

**Team Gluttony - Chapter 2**  
**Commission for Marcel**  
*By Jollyguts*

Life became quite uncustomary for Cookie after the events of the last couple weeks. No longer was it 'bizarre' or 'taboo' that the shinx had such an insatiable appetite. The rotund electric type was around good company - a motley crew of like-minded individuals with a taste for the most lavish foods, and engorged bellies. Initiation into Team Gluttony had not been any easier; there were four meals per day, each quite hearty to those not acquainted with such a *voracious* lifestyle, and were mandatory to those in the team. These feasts included all in Team Gluttony, provided that they were nearby, and were a meeting of sorts where they discussed inventory, their findings while on missions, and gave general knowledge and tips for the future. For the majority of these meetings, there was little conversation and more of slurping, chomping, and burping. Not much effort was necessary in Team Gluttony. Food was one of the most important commodities within the community, after all. Their reviews and guides for gathering and maintaining safe food environments were some of the best, if not the only way for Pokemon to know what was safe and where to eat.

Cookie was beginning to grow an intense appetite; if they missed one meal, their stomach revolted against them, and belted out a roar like that of a fully grown Luxray. Time and time again, they found themselves dragging themselves out of bed in the middle of the night to grab a few bowls of ice cream, or down a glass or two of milk. The little shinx was growing larger than any shinx had before; their legs were short and stubby in comparison to the rest of their body, and it was surprising that they could even hold up their weight. Their hindquarters shook with every minor step, and rivets of fat dropped from their thighs and made it quite difficult to walk. Lard bubbled from their stomach, creating a convex dome that hung loosely from their barrel-like torso. The center of the excess mass of their belly wobbled and swayed as they stalked the kitchen for more and more food. This pure adipose pressed against their four legs and made it quite difficult to reach the cabinets for that extra donut or ten. It was a sight to be seen, and those walking by may have posed a concerned gesture towards the shinx, but Cookie did not seem to care. They welcomed the attention.

Their head was miniscule compared to the rest of their body. Two rotund blue cheeks bellowed from their skull with no definition to them whatsoever. Their sunny-orange eyes glistened with excitement, darting from place to place with anticipation. Their scarf - a length of black cloth wrapped around their neck was dotted with white stars, and curled into their thick fat like a collar much too small. The single piece of clothing was an indication of just how fat Cookie had gotten in such a short amount of time. Where once it was quite loose, the scarf was now running out of length to tie around their neck. The rotund shinx barely had the time to grow accustomed to this new girth, but had no worries at all. In fact, they quite enjoyed being so helplessly heavy.

Cookie sat next to a similarly well-fed Dragonite. The two were dining together after finishing a very short list of chores. With so many to feed, dishes were piling up. Cookie did not

have free hands to wash the dishes, so they handed whatever they could find to Dragonite with their teeth, and they finished the rest. Even the most simple movements left Cookie out of breath, however. The short walk between the bussing cart and Dragonite over the next hour was enough to build up a sweat. Thankfully, Dragonite stopped every ten minutes or so to settle down in a chair and rest. The fat dragon was quite out of shape himself, and there was no time limit for when they needed to be finished. 'Take your time' was the motto for Team Gluttony. There was no rush for such mundane tasks.

"You and your partner are beginning to grow quite comfy here, I presume?" Dragonite asked Cookie with a raised brow.

"We are - thank you!" Cookie exclaimed with a bright smile. They never realized that they would find a group that was so accepting of this goal that had been gathering dust in their head for the longest time. They had an unrelenting urge to glut themselves, and now they can finally do it. No more worries of carrying huge loads of mail from Pelipper's Post Office to Wigglytuff Guild, no more shoddy meals of nuts and tiny berries every night, and no more daring rescue missions from Chatot. This is where they belong.

"Let's take another break." Dragonite grunted, placing a glass in the overflowing sink with dozens of other lazily cleaned dishes. The rate that they were cleaning was extraordinarily slow, and almost physically impossible to those with any modicum of a busy life. Lazy was not harsh enough to describe the quality of work they were doing. It was truly a spectacle how slow they were working. Deciding that was satisfactory, Dragonite slumped over to a nearby couch that had buckled underneath someone's immense weight at some point, presumably his own. The wooden legs remained snapped on the floor, and nobody had come to fix it. Dragonite nearly took up the entire three cushions, with two of them completely enveloped with his massive posterior. He groaned in relief as he settled into its cloud-like red-leather cushions, using his own stomach as an armrest, and patted the miniscule space next to him. "Hop up here, Cookie."

The shinx nodded their head and struggled to get on the couch with him. Dragonite chuckled, and used his leg to push Cookie upwards. With a surprising amount of strength from the dragon, shinx bundled up next to his thigh, which was as big around as their entire body. Wow, they were getting out of shape! Cookie could barely see past Dragonite's belly. It was like standing next to a stationary boulder. If Cookie ever needed a bed to rest on, Dragonite's stomach certainly looked plausible. When would they be that size?

Dragonite smirked, noticing the shinx glancing at his stomach. He continued, placing a hand on his midriff, and pat himself as if his paunch was some sort of trophy. "I think you are ready for your first real mission for Team Gluttony. You know why we are such a high-ranking team, right? It isn't because of our battle prowess, and it *really* isn't because of our good looks. Save that for Team A.C.T. It is because food is the most important part of our ecosystem. We need to keep our food safe, secure, and most importantly, *delicious!*"

“Right.” Cookie agreed wholeheartedly. There was a faint feeling that Team Gluttony really wasn’t all that important in the grand scheme of things, but the shinx didn’t want to offend Dragonite.

“Then may I introduce you to Lickitung’s Lavash Dinery?”

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Cookie stood hesitantly in front of an oddly shaped building. It was towering; several floors tall with a high dome of windows for a roof. It was a bright and shiny day, and the sun glistened off of the roof and made it quite blinding. It must have been some sort of marketing strategy, for Cookie had never seen such a successful business around these parts. It was much like a lighthouse, and was the center of attention within miles. The walls were paved with what looked like ebony, and Cookie’s reflection was easy to see in the perfectly waxed panels. There were very few windows, and the front door stood maybe fifteen, twenty feet high. Upon approaching, the doors hastily slid open with no sound at all. A satisfying heat wave and the smell of churning grills wafted from inside, and an anticipation built up inside of the gluttonous shinx.

Pikachu stood at Cookie’s side at all times with a clipboard and a pin in his mouth. They quickly jotted down a few notes as soon as the door opened, and dexterously flipped the pin in the crevice between their ear and head. Pikachu pat Cookie’s back, noticing their eyes growing larger than their stomach, which was quite a feat. “Hey now, Cookie! We haven’t even gotten inside yet. Don’t get too excited~”

Cookie gulped and nodded their head. “I’m just... the smell-”

Cookie began to waddle towards Lickitung’s Lavash Dinery as if possessed by a ghost and ascended a staircase in the middle of the entryway. Glancing towards the peak of the stairs, an eerie realization popped into Cookie’s head. When was the last time they had climbed a set of stairs? The first couple steps shifted their weight onto their hindquarters, and the shinx let out a subtle burp. Blushing, they continued, another paw in front of the next, and lifted their hefty body slowly, nearly scraping the bottom of their stomach on the step. Pikachu smiled, watching Cookie’s body sway from side to side as they slowly, but surely reached the top.

The short, but very arduous process of getting Cookie’s stubby body up the stairs left the shinx hungering for more. “I can hear your stomach, Cookie.” Pikachu snickered, and patted his friend’s back. “It almost seems like they put these stairs here to build up your appetite before the big feast.”

Cookie exclaimed, “It sure is a workout for someone as small as us.”

“I don’t think it is because we are both small, Cookie.”

Cookie blushed, but before they could remark, they could hear heavy, and slow footsteps approaching them. Welcoming them with open arms, an empoleon stood stalwart in the luxurious abode like a knight ready to greet their king. They were respectively dressed in a tight, two-piece suit and a perfectly folded towel over their left shoulder. Their crown-beak glistened in the light, and made them look resplendent. They held their nose high, and with a quick glance at Cookie, snorted.

“Welcome to Lickitung’s Lavish Dinery, sirs.” He said, avoiding eye contact with Cookie at all costs. “My name is Harold the Sixth. This is a place for the most well-respected pokemon around that dress *respectively*.” They paused, straightened their tie, and continued, “I assure you, we uphold a strict service here to give our customers the most enjoyable stay they can possibly have. Our steaks barely hit the grill before they are served, and the octopus may still be moving on your respective platters.”

Cookie and Pikachu snickered at each other and smiled. Never before had they been in such a fancy restaurant, let alone have steak! The empoleon groaned and rolled their eyes. “Team Gluttony holds a special place in our heart. Your very frequent inspections always leave us a good review, and thus brings us a mass of hungry customers. Thankfully, we can rent out this divine space just for Team Gluttony because of this very reason. We hope to see you leave today with a perfect review, because we certainly aren’t getting any customers today, and therefore, no tips. Pray tell when we shut down one day because of how many times we have to cancel all orders for a simple review. With that, let us begin our journey to your table.”

The odd empoleon turned tail and led them towards the closest table to the bar and the kitchen. There, special seats waited for them. Most of the booths were cushioned, and large enough to accommodate any size or shape of pokemon. Cookie, being quadruped, was fashioned their own station where they could eat on the table. It was strange being the only people there, but it was calm in the well-traveled business. The shinx was helped on the table with effort from Harold, which Cookie was thankful for because climbing had become quite the task. The trek up the stairs had certainly taken a toll on their legs, and Cookie generally disliked any physical movement involving any excess effort. Pikachu threw his clipboard loudly on the table and jumped onto the seat with the vigor of a monkey hyped up on bananas. The sound echoed throughout the empty hall, and Pikachu leaned back in his chair with their hands around the back of their head. Harold gave a heavy sigh of annoyance, and massaged his forehead. “Thank you for following me. How are you doing today?”

The introduction was effortless and bland, and Cookie gave a glance over to Pikachu to write it down. The empoleon’s eyes widened as Pikachu began scribbling something to himself silently and he began to sweat. “A-ah!” The stuck-up water type gave a comical twirl and raised their hands in the air like an ice skater, “How may I serve you two today?!”

Cookie smirked and simply said, “One of everything.”

Harold gulped and glanced down at the menus at the table. "Sir, you haven't even looked at the menu! There is no way -"

Cookie gave a friendly smile and exclaimed, "I'm a hungry shinx, what can I say? It'll be fine, I swear by it. Why do you think I'm on Team Gluttony?" The shinx sat on their hindquarters and gave their belly a couple taps with their paw, shaking the dome of fat that pooled from their waist and on the table. Harold gave a sullen frown.

"As you wish. I will return shortly with appetizers and drinks. Do you like juice?"

With a nod from the two, the empoleon bowed, and returned to the kitchen where Cookie and Pikachu heard hurried shuffling to ready Cookie's order. Smells of fried food filled the air, as well as sizzling meats on an authentic charcoal grill, and dozens of poffins and blocks. Harold bust through the door, sweat trailing down their cheek carrying a large woven basket of yellow gummies and two jugs of apple juice. "For the generous duo!"

"Oh yeah!" Cookie shouted, immediately digging their face into the basket. They were always excited for gummies of any flavor, but being an electric type, it was *shocking* how addicting the yellow ones were. Cookie had a feeling that the server knew exactly what type of customer they were - a fat one that cared more about quantity rather than quality.

Pikachu snickered as he flicked one of the gummies in the air and caught it dexterously between his jaws. "This place is great, especially with your appetite! We'll have to come back here later."

The empoleon eased up a little and smiled for the first time. "I love to hear that! Don't get too excited you two - this is just the beginning. I will be back with an assortment of our finest salads to whet your taste buds. We will make the Snorlax's Sleigh, an assortment of all of the appetizers on the menu. Don't get too full - eh?"

Cookie glanced up at Harold with a face swollen with gummies, and smiled. They swallowed the last dozen whole, and pushed an empty basket towards them. "That was a satisfactory amount for a family of four, I think. I'd give it a perfect review. Can't mess up gummies, right?"

Harold's eyes widened as he picked up the empty basket and watched Pikachu scribble hastily on his notepad. The shinx had a bigger appetite than some of the bigger pokemon in the world! He grabbed a towel and dabbed a trail of sweat on his forehead. He whispered, "They are young, but they could eat more than a machoke that had just run a marathon!" With another bow, Harold returned to the kitchen.

"How are you feeling after eating all that?" Pikachu said with a smirk and eyeing the little shinx's rounded middle. "Eat too much before the main course, and you'll miss out on dessert!"

Cookie shrugged, "I feel like I ate air. There's plenty of room in the pot."

The doors to the kitchen opened, and instead of Harold, they saw several chefs wheeling in platters stacked upon platters of food, and Cookie's mouth began to dribble with saliva. Never before had they seen so much food just for them. It was like they were in some of their best dreams - most involved a scenario just like this one, with an abundance of food. The feast itself consisted of salads such as your typical lettuce and tomato, but also a side of ambrosia, greek salad, and cheddar cheese balls with crackers. Slaw found its way in Cookie's mouth faster than the eye could blink, and suddenly they were chowing down on deviled eggs and fruited gelatin.

Cookie moved from one plate to the next, never leaving a crumb on any of them. The Snorlax's Sleigh was beginning to diminish, but the same could not be said about the shinx's belly. Where once it shook with each miniscule movement, it was now taut, and lay between Cookie's legs like they had swallowed a massive egg. Folds upon folds of fat rested on their thighs, each layer signifying how rotund they had become. Their hindquarters had widened to accommodate how stretched their gut was. To carry such a magnificent amount of food was a feat of itself, now to walk was another story. Their belly nearly stretched to the ground, and swayed as they waddled for the next meal. There was not one moment where Cookie was not eating something, for they knew if they stopped for a second, their insatiable stomach would complain.

For a larger pokemon, this meal would have been enough feed for the entirety of lunch. For all purposes, this meal was made for a snorlax, and each dish was growing heavy sitting in Cookie's belly. As soon as the salads and appetizers were beginning to disappear within the dark confines of Cookie's belly, the main dishes began to finish, and Harold and the chefs began to carry them out of the kitchen. Fat steaks lined with gravy, grilled pork marinated with Italian dressing and wrapped in three strips of bacon, lasagna overflowing with mozzarella cheese and beef, and so much more now filled Cookie's maw.

The scarf around Cookie's neck was beginning to function more like a bib, and was splattered with gravy, ketchup, mustard and speckles of food that had missed Cookie's mouth. Its length was tight around the shinx's neck as they grew fatter and fatter with the delectable, high-calorie food. It did very little hiding the third chin that was forming under their food-stuffed snout. Their blue belly stretched out before them, curling into a ball of pure lard, and making the rest of their scrawny body small in comparison. With a smile stretched over two blushing, fatty cheeks, their stomach had lifted them away from their hind legs and rendered the limbs useless. No longer could Cookie reach their paws on the table and yet they still stuffed their maw full of feed.

"Hand me that one." Cookie grumbled while pointing towards the next plate, still chewing on a previous meal. The ribs fell off the bone, the chicken was spicy, but not too spicy and all of it was smothered with gravy. Cookie could not get enough of it!

“How was that dish, Cookie?” said the electric mouse, who lazily watched the feast from afar.

“D-divine!” exclaimed the ravenous shinx, barely able to catch their breath.

Pikachu scribbled the simple answer on his notepad, paying no real attention to what Cookie was eating. He was in awe of how big his partner had grown. He eyed their useless legs kicking in the air in a futile attempt to stuff more food in their maw. Again and again, Cookie would lash their legs and tail behind them, but their belly would merely wobble and jiggle, and they wouldn't move an inch. Would they ever be able to walk normally again? Pikachu snickered at the thought. The chefs, Harold, and other servers began to have a sweat in their brow trying to keep up with Cookie's voracious appetite. The shinx's breath had become heavier, and much more vocal. The only time Cookie stopped eating was to let out a heavy wheeze, or an earth-rattling belch. The shinx had a half-drunken look on them, or maybe it was a look of pure bliss. Either way, Pikachu could tell his friend was having fun and supplied them with any help that was necessary.

As the list on the menu began to dwindle, so did Cookie's appetite. Never before had they felt this bloated, so resplendently full that even the smallest bite felt like a journey. Cookie settled onto their hindquarters and placed their paws gently on the climax of their stomach, and periodically massaged their flesh in short circles. It was odd - though they were positively bursting with food, their body was stiff as a machoke's bicep. They patted it, snickering as it felt much like a drum.

“Compliments to the chef - HUUURRRRP!” Cookie grumbled, growing sleepier and sleepier as they had become completely stuffed to the brim. It was difficult to keep their eyes open to see what was entering their mouth. They could only tell by tastes, but even that was beginning to dull. Their cheeks fattened like a chipmunk as it became harder and harder to swallow the last bit of porridge.

“As the food arrives at the end, so does your server's time.” Harold the empoleon bowed. There was a slight joy in their tone, either from the wondrous display or because they had finally finished their work. “I hope the food was satisfactory, though by the looks of it, it was even more so. Please give us a good review, and we hope that you two have a nice day!”

“So hasty! Urp - could I be lifted up?” Cookie grumbled, struggling to find even the most simple leverage in their rotund body.

Harold had already turned to leave, and winced as the shinx said it. He sighed, and turned back around to help. “Certainly! Now, try to hold onto my arms and pull...”

Pikachu helped Harold bring Cookie onto all fours with a few swings. The shinx's belly fell onto the table, and spread out on the tabletop like uncooked dough. The blubber around their waist shook for a dramatic amount of time, and pressed against what used to be their legs,

but were now tiny nubs. Sweat trailed down Cookie's forehead as they placed their paws on the table, and pushed. No matter how hard they tried, they could not rise to their feet. They had become completely, and utterly immobile.

"BBBBUUUUUUUUURRRRRPPPP!" Cookie roared. The impact of their belly flopping on the table had awoken a few air bubbles hiding in their digestive system. Blushing, they exclaimed, "Could you get one of the carts you served the food on, and place me on it? My friend here may have to roll me out."

The chefs, and the empoleon looked towards each other in shock. Harold bowed and said, "Right away!"

"You've gotten pretty big, friend." Pikachu snickered, poking shinx in the belly playfully as the hard workers rushed to the kitchen to grab something for Cookie to lay on. "How are you feeling?"

Their cheeks were now permanently red, but they held a smile despite the embarrassing situation. "I feel great - just fine! I just wish I could eat more. The food here really was something out of this world. If only I was something bigger! Could you imagine?"

Pikachu wrapped their hands around Cookie's chin and wobbled the set of three fatty sacks. "I don't think there would be enough food in the world for you if that was the case!"

Cookie leaned into Pikachu's hands, enjoying the massage thoroughly. Their tail lashed behind them in pure bliss. "Let's go home. I need to rest this food off, or else I'm going to make this table my bed for the night."

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"Child, you really are one of us! HARHAR!"

Dragonite was still cleaning the dishes, and had made little to no progress since Cookie had left for the restaurant. The dragon easily scooped up Cookie with their massive arms and placed them on the counter. "You're heavier than you look, small fry!"

"Don't drop me! I don't know if I can get back up." Cookie muttered with a smile.

Dragonite placed the shinx on the counter and began to hand them dirty plates. It was a task to bring their stubby arms together just to rub the dishes clean, but Cookie still got the job done.

"Pretty soon, you'll be my size! I'm sure of it."



Cookie chuckled and nodded their head. “I’m looking forward to it. That way, I can eat even more!”

Dragonite belted out a loud rumble of laughter, and Cookie joined in. They never finished the dishes that night, and left the rest for someone else to do. Lickitung’s Lavish Dinery had received glowing reviews, and Cookie was given a pass that allowed free entry into the buffet. From there, Cookie began to dish out review after review of every establishment around. While their portfolio grew, so did their belly.