

Filling The Void

by

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Muffled, repeatable sounds filled the cabin's nearby forest, like if someone grazing the walls. While it wasn't even nearly defeating, it certainly slightly annoyed a man of the house, an adult Charizard currently sitting at the desk, doing important, intellectual work. But he didn't scold the primary source of this commotion for various reasons, mainly the inability to find better amusement for them.

Sam, young Charmander, tried to occupy themselves with anything that couldn't involve their parent. A non-binary pokemon lifted a large, bouncy ball and tossed it as hard as possible at father, but it only softly hit a leg of his chair. After a long sigh, he picked it up and hurled it back at the kid.

"I'm sorry, squirt, but daddy's very busy. Why don't you go to your room and play alone for a while? I'll come there soon, I promise."

Sam pouted, knowing it was rarely a truth. They sought attention every day, barely getting any of that. While mother tried her best, she just couldn't be at their home all the time, which saddened them further. After picking the toy, they grunted and left their father's room, heading to their own.

While some children could only wish for the plethora of toys that little Charmander owned, they felt true happiness only when getting their parents' affections. With one exception. Food.

Already bored by the sight of different action figures, children's books they read dozens of times, and even simple instruments, the kid waddled towards the kitchen, reminding themselves about that half-full jar of freshly baked cookies by their mother, made at rare instances when she was home. Those delicious chocolate chip treats made them happy for long enough before finding other fun things to do. But come to think about it, Sam didn't give it much attention that they were spending more and more time with snacks than other activities. Simply because they were too young for such a complex conclusion.

Tiny Charmander pushed the nearby chair towards the cupboard before climbing it and sitting next to the clay vessel of sugary delicacies. Sam didn't think how lucky they were, compared to adults who could barely stand up from a chair without cracking their joints.

Eventually, they removed the lid and sniffed contents, slightly drooling from the smell alone and their mood immediately changed for the better, like their mommy was just here, whispering kind words with her soothing voice. After each bite of the cookie, little Charmander murmured, focused on the taste, while crumbs slowly filled the void in their stomach and heart as well. It didn't take long, when their hands couldn't reach anymore of the baked goods, realizing that they ate all of it. But still somewhat satisfied, they left the kitchen, waddling to their room.

None of the parents scolded the child for eating all of the treats. Each of them thought that the other spouse shared them with Sam together, not paying much attention to that situation. Or Sam gained a bit of weight over time, mostly around their currently pudgy legs.

Once again, juvenile Charmander was left alone in their room to usual antics, playing in solitude even if father was just a couple of rooms away. Not like they felt loneliness all the time, but for children, that time felt like an eternity. Then again, they beamed whenever one of their parents or both of them finally gave them a bit of deserved attention.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the main door of the house. Sam turned their head towards the noise, before standing up and waddling outside their room, but had slightly more difficulties with just mere walking than usual, like something was pulling them down. They carried one of their favorite action figures, not wanting to neglect it even for a moment.

In the corridor, they could see Charizard talking with someone at the entrance, before exchanging items with each other and eventually closing the door. Sam felt happiness, seeing the smile on their parents' faces, although the smell of something delicious coming out of the box carried by him made them even more ecstatic, almost wagging their tails like overjoyed canines.

Father knelt before his child and opened the box, revealing pizza with double cheese, salami crust filled with more melted, dairy goodness. Sam's favorite.

"Here you go, squirt. Just don't tell your mom, alright? But I see you're growing up nicely already. Well done." He said, offering one large slice, before rubbing their head affectionally. Sam made a cheerful noise, although feeling suddenly conflicted about what to do. Noticing that they still had a toy in their hand, Sam tried to give it to father, but he quickly refused.

"Can't play right now, sport. Daddy have to work after a little snack. Maybe later, okay? Love ya." He said, patting Sam's head a few times, before eventually standing up and leaving with the rest of the food.

Small, ravenous Charmander was filled with sadness but only for a brief moment. The amazing, heavy scent of warm food entered their now flared nostrils, multiplying their hunger. Since they always connected tasty snacks with happiness, Sam couldn't wait any longer but just devour it joyfully, enjoying each second of the stretchy cheese, making a mess right here and there, since father didn't even bother to give them a napkin, plate or carry them to the kitchen.

But after that meal, it wasn't enough for the young pokemon, they wanted more. They waddled around the house, looking for something to eat, but for the naught. Eventually, they heard another, this time a very familiar noise. Loud snoring.

They peeked inside their father's study, seeing their parent lounging on the chair with full stomachs, taking a well-deserved nap after so much work and high-calorie dishes. Sam pouted visibly, seeing that their parent can't play in that state, but something else was worth their attention. A box with the rest of the fantastically baked dough.

Sam tried to climb the table with difficulty, feeling less strength than just mere days ago, not knowing the cause of it. But still, it couldn't stop them. Not caring if they'll wake up their father or not, Sam carefully crawled up their parent's body, then jumped from their still bloated stomach right to the table, before kicking off the box on the floor, luckily for them, with the rest of the pizza still intact.

After returning, they finally could enjoy it, sinking their paws into cheese, overjoyed with the so-called liquid gold, eventually cramming down all of it, before finally losing consciousness, blacking out completely, but happy.

That day, Sam was lightly scolded by their father, since his mother wouldn't know about the pizza anyway. Because of that, it didn't stop them from ravaging the kitchen's cupboard or parent's snack stash. Cookies, waffles, chips, and other munches were their usual target, just like a tub of ice cream the other day, since access to it wasn't childproof.

Sam sat in their room, drawing on a piece of paper, pouring their feelings into it like the artist to canvas. But instead of making random shapes, they tried to paint something true to life. Themselves.

They were taking deep breaths through their mouth audibly while sitting on now plump cheeks of their broad bottom. Luckily, their arms weren't pudgy enough yet, so they had full reach filling every black piece of the paper.

Orange shape made of various circles was standing in the middle, with ice cream in one hand and cookie in the other, while other drawn pokemon were laughing, pointing their claws and fingers at the pudgy one. Sam didn't know why they drew such a scene, but they just had to, remembering that moment which happened the other day.

"Dinner's ready!"

Those were Sam's favorite words, next to "I love you" or "Ice cream man is coming!" Seeing that they finished the drawing anyway, which was far from a masterpiece, they slowly stumbled outside their room and towards the kitchen, having problems with raising each of their broad legs, wheezing audibly. They couldn't know if it was part of growing up, but they still couldn't connect the dots of their current state. In the future, they may as well just roll around like a perfectly shaped barrel.

"There you are, squirt. Come, pasta's ready!" Father said, before seeing that his offspring couldn't even reach the seat. Being rather ignorant, the only help he offered was just picking them up, instead of doing something with their weight.

"Here you go. Wow, you're growing up, don't you? Eat up to be big and strong as your daddy. But I have to go, so stay put. We'll play when I get back, alright?!" He said, eventually departing, leaving his child alone with a bowl full of creamy pasta, another favorite dish of little Charmander.

Sam stared into the vessel, one of their many friends who listened to them, just like a cookie jar or various cutlery. They didn't even bother with using a fork or spoon, taking full claws of pasta before putting them into their maw, being in some kind of trance. Only them and food mattered nothing else. Taking slight breaks for breathing, they slowly but surely emptied the bowl, even licking every drop of sauce from it, demanding more nourishment.

They noticed two other pots, one of each ingredient of today's dinner. Overjoyed, rounded, and bloated, Charmander landed on the ground like a bouncy ball with an audible splash, before waddling to the nearby stool and back to the stove, taking a few breaks in-between. Their folds jiggled with each step, which made their noise separately. If someone didn't know Sam, they would be sure that's a new kind of pokemon, maybe a mud or lard type.

Finally, Sam entered the pot full of delicious, doughy strings and tossed most of it towards one with still-warm sauce. Not bothering with filling up the bowl, they simply jumped into the container with mixed ingredients, like into a pool of water.

They performed a ritual of gluttony, munching their life away while enjoying each second of it. Noises of heavy breathing, slurping, and occasional soft belches filled the room. While others would look at this scene with fear, Sam couldn't feel any better.

Not even the gasp of horror afterward didn't make them feel bad.

Children have to eat. Even after the pasta incident a few weeks back, none of the parents cut down on their diet, although trying their best not to feed Sam with so-called calorie bombs. But in Charmander's small head, happiness was the most important thing in the whole wide world.

In their state, they could not leave the house on their own, not able to reach a knob of the main door, even with help of a ladder or stool. They just couldn't climb it anymore. Their pudgy, short arms could barely fill up their currently saggy, plump cheeks with any snack they could find. Taking deep breaths, Sam looked through the window, still sitting at the kid's table that they barely waddled on. They watched other children, playing carelessly, not stopped but any ballast. Why Sam couldn't do the same anymore? Their sad thoughts were interrupted and tossed away into deep voids of their mind, now fixated on snacks that they still had right next to their pudgy foot. Wheezing hard, Charmander reached for something that looked like cookie crumbs, tossing them into their mouth, munching away while multiple chins jiggled up and down. Sam licked their claw, distracted once more from their problems.

While their parents were neglected, none of them refused to give Sam food each day. The fire pokemon still enjoyed each day, not even having a second thought about getting a new family any day, not wanting to swap with anyone else.

The barrel-shaped Sam rolled towards their bed, wanting to take a well-deserved nap. While significantly taller than before, basically every part of their chubby body had additional folds to them. Chins under the mouth, wider and plump neck, arms that resembled two broad salamis. Even claws looked more like jelly doughnuts attached to their thick wrists. And of course, can't forget their perfectly circle-shaped stomach, like they swallowed the entire cake by themselves. Their tail followed Sam's pudding-shaped body, like a fat, overeating snake. Sam looked at their resting place with two giant black eyes, resembling candies on a pile of orange, whipped cream. They stretched out their pudgy little legs, squishing other folds before eventually reaching their bed, already thinking about their next snack.