

# Return of the Mystery Feast

By: Jollyguts

A lone charmander's tale molded across dozens of daring adventures into something much more complicated. The unacquainted pokémon began with little to no memories, thrust into the uncanny new world of pokémon. The memories of his past had been erased, with only a few rogue strands of nebulous thoughts bubbling in his restless mind. Nights of constant dreams interrupted by voices without faces and vague hints as to who he was left him an outsider to the other naive pokémon. He became an adventurer by trade only to be met with some of the most dangerous creatures in existence. His travels were met with visions of humanity; blurred illusions of a past life that became more and more clear as he grew stronger. Now, there was no question that he was once a human and a rather considerable one at that. He used to be a sumo wrestler before he fell off of a ship and transformed into a pokémon.

A heaping mass of shimmering orange scales lounged on what was to be assumed to be a sofa - his body had consumed a majority of the chair underneath his wide, and bloated tail end. The cushions and the frame were designed to look like an eevee but it was impossible to tell underneath all of the dragon blubber. The portly dragon lay belly to the left so that all of his mass was distributed less on his back and drooped loosely over the foot of the chair. It was the body of someone who had no worry about his figure whatsoever. A pokémon did not naturally grow this drastically overweight without knowing what they were doing. No amount of excuses could hide the fact that he was a true born glutton, and he knew it. The charizard took pride in knowing that his haunches were a bit too big for his britches. His right arm rested on top of the mountain of a belly, his claws curling along its scales and ruffling the malleable adipose like a stress ball. He patted the center of the ball of pure blubber which caused waves of fat to shake and jiggle as he sat, and smirked as he thought of his next meal.

He resided alone in a minuscule single-room hut shaped like a half-sphere and decorated with a young charmander's head. It was built for the charizard not too long ago when he had first developed his rescue team. This was the birthplace of dozens of adventures that pioneered to be the turning point of the entire world. He had become something of a legend - his name was whispered by pokémon all over the world. Those that didn't know his past simply called him Charizard. He was *the* Charizard, in fact. He wore a blue scarf around his arm, just above his bicep to help differentiate him from the rest if his sizable girth wasn't enough. But, those that were close to him knew that he had another name. A human name - Oliver.

Oliver rustled his cream-colored stomach which kept growling for more food. As time went on, this state of intense hunger became more and more commonplace. He had grown into a life of luxury after his adventures and the lifestyle had certainly caught up with his figure. He no longer had to pay any mind to work and adventure, which in turn had made him quite a seasoned glutton in his downtime. He always had a monstrous appetite, but adventuring had burned through those calories like a flame on paper. Now, he spent most of his days relaxing, though he missed those days of adventure.

Oliver pushed himself to a seated position. It was a great effort to pull his hefty body up - it was becoming more and more of a task to move every single day. Most of his weight had condensed into his boulder-like belly, which was distended far more than any other charizard's gut. With a few twists and turns, the fat dragon used the momentum of his dumpy hips to snap into place on his wide ass. The couch's flimsy wooden legs cried for help underneath the charizard's colossal load and threatened to snap at any second. His stomach drooped far from his torso and settled heavily on top of his thick legs and bloated outward over his haunches like an overfilled sack stuffed with water toward his knees. His thighs were completely hidden underneath the pile of lard but they were absolutely massive. They needed to be to lift up all of his weight and allow him to walk, though he only traveled short distances anymore. Underneath all of this blubber was a dragon of tremendous power, of course! Just like a sumo wrestler, he was deceptively quick and strong.

His scales were shiny from a thin coat of sweat from the hot summer weather. His more-than-ample body radiated an intense heat that could cause any room to rise a good ten degrees not only because of his naturally fiery interior but because he was the center of so much condensed mass. He had become his own walking furnace, shoveling whatever food he could find inside to power through any situation. That fuel burned fast anymore; he needed a constant wave of food just to get by.

Oliver rose to his feet slowly, his stomach pressing him back down one, two, three times before he swung onto the balls of his feet and wobbled himself into balance. He yawned, stretching so tall that he could nearly scrape the ceiling with his claw, and folded his arms across his beefy chest. It was another quiet summer morning before a self-inflicted adventure. The goal-driven charizard's sharp eyes grew serious and a wide smile stretched from ear to ear.

"I'm going to find Parker today!" he grumbled to himself.

The orange-scaled dragon's flaming tail swished gleefully behind him as he stomped his way outside of his hut. He ducked underneath the entrance to avoid colliding his head with the top of the door frame and smelled the fresh air. His wide chest engorged itself as the air filled his body with vigor. It brightened his mood after being jobless for the last few weeks. Though he wasn't sure where to go, there was one thing he was dead certain of - he had a dream of his boyfriend last night.

He recalled in the dead of night a figure that was completely opposite of his own - a tall, slender outline with a sleek torso and proportionately thin legs. He was pencil-thin and Oliver was certain he hadn't seen a pokémon with the shape in all of his travels across the world. The memory was vague, but there was a name that rang throughout his mind - Parker. It played in his head over and over again. That title seemed so familiar. It could have only been someone that he was very close to.

*There was that, and the smell of fresh ramen, but he wasn't certain if that was his gluttonous brain playing tricks on him or not.*

Either way, with only a couple of leads to follow, Oliver spread his large blue wings wide and pushed into the air, fluttering overhead for a few seconds before catching a glimpse of Makuhita's ramen bar. The charizard dashed phenomenally quickly as an orange blur sped through the air toward the bustling pokémon market square just a mile or two away. Cabin fever pulled at his brain for far too long. The sense of adventure, no matter how small it was pumped his frivolous heart with joy!

With a loud THWOMP, the charizard slowed his momentum and came to rest on his feet in front of a large cherry wood stand with open windows to the outside. The smell made Oliver's nose waft in the air trying to pinpoint what ingredients were sizzling in the chicken broth. The big oaf's long tongue rolled out of his dull mouth and he wheezed just thinking about it - he smelled bunches of scallions, boiling carrots, sautéed garlic, ginger, mushrooms and so much more. He smacked his anticipating lips, swallowing a blob of saliva that had built up around his tongue.

"Hey!" came a high-pitched, yet serious voice from below.

The dragon felt something small and blunt jolt into his belly and looked down to find Makuhita's fist sinking into his porky middle. Oliver stood confused for a second, and Makuhita's face reddened.

"Watch where you're landing next time!!!"

Oliver's brow rose and he lifted his foot. Egg slid off of the bottom of his feet and bits of egg shells splattered in a now-ruined woven bamboo basket. He blushed and stepped out of the basket, blushing.

"Er - sorry!" he said, scratching behind his head with a fake smile.

Makuhita sighed and threw the basket in a pile of trash. He shrugged and exclaimed, "It's fine. Those were for tomorrow anyways. What brings you here today, Charizard? Haven't you gotten sick of my ramen? You were coming here every single day for about a year and then decided not to show up! It's been months!"

Oliver looked toward his smaller friend and smiled, "I'd never get tired of your ramen! No, I've been stuck at home for a long while. I just... didn't want to go outside."

Makuhita nodded his head, "I understand that. The world is a wild place sometimes and you need some time to yourself to gather your senses," the small, little wrestler pokémon glanced up and down at Oliver with a glimmer in his eye. "Well, it seems you've been keeping up with your routine!"

Oliver nodded his head, "If I don't wake up every morning with my workout regime I feel terrible for the rest of the day. I'm stronger than ever!"

The charizard straightened his gate, lowered his legs, and performed a set of shiko - raising his feet and stomping heavily on the ground. He brought his fists together and flexed, revealing all of the hidden muscles beneath his stocky body. Smirking, he said, "I'm feeling pumped!"

Makuhita bowed and wafted his hands toward his stand. "Then perhaps you can use all of that energy to help me run my shop one day?"

Oliver looked toward the flimsy stand barely big enough to fit Makuhita alone and shook his head. "I'd probably get one leg through there before... **what?!**"

Sitting secluded from the rest of the pokémon gathered around the bustling ramen shop was a tall, slender pokémon sitting with his back facing Oliver. He wore a yellow cape with yellow fins upon his head with bright blue scales. His figure was like a humanoid chameleon, elongated and stretched very thin. He couldn't have been more than 100 lbs; each of his limbs was as thin as a rolling pin. Oliver had never seen a creature like this before but it somehow felt familiar. His dream gave him some inclination as to what that familiar feeling was, but the more Oliver peered at him, the more familiar they felt.

They sat eating the ramen with a downcast frown on their determined face. With every bite, they savored every flavor passionately, picking out exactly what they did and did not like about the meal before swallowing. Their nose snarled and he nodded his head in disappointment. "Too much salt, not enough protein..." he mumbled to himself.

Oliver's attention completely left Mahuhita's and transferred over to the new figure. The very world around him seemed to disappear as he hyper-focused on this new person. The charizard's wide, sharp face grew comfy around him, almost like he felt safer despite just seeing him for the very first time. "Um - ehem..." the charizard said as he neared closer to the lone figure. He cleared his throat and straightened his stance. "H-hello?"

The chameleon's sharp brow rose and he turned to meet the charizard eye to eye. Without a word, he glanced up and down at Oliver's figure and smiled. "Ah, there you are," he said with a tincture of confidence, "Oliver, it's been so long."

Oliver gulped and nodded his head. "I think I know you but... my memory was damaged years ago. How do you know my name?"

The blue twig of a lizard stood to his feet and Oliver finally got a good measure of how tall he was. The charizard's height was irregularly beaten, but this person was very close. He stood just over six feet tall but was over five times as slender as Oliver. The chameleon's entire waistline was about the size of just one of his legs! As Oliver was sizing him up, the not-so-unfamiliar stranger raised both of his arms in the air as if he was about to dance. "You can't tell who I am with this feeling? I could tell the moment I saw you who you were despite looking so different. I am Parker, your cook! And... *mate.*"

Parker... Parker! The name sounded so... *right!* Yes, that name fit this person very well, like Oliver knew that before he had even said it. "Mate? Parker?" asked Oliver while thinking about his dream this morning.

"It has been so long!" Parker exclaimed, his eyes filling with a hint of teardrops. "Come here, big guy!"

Oliver smiled as the reptilian Parker embraced him with a tight hug. He rested his small head on Oliver's shoulder and wrapped his arms around his love handles. His hands tugged at his lower back, his fingers purposely sinking in a thick layer of fat bellowing out of his muffin top. The slender man shaped up the lumbering Charizard enthusiastically, curving his palm around every piece of the dragon's malleable, hilly torso. Oliver blushed as Parker nearly collapsed into his open arms, and he returned the hug with an awkward smile. At first, he wanted to pull away as he had just met this stranger but his heart told him that this was right.

"I had a dream earlier about this moment," Oliver said, "Something told me that I would meet someone named Parker today. I only had the smell of ramen to tell me where to find you. You were there, weren't you? When we crashed?"

Parker nodded his head, still not letting go. "We were sailing from your home in Sinnoh to visit my family in Galar on the ship S.S. Wonnim when there was a terrible storm. You hit your head pretty bad that day. The ship overturned itself and threw everyone off the deck," he paused, patting Oliver on the back and pulling him closer, "I thought you died."

Oliver shook his head, "I know now of that day only through other's tales. I have met a couple of others on board that have told me what happened. Well..." the Charizard blushed and his intimidating demeanor suddenly became very accommodating, "I am glad to have met you again. It may take some time for my memories to return, but they will I'm certain! I can already recall some of the days when we were still human."

Parker gently pinched a nice helping of Oliver's love handle and shook the dragon's thickset jelly belly. The Charizard, shocked, glanced around to see if anyone was watching and sighed in relief. Most of the crowd had left as lunchtime began to end. Parker giggled and said, "I recall when we were still human as well~"

Oliver released Parker and took two steps back to gather himself. He brushed off nothing in particular on his shoulders and stretched his wings. He could barely look at Parker anymore - he was feeling things that he hadn't felt in a *long* time. His cheeks were as red as roses, and he kept biting his lip to distract himself. How could he jostle his stomach like that in public?! They just met! Well, at least through his eyes.

"You're still the sheepish man I knew before, Oliver," Parker said, "The only difference is now you're a big, *intimidating* Charizard! And I'm a small Inteleon. Looks like I still have to break

you in again.” The chameleon stepped back up to the charizard and poked his finger directly center of Oliver’s exposed belly. “I know you like being fat, Oliver.”

Oliver straightened his back and frantically looked forward while sucking in his gut. Nothing would have made him look any less fat but for the savior of the world to be caught in the middle of the town square in a situation like this would have been bad for his figure... wouldn’t it? He didn’t much care for his weight, and he wasn’t ashamed to help himself to a little more food than usual, but this was another story. This person was actively acknowledging his not-so-debatable gluttony and *praising* it!

“BWAHAHAHA!” the two heard from the ramen stand.

Makuhita slapped the top of the shop’s counter as he watched the two converse. Oliver gave a sheepish smile, filled with embarrassment. Parker grabbed him around the waist to keep him close. Makuhita exclaimed with a cackle, “Oh Arceus, I love this! I can’t believe I’m seeing the Great Charizard being defeated by love right in front of my eyes! I think you two are a lovely couple.”

Oliver gulped and tried to shuffle out of Parker’s grasp. The intoleon’s hand wrapped tight around his doughy belly and back and massaged the fatty flesh with gentle circles as they stood. Oh... who could Oliver be lying to? He loved every second of this. He glanced down at Parker and, at first, looked frightened. But that fear very quickly turned to love as Parker placed his hand on his chest and he saw his glistening, yellow eyes.

“Let loose, doughball,” Parker said, finally pulling away himself, “just like when you first saw me. When I saw you walk up to me as a charizard for the first time, I saw a hero. Now it looks like you just saw a ghost!”

Oliver felt an uncontrollable laugh build up inside and tried to stifle it, but it was too vigorous. He broke out in laughter and all of his woes went away. He nearly fell into the grass, fully realizing that this could only be his lifelong mate. Parker immediately knew that he won him over again and chuckled as well.

“There we go!” Parker cheered, “That’s the confidence that I want to see!”

Oliver recovered from his outburst of laughter and gave a long, aloof grin. He said, “I think I remember everything now. I practiced sumo in Sinnoh and you were a foreign exchange student from Galar. You were studying biology while also being my cook and partner. We decided to return to your home across the seas and -”

Parker nodded his head, “We crashed and turned into pokémon.”

Oliver sighed in relief, feeling like he had just received something that he was missing for a very long time. His heart felt like it was beating outside his breast. He glanced down at Parker and asked, "Well. We should probably catch up with each other!"

"Agreed."

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Oliver retold the stories of his vast journey starting as a clueless charmander and ending as the hero of the world. All the while, Parker couldn't get enough of him. Oliver was gifted with some of the best food he had eaten in his entire life. It was no question why Parker had taken the profession as his cook - his ramen was infinitely better than Makuhita's. And, also much more fattening. Everything that Parker made was loaded with calories and energy.

"This is chanko nabe, Oliver," Parker said while stuffing a *huge* bowl of stew in the charizard's hands, "Do you know what this is?"

Oliver looked clueless for a second, but the smell reminded him of something.

"This is called *sumo stew* where you come from. It has an abundance of calories and will pack you with so much energy you'll be unable to stay off your feet. It has chicken thighs, fish fillets, crab, shrimp, pork belly, bacon, sausage, eggs, mushrooms and so much more to fill up that big belly of yours!"

"Sumo stew?" Oliver asked, looking down at the heavy bowl of sizzling protein and vegetables. He felt Parker's small hand on his belly and smiled. "All of this is going to make me huge!"

Parker snickered, toying with his pot-bellied boyfriend's gut. "That's the point, beefcake."

Oliver considered this for a second, turning his head to think. It did not take long to come to a conclusion - he was hungry, and loved food. What other solution could there be? Shrugging, he brought the bowl to his maw and began downing the stew with renewed vigor. The broth was soothing, and the protein melted in his mouth as soon as it touched his tongue. Immediately, he was hooked on the stuff. He barely stopped to breathe as he swallowed nearly a gallon of the stew whole. He growled in delight as he began to quickly feel the heft build in his gut. This food was *heavy* but it was too good to stop eating. The flavor was so familiar as well - it reminded him of his past.

The charizard's chubby face lifted his brow and snickered. "You're going to make me so *damn* fat, Parker!"

With his long, hefty tail thwapping happily against the dirt floor, Oliver smirked and smacked his lips as he watched the slender pokémon flip several burgers on a blaring grill.

“Another course for me, Parker?” He said, calculating how much room he had left in his stomach. It was no question that he could eat more, but what would Parker think of him if he did so?

“Those eyes of yours are hungry, big boy,” Parker exclaimed, side-eying his mate with a dark smirk.

“Do you remember the day we met, Parker?” Oliver asked, peering at the chef curiously, “I believe I could have been a hundred pounds lighter back then. It was certainly difficult keeping up with my calorie intake while traveling around and training so much. Now that I have you, well, that problem has certainly gone away! HAHHAH!”

Parker pondered the question as he gave each patty a pinch of spice. He had always been a bit quiet around others, but he felt like he could open up around Oliver. Such a big body would have intimidated others but he was magnetized to the big oaf as soon as they met. He had a fascination with how far the body could go. They were young but not so different than what they were now - two like-minded individuals that had gathered one day after a long day at school. Oliver was a wrestler and a big one at that. He had always enjoyed watching sumo wrestling and dreamed of one day being the center of attention in the ring, but there was one thing that changed his course tremendously - Parker.

***Parker truly enjoyed watching him blimp up.***

“I do. It was my favorite day. I loathe thinking of a life where we did not meet. The days that we were apart were horrific. Empty. I began to lose myself thinking of what could have happened to you. I needed to know *something* of your fate!” Parker paused and chuckled, “Now, a big boy has to eat!” Parker dextrously shoveled a grease-covered spatula underneath a moist beef burger and swiftly jettisoned it into the air. As the meat was turning in the air, the chameleon rushed over to his bearish partner in the blink of an eye and placed a cool hand on his stomach. His small but delicate hand pat the charizard and he whispered, “And I expect you to eat every last morsel,” before dashing back and catching the burger in his spatula and lowering it onto the grates.

Oliver blushed and settled back onto the couch. The cushions groaned underneath his fat posterior. The charizard stretched his aching arms, having trained for three hours straight last afternoon. He just woke up from a midday nap after a heavy breakfast and was still exhausted. “I’m still a little embarrassed by this, you know?”

“Why’s that? Ever since I met you in this world, you still had the same appetite as you did back then.”

Oliver growled as his stomach gave him another hunger ping as soon as his mate finished his sentence. “Good grief,” the great charizard placed both of his arms around the circumference of his gut and pushed down on it, “Even your ‘sumo stew’ couldn’t sate my



appetite.” Could he spend more than an hour not thinking about his next meal for once?! He could barely connect his hands together over his midriff anymore. His doughy arms were propped up by his moobs like shelves. He lifted up his blubbery middle, scrunching his gut and his chest together. He looked all the fatter as he did so, but he held a relieved smile either way.

He let his gut fall onto his legs, where it bounced and jiggled until it steadied in place on his lap. His hand unconsciously placed itself at the climax of his stomach and rubbed it eagerly waiting for what Parker had in store for him today. Saliva built up in his muzzle and dribbled out of the corner of his long snout. He could tell already - today was going to be one of those days where he was going to let himself go. He felt absolutely famished for no reason other than he wanted to glut himself. And it was that feeling that made him so excited for what was to come next.

“Having fun over there big guy?”

The charizard’s eyes widened as he quickly looked up. Parker was staring right at him as he was toying with his own belly. His cheeks went a dark, cherry red and he mumbled, “Oh, I’m just letting some air filter underneath there. It gets hot down there.”

The inteleon grinned, “Sure it does.”

Parker gathered the thick burgers together on a platter. Sweat from the meat gathered on the bottom of the plate as they rested. The slender chef rose a massive helping of fries out of a makeshift frier pressed against the wall of the hut. The grease barely showered off the fried potatoes before Inteleon dumped them into a bowl and drenched them in salt. He then sliced up a bundle of chunky bacon strips and sprinkled the meat on top. He diced a massive hunk of cheese and sprinkled it down the length of each fry. As he was working with his hands, his long, thin, prehensile tail wrapped around a gargantuan cup and placed it on a table. He filled it with a huge helping of ice cream and chocolate. Parker watched his curious partner’s hungry gaze from afar with a wicked grin as he mixed the drink together with milk and topped it with whipped cream. He placed the burgers, fries, and shake on a tray and began walking over to Oliver only to stop in shock. “Ah! I almost forgot.” He swiftly turned tail, grabbed a shaker, and shuffled sprinkles on top of the shake.

“What?” the inteleon asked as he brought the tray to Oliver’s hands. “Haven’t seen a good, old meal like this in a while, eh? I thought you would like our old, greasy human food for a change. Must get old eating all those berries and apples. This’ll be a nice change for you.”

Oliver’s stomach gurgled in response to the sight of the food. The charizard’s nose flared as he took a deep breath. The smell of the oil on the fries was the most prominent, but the burgers themselves were to die for. It was a cheesy, calorific overload of the most addicting flavors imaginable. He blinked twice just to make sure that what was in front of him was real. This was the first time in years since he had any sort of food resembling this mess.

“Go on, dig in!”

Oliver’s greedy dragon maw immediately shot toward the burgers. His eyes were bug-eyed, and his fangs tore the meat like a wild animal. He brought an entire burger on his tongue, relishing in its flavor for only a second before swallowing it whole. It was heavy, greasy, and pulled at his long neck as it lowered into his belly. He took the shake and hurriedly swallowed as much as he could to help with its travel. He forgot to breathe and took a deep inhale and exhale before tearing into the fries, gathering salt on his hands, and licking his orange sausages clean. How long must it have been since he had eaten something like this? The flavor seemed to be so new, but so familiar at the same time. If there was one thing that he could remember from when he was human, it was a greasy, fat meal like this!

Parker glued onto him like a wet noodle at the bottom of a pasta pan. He rested his chin on Oliver’s moob as he ate. His arm traveled up and down the charizard’s back, lifting and curling the folds of blubber beneath his wings in the palm of his hand. He massaged as deep as he could push into the fatty’s thick tissue. He was so, so small compared to his mate. All he wanted to do was hug him and feel his belly rise more and more. He was so warm, so comfy, and most importantly, hungry.

“You’re going to be huge around me, Oliver,” Parker said, rubbing his palm in circles just beneath the behemoth’s right breast, “I want you to be as comfortable as you possibly can. I want you to be a behemoth; bigger than any snorlax would dream to be.”

Oliver’s eyes looked toward the ceiling in pure bliss as his mate teased him. He was already so full, but the stack of burgers and fries never seemed to diminish. The only thing that kept him eating was his own curiosity about how much he would have to work out after this. The food was beyond divinity; far beyond any normal person’s pallet to pass up. The platter alone was probably pushing over 3000 calories in one sitting, especially because of the massive helping of chocolate shake. Still, he held fast and continued glutting himself, solving both of their curiosities in one motion. Having just swallowed a bit of sumo stew, his belly felt truly distended. It was losing its malleable form and instead grew taut like an overinflated balloon. The pressure of his bloated stomach was lessened by his mate’s helpful massage.

Of all the things Oliver thought he would have been after saving the world, this was not one of them. He felt like an overstuffed bear wallowing in a state of pure gluttony to prepare for hibernation. Parker’s hands were so small when placed against his rolling stomach. It reminded him of just how big he was getting - his current size seemed impossible. Not too long ago, he was about the size of his leg as a scrawny, mundane charmander. Now he had most certainly surpassed the size of his old straw bed. His body was becoming anything but simple - it was filled with complex curves, dips, and bounces.

“That’s right my love. Eat every last drop and savor it. Just think - you still have another meal at the end of the day~”