

The Sinnoh Slob Pageant

Arriving in droves, the citizens of Hearthome City gathered in side of the Contest Hall. Typically, the venue was used to show off the talents of Pokémon coordinators and their partners. However, today the stadium was set for a beauty pageant of sorts, albeit one that valued those that strayed far from the typical beauty standards.

When the time for the show to begin drew near, the crowd started to cheer for a silhouette making their way through the enormous, red curtains obscuring the backstage. Spotlights turned on to direct the audience's attention to the lone individual standing at the front of the stage. For anyone who wasn't aware of who the young man was, they were quick to be pointed towards the red beret and scarf that marked him as the current champion of the Sinnoh League.

"Welcome everyone," Lucas announced to the crowd, quite enjoying the sound of the people cheering out for him. "I appreciate the reception, but this show isn't about me. It's about the wonderful ladies waiting backstage to show off what they've got. Before we start, I'd like to introduce my fellow judges. First up is a woman from the illustrious Aether Foundation and a major sponsor for this event: Lusamine!"

As the lights moved towards the back of the stage, the crowd clapped in preparation for the famous woman's arrival. The anticipation was even higher considering that very few had seen her in public in several months. Platinum blonde hair peeking past the curtain made everyone applaud harder to welcome Lusamine. However, the cheering was soon interspersed with shocked gasps as people beheld what had become of her once svelte figure.

Lusamine made her way onto the stage through a series of heavy stomps that sent shudders through her chunky body and spread out her powerful, overwhelming stench. No less than 600 pounds of oily flesh had been stuffed into a much larger version of her iconic white

dress, albeit one marred with grease stains. The garment's skirt was placed in such a way that allowed the underside of her heavy buttocks to be viewed from far away to allow their greasy sheen to better show off the blonde hairs lining her legs. A similar choice in wardrobe emphasized the cleavage of her massive mammaries, with a gem encrusted in various condiment stains stuck in-between the heavy mounds. With a hole in the center of her dress leaving the peak of her enormous, fuzzy belly button on display, she seemed to revel in the way that people gawked at her.

"Thank BWOOOOORRRPPPP you Lucas," Lusamine belched, her chubby face still shaking as she took the mic from him. "I for one am quite excited to see what the UUUURRP competitors have to show us." Bringing the microphone towards her backside, she showed no shame in letting loose with a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAPPPP that fluttered the hem of her skirt. "Now that I've set the bar," she resumed, unflinching at the smell of her own fumes, "let's bring in the other judge, shall we?"

"Of course," Lucas said, graciously accepting back the mic. "All the way from Unova, please welcome the sleepy psychic, Caitlin."

Somewhat prepared by the appearance of Lusamine's extraordinary figure, the audience was able to take in the slobby form of the drowsy elite four member a little easier. With a body just as heavy and jiggly as Lusamine's, she waddled out onto the stage with her form draped in a pink night gown. Any spots in the sheer material that weren't covered in icing stains showed off the unkempt hairs lining various parts of her flab. The curtain of unkempt, blonde hair sticking out from beneath her white cap was picked up for a moment by a rumbling PHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT bursting forth from her chunky rear. Lazily scratching her pudgy fingers against her blubbery belly and the sagging sacks of meat that were her breasts, she lazily glanced

over the audience. Turning a long yawn into a boisterous belch, she wiped the sleep from her eyes with her sausage-like fingers before accepting the microphone.

“Hello UUURRRP there,” Caitlin said to the crowd. “Don’t know why I’m BOOOUUUURRRRP qualified to be a judge for this, but I’m glad that you’ll have me. Especially when there’s free UUUURRPP snacks.”

“Of course,” Lusamine said, placing a thick arm around Caitlin’s shoulders. “I couldn’t imagine a better person to help me BOOOOOUUUUURRRRRP judge these sloppy trainers than you. Your routine to upkeep your UUUUUUURRRPP fantastic body is exquisite.”

Letting rip another fart, Caitlin scratched at her rear. “I mean, this is just what you get when you spend all your free time eating and BWOOOOORRRP sleeping. Anyway, let’s get started so I can go back to bed.”

“You heard her,” Lucas announced as the girls took their place at the judges’ table. “Let’s get this show on the road with our first contestant.”

Moving away from the front of the stage, Lucas attempted to take his place with his fellow hosts. He paused for a moment as he realized that his chair was situated in between the two couches that had been brought out for the ladies. Seeing the way Lusamine looked towards him, he had to assume that this was on purpose. Taking his place in-between the sloppy women, he was assaulted by the smell of greasy burgers and rotten cake crumbs coming from his co-hosts. Though Lusamine’s body odor was as bad as he expected, Caitlin’s felt a few notches below knocking him out for a deep sleep. Forced to deal with the odd atmosphere around his seat, he got himself in position to get ready to judge the displays of unhinged hedonism he was about to witness.

“Up first,” Lusamine began, having to pause to let a fart ring out, “we have the head of the Eterna City UUUURRRPP Gym, Gardenia!”

From behind the curtains stomped forward a woman sporting a head of greasy, orange hair with a black undercut. A green cape held together by the barest of strings partially obscured her wealth of back fat, while aiding her black top to hold back her melon-sized breasts. The shredded cuff of her orange shorts provided extra space for her thick legs to stomp around while letting tufts of orange butt hair stick out from the back. Where there had once been a belt to hold the lower part of other clothing together was instead a thick layer of fat that kept the fabric practically glued to her flesh. Too busy gawking at the way her hips shook back and forth to emphasize her chunky ass cheeks, no one seemed to mind that her rounded potbelly adorned with strands of hair around the center was the smallest part of her.

“Oooo, looks like we’re starting off with a unique one here,” Lucas commented.

“Yes, it’s quite UUUURRPP magnificent,” Lusamine added. “It’s rare to see such a plump BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP hourglass figure.”

Letting out a yawn, Caitlin drew the attention she needed with a burst of flatulence. “Shame her belly is so small. Probably can’t hold much.”

Rather than be discouraged, Gardenia struck a pose as she put her hands on her thick sides. “My stomach might be BWOOOOOORRRPPPP tiny, but it makes up for it in power. Let me show you what I mean.”

Reaching into her fat folds, Gardenia produced a singular Pokeball and tossed it into the air. From a flash of red light emerged the diminutive Roserade with its green skin and flower laden arms. The grass Pokémon’s small physique looked all the tinier when standing next to its

trainer. However, the two managed to move in unison as they got ready to show what Gardenia's body had to offer.

"Roserade use BWOOOOORRRPP vine whip!" the trainer shouted out.

"ROSERADE!" the Pokemone replied, producing tendrils from its arms.

Waiting until Gardenia was ready, Roserade proceeded to repeatedly beat its vines against its trainer's belly. The constant pounding stirred up the food sloshing inside of the gym leader to help along with her digestion. The orange haired woman's confident grin began to falter as her body began to shake from the building pressure. Though a few puffs managed to slip out, she managed to keep in the bulk of her bubbles until the last possible moment. Just as it looked like she was about to hit her breaking point, that was when she waved around a pudgy hand to get Roserade into position.

"Keep your UUUUURRPP eyes on my backside," she said, swiveling herself around to show off her thick rear. "Three... two... BOOOUUURRPPP one... Roserade, use Petal Dance!"

On command, the flower Pokémon let loose with a flurry of red and blue petals. The almost confetti like debris was blown out into the audience as a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP ripped out of Gardenia's ass. In addition to sending the petals out into the crowd, the blast managed to give them all a whiff of the horrendous odor of a leafy, green diet mixing with the floral aroma. With the remnants of her powerful expulsion mixing with her earthy body odor still drifting across the stadium, Gardenia heaved herself back into a standing position to take a bow.

"That was amazing," Lucas said, clapping his hands together. "What a creative use of your body and Pokémon."

"Yes, it was absolutely BWOOOOORRRRPPP elegant," Lusamine added.

“Don’t really see the appeal of mixing something floral with flatulence,” Caitlin said, making her point with a BRRRAAAAPPP of her own, “but points for originality. Just wish it was a little stronger.”

“Let’s give a big hand for the gassy, grassy, trainer!” Lucas finished.

Waving around her arms to bask in the cheers of the crowd and display her armpit hair, Gardenia parted with another blast of gas blowing around the leftover petals. Waddling her way over to a seating area on the stage, she brought her massive rear down on two chairs. Exhausted from her display, she ordered her Roserade to collect food from the snack table nearby. Without skipping a beat, she began stuffing her face to make up for the energy she had expended for her performance.

“Next up we have another Eterna City native,” Lucas announced. “Specifically, a woman who likes to spend her time wandering aimlessly through the forest and exploring abandoned mansions. While these strolls have turned more into slow waddles, she still enjoys being amongst the trees and supposedly haunted structures she happens upon. Please give a warm welcome to Cheryl!”

Once more the curtains were opened up to reveal a woman heavy in both size and aroma. As Cheryl made her way onto the stage, the people in the seats furthest away could have mistaken her for a completely rounded sphere. The circular shape of her body was emphasized by the way her green dress stuck to her skin. Her globular figure was disrupted by the swollen orbs hanging off of it that were her breasts and butt. Even if her assets were small in comparison to the rest of her body, they were still more than enough to outsize anyone in the audience.

The trainer’s entrance was hindered as she began to slip on the flower petals leftover from Gardenia’s performance. Unable to keep herself aloft much longer, Cheryl allowed her

body to slam against the floor. However, she still managed to remain somewhat mobile as her Chansey came around to give her a gentle nudge forward. Though her face was momentarily blocked by her greasy braid of green hair, she blew it away with a belch to let everyone see her chubby cheeks and multiple chins.

“Quite the UUURRRPP entrance,” Lusamine commented.

“I’ll say,” Lucas replied. “Cheryl, mind telling the audience how you were able to get this big?”

“Of course,” Cheryl replied, excitedly tapping her fingers against her sides. “When I saw so many BWOOOOORRRRPPPPP trainers getting in on the slob craze, I had to try it for myself. I was at a loss for how to UUUURRPP fatten myself up, until I stumbled upon a secret orchard one day in the forest.” With a few slaps of her hands against her belly, she managed to get her Chansey to step forward to hold out a collection of berries. “After my beloved Chansey helped me tow it all into the old OOOOOUUUUURRRPPP chateau. For hours on end I BOOOOUUUURRRRPPPP stuffed myself in order to get this wonderfully blobby BWOOOORRRRPPPP body.”

Caitlin let out a brunt fart. “Eh, guess it’s pretty impressive... if you enjoy looking like a giant egg.”

“You haven’t seen anything yet,” Cheryl commented. “Chansey, use BWOOOORRPP Berry Roll.”

Though no one in the audience knew what kind of move the green haired woman had ordered, Chansey hurried to get into position. Grasping onto its trainer’s massive form, the Pokémon proceeded to start rolling Cheryl across the stage. As the pair picked up the speed, the audience watched with bated breath as they expected the slob to crash at any moment. However,

Chansey managed to keep Cheryl going at a steady pace that allowed the onlookers to gaze at the way her body jiggled with each turn.

Reaching peak speed, Cheryl used her momentum to her advantage as she began to spurt out gas from both ends. Spreading out the fumes with her rolls, allowed the audience to get the whiff of rotten berries clinging to her noxious fumes. In addition to covering the stage in her stench, the constant movement shredded parts of her dress to let pockets of flab dotted with green hair peek out. Releasing the rest of her farts with a reverberating PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT, Cheryl instructed Chansey to stop her in the middle of the stage. In spite of the fact that her Pokémon had done all the pushing, the trainer was still slick with sweat that dripped down her face and stained her already disheveled outfit. In spite of this, she was still willing to turn her pudgy gaze to the audience to let her warm smile wash over them.

“I suppose after this, the name Cheryl Berry would be a good BWOOOOORRRP moniker for you,” Lusamine commented.

“Seems like she’s missing something though,” Caitlin brought up. “Like there’s not enough imperfections in her rounded UUUURRRPP form to make it feel right. As she looks now, she could be mistaken for being filled with air.”

“Juice would probably be more appropriate,” Cheryl cheerfully replied, her optimism punctuated by a squeaky fart from her rear.

“Regardless, you put on a great show,” Lucas said, clapping in unison with the audience as Cheryl was rolled over by Chansey to join Gardenia in refueling her body.

“Coming all the way from Veilstone City, please give a hand for-“

Lucas’s speech was interrupted by a series of heavy footfalls coming from backstage. Rather than wait for the curtains to open on their own, the contestant forced them open with a

slam of her heavy belly. Waddling her way out onto the stage, all it took was a glance at her horn-like, pink hair and the bandage across her nose to identify her as Maylene, the region's fighting type gym leader.

At first glance, Maylene appeared to have a similar build to Cheryl's. The massive orb of blubber showed off how she stood apart by swiveling around to have the audience see her white yoga pants sinking between her chunky ass cheeks. Thanks to the blue tank top covered in dark sweat stains she had chosen for the event, everyone in the audience could see the rows upon rows of black flab she was carrying around. Stomping around on her bare feet to send tremors through her blubbery, hair-riddled legs helped to show off a similar wealth of rolls making up her belly and spreading her gym-sock like odor about.

Stopping her jiggling with a slam of her pudgy, gloved fist against her heaving chest, Maylene brought the audience to silence with a thunderous BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP. "Sorry," she said, scratching her nose, "I got a little excited about showing what I can UUUUURRRPP do."

"That's not a problem," Lusamine commented. "Can you tell us how you UUUUUUURRRPP achieved this bulk?"

"I'll admit, I was hesitant to throw away the fit body I had BOOUUURRRPP gained from all of my training, at least at first," Maylene explained, pausing to scratch at the scraggly pubic hairs peeking beneath her gut. "That was until a friend of mine from the BWOOOORRRPP Hoenn region showed me what her Hariyama could do. From there, I devoted myself to UUUUURRRPP eating as much protein as possible while doing just enough exercise to keep this mound of meat mobile."

"Moving is overrated," Caitlin commented, making her point with a squeaky fart.

“Let me prove you otherwise,” Maylene said, digging into her cleavage to produce a Pokeball drenched with her sweat. With a flash of red light, she brought out her Lucario to strike a pose and show off its fierce eyes, pointed ears, and blue and black fur. “Lucario,” she began looming over the comparatively small Pokémon. “Time to show them our UUUUURRPP workout routine.”

With an affirmative grunt, Lucario began to thrust its arms in a series of deliberate punches. Stomping her feet into the ground to keep herself steady, Maylene began to copy the motions. The act did the job of putting the audience into an almost hypnotic trance as they stared at the way her bingo wing arms jiggled with each repetition. However, most people soon moved to watching the sweat beginning to cascade down her face and seep into her cleavage.

The heavy layer of perspiration adorning Maylene’s flesh sprinkled across the stage as she moved on to mirroring her Pokémon’s kick routine. Despite her claim of constantly exercising, she was already looking out of breath as she began to wheeze. Even still, she persevered to finish off the arduous challenge of performing ten kicks. Rubbing her face off with the back of her hand to clear her eyes, she commanded her partner to move on to the final exercise.

Leaping up into the air, Maylene tried to clap her hands above her head to perform a jumping jack. While her pudgy arms were unable to fully complete the pose, she still got the intended effect as her body came crashing down on the ground. Waiting just long enough after the impact to let loose with a reverberating PHHRRRRRTTTT from her rear that flooded the area with the smell of rancid meat, she proceeded to go for another rep. Overtime, the smell of her landing farts was accompanied with the intense body odor being cultivated by her sweaty

flesh. At the peak of her routine, the audience could see the tufts of pink hair peaking out from her armpits that were no doubt a main contributor to her aroma.

Ending off the routine with one last leap into the air, Maylene nearly fell over as she got back to the ground. Getting her footing with a few slams of her legs, she raised her pudgy arms as far as they would go to let out a victory cry that devolved into a guttural BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP. As proud as her display was, the sweat and exhaustion afflicting her body meant that it didn't take long for her strength to give out. No longer able to stand, she was sent falling backwards onto her rear to unleash her gas reserves with one last BRRRRAAAAAAAAPPPPP.

"Are you okay?" Lucas called out.

"Yeah, I'm UUUURRRP fine," Maylene replied, her Lucario struggling to get her up. "I've got plenty of cushioning," she added, giving her backside a smack.

"Well, a marvelous performance regardless," Lusamine commented, her words getting the audience to clap for the sweaty gym leader as she waddled over to the other competitors for a well-deserved break.

"Next up," Caitlin began, silencing the crowd's applause with a brunt fart, "is the leader of Hearthome City's gym. She's a YYYYYYAAAAAAWWNNN self-proclaimed master of ghostly BWOOOOORRRPPP gases, Fantina."

Caitlin's lethargic announcement was made up for by a dazzling haze of purple smoke that began to leak out from backstage. The source of the mist was made clear as a collection of Driftloons and Driftblims floated out from behind the curtains. As the ghostly balloons spread out around the stage, they held their position while their trainer made her grand entrance.

The purple fog was dispersed as Fantina opened up her mouth to unleash a guttural belch. The sheer force of the expulsion was enough to jiggle around her plumped up cheeks and the lavender hair she had painstakingly styled into four bulbous pods to mimic the bulk of her blubbery, hairy arms. Just as the ripples were about to peter off and the death-like aroma of her BO started to wear off, the gym leader shook around her body once more with a thunderous fart that wobbled about her thick butt cheeks and fluttered the hem of purple gown. As the tremors made their way through her doughy gut to strain the fabric of her dress, they came to rest upon her largest asset.

“Bon-OOOOOOOOUUUURRRRPPPP-jour,” Fantina belched out, trying to get the audience to look towards her chubby face. However, every single person in the contest hall had their eyes glued to the set of heaving mammaries attached to the ghost trainer’s chest. Each of the massive tits would be enough to put a Miltank to shame, with only the heft of her belly keeping them aloft. Though she was unable to fully get the audience to pay attention to her pouty lips, she was more than happy to allow them to gander at her wide cleavage until she swiveled around to face the judges.

“It is my UUUUUURRRPPPP turn to show what I have, no?” Fantina asked.

“By all means, go right ahead,” Lucas replied.

“Yes, I’m sure you’re eager to do your home OOOUUURRRP town proud,” Lusamine added.

“I’d be happy BWOOOOORRPP to,” Fantina said, doing her best to curtsy towards the judges before turning her attention back to the crowd.

Clapping her pudgy hands together, Fantina signaled for the crew backstage to turn on her music. As a haunting aria drifted through the hall, the gym leader put her wide hips to use

shaking back and forth. Moving with far more grace than would be expected of someone her size, she drifted across the stage as if she were floating on air. Twirling back and forth, she managed to solidly hold the audience's attention with each wobble of her massive breasts. As she reached the peak of her performance, she raised her arms. The act was to both show off the neatly groomed clumps of purple fur beneath her pits and to clap her hands together to add a little more flair to her routine.

The Driftblims and Driftbloons Fantina had brought out to the stage began to purposefully plummet through the air. Their free fall was halted as they took turns bouncing off of their trainers' bosom. Each impact further strained the seams of her gown as her mammaries tried in vain to shake free of their restraints. This constant pounding of the heavy tits against her belly both further entranced the crowd as well as led up to the grand finale of her performance.

Gas began to billow out of Fantina's body from both ends. The constant burps and farts that spurted out were able to eclipse the volume of her song to create their own symphony of slob. The fumes helped her Pokémon to bound through the air and spread the rank smell of what a diet of binging on fancy food had done to her digestive tract. The gross display of flab and fumes came to a definitive end as she stopped in the center of the stage to let loose one last BRRRAAAAAPPPPPP from her rear. With the gas still lifting up the back of her skirt, she made a bow towards the audience that was deep enough to make the outlines of her plumped up teats press against the stage.

"Absolutely BWOOOOOOORRRPPPP marvelous," Lusamine called out, her applause blending in with the rest of the audience. "After this, you might consider changing your name to FATina. That will be one tough performance to beat."

“Thank you, thank UUUUURRRPP you,” Fantina replied, giving the hall one last look at her wobbling bosom wriggling about within the confines of her freshly sweat-stained gown. Purposefully hoisting up her tits to leave a lasting impression, she shimmied her way over to the other contestants. Upon her arrival, she ended up knocking over a number of plates as she set her tits down on the table, but there was still plenty of left to go around.

A rippling PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTT from Lusamine’s backside managed to both quiet down the audience and lift up the back of her skirt to give Lucas another peek of her meaty backside. “Next up we have an impressive trainer from the remote Snowpoint City,” she began. “Please give a hand in welcoming the ice type gym leader, BWOOOOORRRP Candice!”

The crowd’s applause increased in fervor as the curtains were pulled aside to let mists of cool air fill the hall. The lingering heat of the other contestants’ fumes was chilled by the frigid breeze to give the crowd a much needed reprieve. Their refreshed bodies were more than ready to accept the next challenger as she waddled out.

Candice’s heavy stomps onto the stage were punctuated with squeaky farts constantly lifting up the blue coat wrapped around her waist that mixed with the smell of frost burned, rotted meat emanating from her hairy pits. Each blast strained the tan skirt she had chosen in an attempt to make her bottom heavy figure decent. However, her clothing choice still left a wealth of her blubbery, hairy thighs on display. Either ignorant or uncaring of her current attire, she swiveled her body around to let another blast of flatulence reveal her thong-like panties sunken in-between her behemoth butt cheeks.

Despite her ass taking up the majority of the attention, Candice still found it necessary to show off her upper body. A formerly pristine, button down shirt now marred with yellowed sweat stains was raised up just enough to let her belly rolls rest against her foopah and muffin top. The

blue ribbon tied around her thick neck acted as a bow to the set of head-sized breasts that would have looked much more impressive if it weren't for them being dwarfed by her derriere. Oily, black hair done up in twin braids hung over her shoulders and begged for the crowd to pay attention to the follicles peeking out from beneath her adipose-laden arms.

“Are you ready for a UUUUUURRRRPPP show?” Candice asked the crowd as she raised up a pudgy limb. Hearing a roar from the crowd in response, her grin stretched wider across her chubby face. “Then let me show you the power of BOOOOUUUUURRRRPPP blubber.”

Clapping her fat fingers together, Candice called forth a hulking beast of plant and ice known as Abomasnow from backstage. Planting itself into the ground, the Pokémon let out another burst of cold air from its maw to leave the stage completely frozen. Rather than try to balance herself on the slippery surface, the gym leader purposefully let herself plop backwards onto the ice.

Waiting for her body to stop jiggling, Candice clapped once more to bring out her Froslass. The ghostly Pokémon lent its aid by sliding its trainer across the stage by pushing against her rear. Once Candice had built up enough momentum, she ordered Froslass to let go of her. For a moment, it appeared as if the trainer was about to slide right off the stage and collide with the crowd.

Just a few seconds before disaster, Candice released a pungent blast from her rear that made her body take an abrupt turn. Twirling around upon her behemoth bottom, she repeated letting loose her powerful farts to continue making her way across the ice. While the performance was far from as graceful as Fantina's, it no doubt left an impression on the audience as they began to cheer out for her.

“That was amazing,” Lucas said as Candice was brought to a hold in the center stage by her Abomasnow.

“Thank BWOOOOOOORRRPP you,” she replied as she stood up, in the process giving a crowd a look at the heavily stained panties sunken in-between her hairy, ass cheeks.

“Doesn’t’ UUUUURRPP messing with the stage disqualify her?” Caitlin brought up.

“She might have a BOOOOUUUUUURRRRPPP point,” Lusamine replied as she scratched her chins. “We’ll decide on it later. For now, take a bow for your wonderous UUUUUURRRPPP show.”

In response, Candice folded up her stomach roll to lean towards the audience. As she basked in people’s adoration for her enormous ass, she let loose a prolonged BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPP from her rear that blew right in the judges’ faces. Engulfed by what her blubber building diet had created, the trio began to consider overlooking the rule violation in favor of putting the ice trainer in the lead. However, they were far from being done. They just needed to wait for Candice’s Abomasnow to lead her over to the waiting area before they could move on to the next contestant.

“Next up,” Lucas shouted out, trying to be heard over the sound of the workers frantically clearing the ice off of the stage, “we have an up and coming rookie from the Alola Region. Please help me in welcoming...”

Lucas trailed off as he recognized the name listed in front of him.

“Wait, this isn’t right,” he said, turning to Lusamine. “I thought we told you she wasn’t allowed to compete.”

“Why BWOOOOOORRRP not?” Caitlin asked.

Lusamine let out a combination of a huff and a squeaky fart. “Because they thought I wouldn’t be fair in judging when my own pride and joy is up on stage.”

“I specifically said it would be a conflict of interest considering that the Aether Foundation is sponsoring this event,” Lucas clarified. “It’s the same reason why you couldn’t compete yourself.”

Another brunt fart revealed the annoyance lurking behind Lusamine’s seemingly friendly eyes. “I suppose you have a point. However, that doesn’t mean that I can’t BWOOOOOOORRRRPP give the world a taste of their next champion slob.” Bumping into Lucas with her gut, Lusamine managed to take possession of the microphone and bring it to her lips. “Please welcome to the stage my beautiful UUUUURRRP daughter, Lillie!”

The crowd’s applause went on for several minutes as the lights focused in on the back of the stage. Just as it looked like they were clapping for nothing, Lillie sheepishly poked her head out from the curtains. Those close enough to peek past the locks of oily, blonde hair in front of her chubby face could see the nervous look in her green eyes. Judging by the way she shuffled forward, it seemed that this show had been more of her mother’s idea than anything. As embarrassed as she was having to parade her body out in front of so many people, it was underwhelming in comparison to the other women in the competition.

Lillie’s white blouse fit the standards of her competitors in terms of both being littered with a variety of stains and tightly hugging around her chubby belly. However, the outfit was still large enough to cover up most of the blonde strands that had grown out along her belly button and left only a few follicles to peek out of holes around her armpits. A similar lack of heft made the skirt around her wide waist unable to fully show off the underside of her bubble butt. Even if her body odor resembled her mother’s it was far weaker. At the very least, the amount of nervous

sweat she was producing as she shuffled forward was enough to bring her clothes to a suitable level of degradation.

Even if Lillie was far smaller than her competitors, the grumbling that emanated from her chubby figure was amplified as her head-sized breasts kept beating against her gut. The red strain on her face told of an internal struggle going on that fought against her need to release and her desire not to do it in front of so many people. In the end, she lost on both fronts as the gas finally escaped through a half-second belch from her lips and a near inaudible puff of flatulence from her backside.

“Excuse UUURRP me,” Lillie squeaked, barely audible even as the crowd quieted down.

“Nothing to be sorry BWOOOOOOOOORRRRPPP about,” Lusamine said, leaving the judge’s table behind as she waddled out to join her daughter. “Although, I’m surprised you’re acting so shy. Back at home, you don’t hesitate to really UUUUUUUUURRRPPP let loose.”

“That’s only when it’s the two of us around,” Lillie said, having to pause for another fart slipping out from between her ass cheeks. “I’m still not ready to UUURRP compete yet.”

Lusamine pondered for a moment, scratching at her chins in thought. “I suppose you have a OOOOUUUURRRP point,” she relented. “My turn to apologize. Guess I still haven’t completely gotten rid of my old BWOOOOORRRP habits.” Giving the slightest nudge to Lillie’s backside pushed out another fart from the chubby woman and moved her towards where the other contestants were. “Go on and help yourself to some snacks. Perhaps the other BWOOOOOOORRRP girls can give you some tips.”

“Well... the food does look really tasty,” Lillie replied, wiping the drool from her lips as she walked away from the cheering crowd to stuff her face.

“That was unexpected, but I’ll admit it was a nice little surprise,” Lucas commented.

“It certainly BWOOOOORRRRRPPP woke me up,” Caitlin added. “Shame that it came at the end of the show.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” Lusamine spoke up.

Reaching between her cleavage, Lusamine pulled out a pair of registration papers. Taking a moment to knock off the crumbs, she handed the sheets over to Lucas. Straining his eyes to see past the food and sweat stains littering the text, his eyes went wide as he realized who was coming up next.

“How did you get them?” Lucas asked.

“The first was another big supporter of the BWOOOOORRRPP contest,” Lusamine replied. “She jumped at the chance to participate in the competition. After all, she doesn’t have much to do these days ever since you UUUUURRP took over her job.”

“What about the other BOOOUUURRRPP one?” Caitlin asked.

A malevolent smirk harkening back to her old self stretched across Lusamine’s face.

“That went easily enough after I told her BWOOOOORRRRRPP who one of the judges was.”

“Wait, are you talking about-“

Lucas was interrupted as the crowd broke out into cheers. The source came from the sight of a behemoth Torterra stomping out onto the stage. Despite the turtle Pokémon’s massive size, its trainer wasn’t riding a top it. Instead, she was being pulled along via a car-sized wagon connected to the heavy creature’s back by a chain.

Reaching the center of the stage, Dawn waited until the cart stopped moving before departing from it. In the process of heaving up her behemoth buttocks, she was helped along by a blast of flatulence rippling out to shake around her ass and the hem of her heavily stained, pink skirt. Stumbling forward under the weight of her wrecking ball-like gut, she strained her muscles

to keep herself standing. Waves of her pudgy arms spread out the beast-like smell clinging to her flesh. Though she managed to keep her jiggling flab from ripping through the seams of her overburdened, black blouse, there was little she could do to prevent her watermelon-sized tits from pushing out a collection of belches as they bounced against her gut.

Waiting until her burp petered off, Dawn turned away from the crowd to approach the judges' table. Each stomp of her blubbery legs sent ripples cascading through her fat rolls that reached through the pink scarf wrapped loosely around her thick neck and multiple chins. As the vibrations reached her face, they shook about her locks of unkempt, dark blue hair to free them from beneath her white cap. Brushing the loose strands aside with a wave of her plump fingers, she focused in on Lucas to properly direct her friendly grin.

“Dawn?” Lucas asked.

“In the UUUUURRRPP flesh,” Dawn answered, leaning onto the table to let her belch encompass him.

Reeling back from the powerful expulsion that reeked out countless different foods, Lucas surveyed the formerly slim body of his rival. “How did you get like this?”

“It’s all thanks to BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP them,” Dawn replied, gesturing towards the other contestants currently stuffing their faces. “When I lost at the Pokémon League, I was UUUURRP forced to rethink my life. Asking myself if I wanted to keep battling, I realized that the idea of being a trainer no longer filled me with the same BOOOOOUUUURRRRPPPP drive that it used to.”

Turning herself around, Dawn graced Lucas with a taste of one of her rumbling farts before gesturing towards Lusamine and Caitlin. “When I saw how powerful trainers were starting to UUUUUURRRP focus on this new trend, I wanted to give it a try. So, I retraced my

steps across the BWOOOOOORRRPPPP Sinnoh region, picking up each and every tip I could get to become as sloppy as possible.”

“And yet, it wasn’t BOOOOUUUUUURRRRRPPPP enough to fully eclipse me.”

While the voice that came from backstage was familiar, the distortion caused by the guttural belch made it hard to recognize who it was at first. The confusion began to clear as the curtains were pulled aside to reveal a ferocious looking Garchomp coming out. Typically, the dragon Pokémon would be using its powerful claws and tall stature to overpower its enemies. Instead, its impressive build was being used to pull along a cart similar in size and function to Dawn’s own.

Reaching the center of the stage, Cynthia made her presence known with another powerful BWOOOOOORRRPPPP that shook around the teardrop hair ornaments atop her long locks of oily, blonde hair. Brushing aside the strands so that everyone could see the chubbed up face of their former champion, she grabbed on to her Garchomp with her thick, hairy arms. The added help managed to get her bulky legs on the ground, while still leaving plenty of leftover momentum for the flesh of her double-wide rear to peek out through the various holes in her black pants.

Thanking her Garchomp by snuggling her exposed, blubbery gut onto it, Cynthia waddled her way over to the judge’s table. If the sight of her meaty mammaries nearly spilling out of her food smeared, black top wasn’t enough, a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT from her rear ensured that all eyes, ears, and noses were on her. Overcome by a powerful aroma similar to Dawn’s that was created by her fumes and the sweaty hairs lining her body, Lucas had to struggle to remain where he was as the former champion stomped towards him.

“So, we UUUUUUUURRRRRPPPPP meet again,” Cynthia belched towards Lucas. “Don’t act so surprised. The media has been having a OOOUUUURRRRRPPPP field day with the way my body looks now. Although,” she began, swiveling around to face Dawn, “I’m surprised that your UUUURRPPPP rival is here. Never would have thought she would give up BWOORRRPP Pokémon battling to do this kind of thing. Regardless, it’s good to see you again, Dawn.”

Dawn greeted Cynthia’s challenging grin with one of her own. “I’m surprised you BWOOOOOOOORRRP remember me,” she said, waddling up to bounce her gut up against the former champion’s.

“True, you might not have beaten me as thoroughly as him,” she said, directing a BRRRAAAAPPPP in Lucas’s direction. “But if I recall correctly, it was a close battle.”

“Close enough for a BOOOOOUUUURRRPPPP rematch?” Lusamine suggested. “Say, one that puts your new bodies to the test?”

“I’m UUUUURRPP in,” Cynthia and Dawn belched out, eagerly nodding their chins in agreement.

“Then let’s end things off with a BWOOOOOOOORRRP bang,” Lusamine announced.

A single call to the crew was enough to summon trough filled to the brim with slop to the middle of the stage. While the other competitors looked on with jealousy, Cynthia and Dawn waddled their way towards the liquid feast. Each taking one end of the trough, they held back their instincts to dive in. Done staring down one another, they turned towards the judges for the signal to begin.

Lusamine and Caitlin were quick to give the thumbs up for the sloppy women to attack their liquid feast. For Lucas, he hesitated a moment to consider what he was about to witness.

Overcome by a growing desire to see the women he respected as rivals fully give in to their new urges, he raised up his hand to give the signal begin.

With Lucas's thumbs up acting like a starting pistol, Cynthia and Dawn shoved their heads into the slop. In a matter of seconds, their clothing became covered in new layers of stains as they messily gobbled up every last bite. Trying not to miss a single drop, the girls shook around their massive bodies; much to the audience's enjoyment. At a glance, one would assume that this was merely an eating contest. However, this was all just fuel for the building gas bombs inside of the two fierce competitors.

Dawn and Cynthia took turns showing off their horrible digestive tracts to the crowd. Cynthia started off with a thunderous BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP only for Dawn to rebuttal with an equally foul PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT from her own, chunky rear. Lifting their heads up from the slop, the women would lick their mouths clean before gracing the audience with burps that sprinkled the remnants of their feast across the stage.

Nearing the end of the trough, Cynthia and Dawn did everything they could to one up one another. They were forced to press into each other's bodies to get the last few drops needed to stir up their stomachs to their breaking points. Back and forth they strived to show off with powerful blasts of gas that put the other competitors to shame. Through all of this, the judges struggled to keep track of who was in the lead.

It all came to an end as Cynthia and Dawn emptied out their reserves in the form of prolonged, minute long farts to ensure not a single molecule of fresh air was left in the contest hall. Staring each other down, they opened up their mouths wide to let fly with rumbling BWWOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPs to directly challenge one another and jiggle about their immense

amount of fat. As the last of their gassy performances petered off, they turned towards the judges in anticipation of who would be crowned the greatest slob in all of the Sinnoh region.

“Cynthia was obviously the UUUURRRPP best,” Caitlin whispered to her fellow judges.

“I disagree,” Lusamine rebutted in a similarly hushed voice. “Dawn really showed the fruits of her BWOOOORRRPP training.”

Stuck with a tie, the two slobby judges turned towards Lucas. Trying in vain to put aside his history with the two competitors, he found it difficult to decide on who had come out on top of the competition. Turning back to watch Dawn and Cynthia lick up any leftover drops from their feast, he wracked his mind trying to arrive at an answer. Coming to a decision, he accepted the microphone and walked out to the center of the stage. Standing in-between the two competitors, he grabbed the winner’s blubbery arm, and struggled to lift it up.

“The winner is, Dawn!” Lucas exclaimed, just barely raising up her arm enough to show the bushel of dark blue fur in her arm pit.

Hoisting up her limb the rest of the way, Dawn grinned at the sight of Lucas clinging to her. Bringing him in close, she pulled him up to her face just as a guttural belch came roaring from her mouth. Dazed from the fumes and force of the expulsion, Lucas became numb to what was happening around him. Though he could hear the roar of the crowd, it was hard to tell where he was. As his mind began to focus again, he realized that he had somehow been transported backstage.

“What am I doing here?”

A loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT echoing in Lucas’s ears turned him towards what sounded like a stampede. Moving around on the set of cushions he had been placed on, he watched as the competitors approached. Encircling the makeshift bed, the gathering of slobby

trainers parted to allow Dawn to take the lead. Getting down on all fours, she hoisted her backside up as she crawled towards him.

“What’s going on?” Lucas asked as Dawn’s belly bumped into him.

“We’re claiming our BWOOOOORRRP prize of course,” Cynthia answered, coming up behind him to stop him with her bosom. Nestling up to his face, she gave him a peck to the cheek that left a smudge of leftover slop on his skin.

“We noticed the way you were UUUURRPP staring at us,” Lusamine added as she climbed onto the pile, licking her lips as she watched him quiver underneath Dawn and Cynthia’s flab.

Caitlin got his attention with a rippling BRRRRAAAAAPPPP from her rear. “Don’t try to play it off as just being a judge either,” she added, her hair flying back from a follow up fart. “We should know better.”

A squeaky puff of gas heralded Lilie joining in with the group. “We... though this might help with getting you used to us. It’ll make us UUUUURRPPP moving into your house a lot easier.”

“What!?” Lucas asked, only to be smothered by Dawn’s belly folds.

“Don’t sweat about the BWOOOOORRRP details,” Dawn explained as she slathered her perspiration across him with a close hug. “We can talk about it later. For now, let’s enjoy the UUUURRP after party.”

No sooner was Lucas released from Dawn’s fat folds did he get bombarded with another barrage of flesh thanks to his fellow judges. One after another, he got to feel up Candice’s hefty ass cheeks and Fantina’s heaving bosom. Moments after having Maylene’s sweaty flab run

across him, he was treated to the taut gut of Cheryl rolling over his body. The gasp he took to recover became hinted with the smell of flatulence and roses as Gardenia let loose her gas.

The grass gym leader's expulsion acted as a call out to the rest of the group to follow suit. Subjected to a bombardment of gas from all ends, Lucas could feel his body began to grow weak again. Seeing through his haze of blubber, burps, and BRRRAAAAAPPPSSS, he was filled with a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration. With a soft smile, he let himself become the center of attention for the slobby women of Sinnoh.