

Greedy Charizard's Just Desserts

"Gosh, it's not often that we get pokemon so powerful to look after, but we'll take care of him while you're gone as long as you can afford the increased rate! We have all his dietary requirements here, no need to worry. We'll get him worked out and fitter than ever! We'll see you soon!"

The huge, foreboding charizard dwarfed the room he walked into. His looming form outsized the pastille-coloured decor and playful little furniture around him. There were a few other pokemon there, none as large and powerful as he, however, and he knew it.

He was left here by his trainer in an effort to help him shed a few pounds. Of course, no other pokemon would come close to his power and contest him on it, but he was not the ideal peak performance a charizard should have been. Over the past year his belly was satisfyingly round with a slight jiggle to each of his steps. His thick tail adorned his wide hips readily. He wasn't obese, but "chubby" certainly wasn't a far-cry to describe the greedy dragon.

Every other living thing there could feel his footsteps against the ground as he slowly stomped around, exploring his surroundings. He was hardly polite about it either, often opting to shift any other pokemon out of his way as he did so. He'd press a leg against a sylveon to move her aside, he'd lean down to hoist a treecko out of his way, it very quickly became apparent that he was looking for something. That, and that he was a bully.

Only minutes had passed before all the others grouped up in an effort to create some solidarity against the marauding giant. At first they wondered if they could maybe befriend him, but the expression on his face was certainly not friendly. Staying out of his way, they instead opted to try and find out what he was looking for.

It wasn't until he went to one of the food-bowls left out and picked out the single berry that was left over. He stared intently at it while his belly growled,

before nonchalantly chucking it into his maw and searching the eating areas. That was it! The sylveon smiled mischievously, and quietly signalled the others to look at her. With her ribbons, she patted her stomach, then at him. It was a simple, clear message.

“He’s hungry!”

Many of the others nodded in agreement as they kept an eye on Charizard to ensure he couldn’t see anything. The big-bellied dragon was concentrating on a door in the corner of the room, sniffing around it. His thick, heavy tail thumped with frustration as he tried to get in, prying at the side of the door, to no avail. Sylveon was the only one who was around long enough to know what was inside. That was their secret treats cupboard.

Of course, she could wait until he was well behaved enough to the trainers to get a treat or two, but she felt it might accelerate things a little if she were to “procure” the key and create a little mischief. She felt that it would create a necessary, if not a little fun, resolution.

She positioned herself up against the front desk, hopping onto the office chair. Looking out into the waiting room, she spotted the one trainer on duty snoozing across the way. It was all too easy to sneak the key with one of her ribbons from the side window and move back into their room.

Some of the other pokemon created enough of a diversion by knocking some furniture and creating noise for the charizard to avert his gaze. It was only a split second, but it was enough for Sylveon to sidle up beside him, unlocking the door from behind with a ribbon, and quickly scamper off without him noticing.

The door opened. The Charizard growled with impish abandon. For the first time he arrived, he let out a self-satisfied grin.

It was a room roughly the same size, loaded with all manner of poke-puffs. For a branch so small, their food stock was immense, ranging from all sorts of different requirements. It became clear why the place had such a high regard and reputation for creating well-behaved pokemon, there were treats for almost any living thing you could think of!

Charizard of course couldn’t have cared less. All he was thinking was that it was his. All of it. And the other puny pokemon weren’t going to stop him. He stomped into the pantry, his hungry belly letting out a growl loud enough to intimidate the others, who simply stood, waited and watched him disappear.

From the other side of the doorway, the others could only stare at what appeared to be a gluttonous massacre. They could hear the crashing and tearing

open of boxes, followed by the greedy, low-pitched gulps of the Charizard. Occasionally they caught glimpses of the flame on his thick tail, and occasional sightings of his chunky rump. Otherwise, it was discarded boxes recklessly thrown into the next room, labelled with treats, hopelessly empty and devoured.

Charizard angrily shredded the tops of boxes, pouring the contents into his maw. It had been a while since he'd seen so much food in one place, and not even God himself could have stopped him from consuming as much as he could in the short time left before he was spotted. His belly groaned for more as he continued to fill it with treats and sweets, all lovingly labelled for different kinds and types of Pokémon. The beautifully organised contents of each box was ill-fatedly plunged into the growing belly of the greedy Charizard.

Sylveon watched as he ate and ate without any regard for his own form. The big greedy fire-type continued to consume more and more, seemingly unaware of his burgeoning body. His smooth hide reflected the light of his burning tail, accentuating his growing curves as he gorged and guzzled. His hips bulged out at the sides, the jiggling steps becoming more pronounced after each box. His thick throat bulged as he swallowed down endless calories, while his belly no longer just rounded nicely in front of him, but rather appeared as a horizon of yellow when he looked down at himself. He patted it, only to find less resistance and more softness. There was a lot of weight to his movements now, he could feel the wobble with each sudden jolt of excitement, particularly in his girthy belly, chest and hips.

He smiled a smug smile. Maybe he'd be in trouble later, but for now no one could stop him from having his fill as much as he liked.

Still he continued to tear up and devour box after box. Still he continued to glut himself, all under the watchful eyes of the Sylveon who had caused this. Sylveon's look of concern slowly faded into the same mischievous grin she had before snagging the keys.

She didn't like bullies. This was how she was going to handle such a big, fat bully.

The rest of the Pokémon were going about their day, much quieter than usual so as to not disturb the greedy dragon's ongoing binge in the next room over. Charizard on the other hand was starting to reap what he sowed as more boxes flew out of the room. He must've gotten through 50 of them by now, and as he dug further backwards (happily enabled by Sylveon moving the larger ones towards him while he wasn't looking), the snacks got larger. Some Poffins larger than his head were devoured in more than one bite, a contender against the food-rampaging Charizard's endless appetite. They were meant for giants like Onix and Snorlax, yet there they were, contributing to the growing Charizard's swelling belly.

And swell it certainly did. His reckless greed only contributed to him growing fatter and fatter. His thick neck had thickened even more, occasionally folding whenever he craned his head over to devour more. It was particularly heavy against his face, which had adorned itself with large cheeks and a formed double chin. He was beginning to get frustrated with having to reach over his enormous belly, which had grown so round and bulky that several shelves had fallen, either grazed against or even pressed against the wall by his mass. His hips certainly didn't help either as he was steadily growing so wide that he struggled to fit in between the shelves, normally for humans to pass through as he outsized the place. Still his belly gurgled for more as he sat on his rump, each cheek big enough to outsize a human's width, and overstuffed himself into a stupor.

This helpless display of gluttony proceeded for only a few more minutes as the exhaustion from exerting so much energy, combined with his incoming food coma, caused Charizard to fall back, lying in the middle of the room, out like a light. Sylveon observed the damage she had caused.

Several discarded boxes and packages surrounded the sleeping giant, a harbinger of the enormous feast Charizard had so-willingly treated himself to. Amongst the destruction laid the very fat fire-type, who must've doubled in weight by now, if not more. The sylveon tested the waters, lightly tapping and prodding at Charizard's belly which swayed to and fro like a big greedy waterbed. He snored loudly, in a deep food-addled sleep. His belly gurgled in satisfaction. A satisfaction that might perhaps only last a little while, or so Sylveon feared. She grinned, staring at his hips and thighs, so round and soft that they lifted his back end upwards slightly, cushioning his body all over.

He wasn't done eating yet. She was going to make sure of that.

Charizard wasn't yet awake the following morning as his huge round belly rose and fell with his breathing. He was truly overweight now, dreaming of battle in which he would only need to sit or lean his belly forward against opponents to pin them down effortlessly. He lifted his arms to rub at his gut... or at least try to.

Startling awake, he found the sylveon from before staring back at him, right up to his face. Charizard tried to move but found he couldn't. His arms and legs were tied up!

Overnight, the others had teamed up to tie him down with makeshift restraints; some vines from the grass-types held his legs, tied to nearby furniture, while Sylveon's ribbons held his arms firmly in place. Fury flared from his eyes as he readied his extraordinary power to release himself... until a pathetic struggle came out instead.

He'd grown fat and lazy. Perhaps when he'd first come in he may have managed to break free, but with him in such a gluttoned and fat state, it left him with little option but to watch and glare at the sylveon, who was smiling smugly. With her other two ribbons, she dragged a familiar box through. Then another. Then another. She opened one of them and started stuffing Charizard's maw, the familiar scent and taste of decadent delights sending his mind into a haze.

He should have been angry that he'd been fooled like this. How dare these lesser pokemon take advantage of his marvellous greed and his appetite? And of course, such fury did manifest itself. He struggled once more to free his legs, but with them being so short, stubby and hilariously thick, it was a wasted effort. He found his mind blurring over as he once more became infatuated with treats so indulgent and in such a quantity that he seemed to find himself willing to be fed, something the Sylveon was all too happy to oblige with.

The sylveon on the other hand was slowly becoming more forceful and rapid with her feeding. One treat at a time turned into two. Then five as it became a game to see how many she could fit in his maw without him gulping it down. Sooner than later, she was simply pouring the boxes entirely into his maw, admiring just how rapidly the charizard's belly was increasing in size, rising higher as he simply laid there and swallowed anything she fed him with, admiring his throat bulging with it all as it seemed his appetite was endless.

Outside of it all, it looked like Charizard had given up and simply succumbed to his carnal desires of being overfed beyond all recognition. His gut rose higher and higher as he slowly but surely grew too fat to be able to walk. Of course, in HIS mind he'd justified it as simply LETTING the others continue to enable and feed him everything they had. The power-hungry Zard simply continued to let them shovel more and more food under some hazy notion that this was how they worshipped him. He even let out a brief smile as he breathed heavily and held his maw open for more, his eyes glazed over with nothing but pleasure as he allowed himself to get fatter and fatter.

Upon seeing the charizard's obesity skyrocket to the point where he wouldn't be able to threaten them even if he wanted to, the others let go of their restraints, tight around the charizard's fat limbs and instead assisted in the feeding. Every time they crammed more into his maw, his cheeks would bloat outwards and he'd swallow greedily. The floorboards creaked and warped beneath the carpet as Charizard's weight started to get out of control.

It was no surprise either, his body billowed and dominated everything around him. There wasn't a single angular curve beyond his claws; even his arms had widened and thickened to the point they were almost useless, slowly being swallowed up by his obese torso as he continued to eat and eat. His neck and throat had blimped to form several chins upon chins, while his moobs had each grown to the size of his belly pre-feeding.

His belly now, however, was so large it was beginning to close the gap between him and the roof as he laid there. He was growing so immensely fat that some of the other pokemon struggled to walk around him as his hips started to bulge against the walls.

Were it not for the fact Sylveon ran out of treats, the charizard's gut likely would've reached the roof and pressed beyond; something that Sylveon would have been all but happy to do to him. He was mean and bullyish when he first arrived, and her way of having him repent was to glut him beyond his wildest fantasies. Certainly by no means proportionate to his actions, but as the other pokemon proceeded to lean in and press and bounce against his giant, gurgling belly, she smiled. This was the most mischief she'd had in a long time, and certainly no one was going to suspect her.

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"Yes? Ah, good to hear from you! Yes he seems to be doing well so far, I believe he's met the others and... hold on, I'll just get my key... yes he's in here. Looks like he's... oh no... oh! Nothing sir, it's just we're having a couple of technical difficulties. He's definitely fine, no worries about that but... we may need to speak with you about that diet of his..."

Moments passed as the unfortunate staff-member hung up. Sylveon sat there in front of the monstrously fat charizard, that adorable, innocent smile splayed across her face. Several of the boxes led towards the cupboard, set up to make it look as if Charizard had done this all by himself.

The sylveon stifled a giggle. Mischief was more fun than she realised.