and Dragonite were. "Does this mean I'm going to have to eat as much as you guys?"

Dragonite placed their hands on their stomach and gave a hefty belly-laugh, "No! We need someone to bring the food to us, of course. All we have are three insane chimps." The chubby dragon lowered down to Pikachu's level and whispered into their ear, "There are many delectable morsels out there in the most dangerous dungeons that I would love to eat. There are many adventures involved."

Pikachu's ears, red cheeks, and tail flickered with electricity, and they smiled. "Sounds good to me! Er- what rank is Team Gluttony anyway?"

Chatot snarled, "Grand Master..."

Pikachu fell to their knees and began to cry. "I can't... I can't believe this is true!"

Dragonite straightened their back, puffed out their chest to the greatest of their ability, and held their hands on their waist like a superhero. "We must provide the best food, and food reviews we can! It is Team Gluttony's code. What, did you think we slacked around?! Food is the most important part of a company! HARHARHAR!"

The three chuckled as Chatot sank their head in defeat, and returned to Wigglytuff's office. Cookie licked their mouth and eyed Dragonite. "That fly over here must have made you hungry. How about we celebrate with ramen?"