

Night of the Slobby Snorlax

Looking very out of place, Aimee made her way through a moonlit alleyway in a less populated part of Lumiose City. Considering herself a beauty without equal, the woman with her brown hair neatly styled to have two locks flanking her trim face typically used her looks to wow people. Though she could still draw an eye with her black crop top and pair of designer jeans, there was only one person she was intending to see that evening. Someone who couldn't care less about beauty.

Aimee's late night trek brought her to a small building hidden amongst the back alleys. The windows were covered up with black curtains, but a faint, blue glow could be seen peeking out from them. Wondering what her friend had cooked up this time, the beauty prepared herself for the unexpected as she knocked on the door.

From within the dimly lit house emerged a woman that served as a perfect example of the many hex maniacs that inhabited Kalos. In direct contrast to Aimee's skimpier attire, she wore a black dress that engulfed her form. A meager sense of control was allowed for the strange lady's unkempt, dark purple hair through the use of a purple headband. For most people, the look of the woman's swirly, lavender eyes would send them running off in the other direction. For Aimee, it was something she had gotten used to during her various times she accompanied Carrie during these evening "experiments."

"Thank you so much for coming tonight," Carrie said, her face in an unsettling grin as she stepped aside. "I'm just about finished with the preparations."

"Why does all your creepy ghost stuff have to happen so late?" Aimee asked, stepping inside and looking across the collection of strange objects placed around a circle in the middle of the room.

“It provides the most ideal atmosphere for me to channel the spirits,” Carrie replied as she shut the door to let the room be illuminated only by her blue-colored candles. “That... and you’re always so busy with your modeling job that I rarely get to see you these days.”

“And you’re off doing your scary summoning and rituals, we’re both busy girls,” Aimee replied. “All the more reason I want to get this ‘experiment’ of yours over with so I can get my beauty rest.”

The harsh tone on Aimee’s words made Carrie’s eager mood falter a bit. With her smile turning into a deep frown, the hex maniac looked away from her friend and began putting together the last preparations. As creeped out as the beauty was with the décor and atmosphere of the makeshift channeling room, she could sense that she had been too harsh. After all, she suspected that she was the creepy woman’s only friend.

“Carrie, I’m sorry,” Aimee said as she approached the hex maniac. “I know that you’ve wanted us to hang out more. I’m just always a bit unsettled whenever you rope me into one of these rituals. I always worry that we’ll stumble into a problem too big for-“

In a flash of movement, the hex maniac turned around to shove something into Aimee’s mouth. Caught off balance by the sudden feeding, the sweet taste that lingered on the beauty’s tongue coerced her body into chewing and swallowing whatever Carrie had just given her. Before she could ask what exactly she had just been fed, she watched as the smiling hex maniac held up an oddly shaped berry and popped it in her own mouth.

“What was that?” Aimee asked as she watched Carrie chew and swallow the fruit.

“It’s a special set of berries I collected from an orchard rich with the spirits of deceased Pokémon,” Carrie replied. “What I’m attempting tonight is a chant to allow us to share in their feelings and instincts.”

“The feelings and instincts of what exactly?”

“I don’t know!” Carrie proudly proclaimed. “But there’s one way to find out.”

Watching Carrie return to her chanting, Aimee let her eyes wander around the room in search of any sign of apparitions. If the hex girl’s ritual brought about a group of ghost Pokémon like her previous attempt, the beauty wasn’t in the mood to fight them off. Still, she brought her hand down to her purse to reach for one of her Pokeballs. Just as she touched the sphere containing her beloved Aromatisse, she was stopped as she felt something brush along her finger.

Pulling her hand back out, Aimee’s eyes went wide at the sight of the dark blue fur rapidly creeping up her skin. As the follicles continued to spread across her body, they brought with them a layer of chub that undid the hard work the beauty had put in to maintain her figure. As the fat spread out to more of her body to stretch her clothes out, her panic immediately made her look back towards Carrie for answers.

Too absorbed in her own chanting, the hex maniac didn’t notice at first her own body gaining weight and a hide of similar fur with a dark purple coloring. Even as her face plumped up and her now pointy ears shifted to the top of her head, she remained vigilant with maintaining the ritual. It was only upon hearing Aimee’s distressed cry that she opened her eyes again. Though the hex maniac was fascinated with her own changes, her attention remained focused on her companion’s altering figure.

The fat encasing Aimee’s body seemed to have a powerful desire to drag her down to the floor. While she was able to keep herself standing in spite of her prominent potbelly and widening hips, she found herself still drawing closer to the ground. The reason became clearer once she looked up to see that the ceiling was getting further out of her reach.

As the beauty continued to both shrink down and grow out, the clothes adorning her body began to tear at the seams. Though her breasts got the least amount of attention from her weight gain, they combined with her swelling gut managed to pop apart her top. Her pants were the next to go to leave her bubble butt on full display. With her underwear popped off by her thickened thighs, the half-sized Aimee stumbled on her feet as she tried to make sense of the situation.

“Yes,” hissed out Carrie as her own body went through a similar change in shape and size. “I was hoping for something like this,” she added as she purposefully tore off her dress to reveal the spot of cream-colored skin on the front of her bulbous belly. “A true fusion between person and Pokémon,” she continued as her newly clawed fingers groped at her swollen chest and buttocks. “Isn’t this exciting?”

“No!” Aimee shouted back. “What are we anyway? I’ve never seen Pokémon with these kinds of... features,” she said, wincing as she glanced down at her exposed nipples.

“Well, we’re only part Munchlax,” Carrie explained as her claws moved on to playing around with her pointed ears. “The rest of us still human,” she added as she pointed towards the locks of hair on their heads, one of the few things that remained from their previous forms. “I can’t wait to see how this new part of ourselves affect our-“

The hex maniac’s rambling was overshadowed by a series of hungry growls emanating through the room. While Aimee wanted to scold her belly for wanting food at a time like this, Carrie saw this as the opportunity she had been waiting for. Waddling towards a corner of the room, the black haired Munchlax woman grabbed a bag and tossed it onto the floor.

As the sack hit the ground its contents of berries were rolled out. The sight of the fruity morsels brought a momentary pause to Aimee’s concerns. The sweet smell that drifted up from the produce drew in the new part of herself that could only focus on one thing: eating.

With an animalistic growl unbefitting a beauty such as herself, Aimee brought her chubby form down to the ground. Grabbing handfuls of berries at a time, she began stuffing them in her mouth in an attempt to satisfy her appetite. Even after several helpings, her belly continued to growl for her to keep eating. The one saving grace was that each piece of fruit she swallowed came with a delectable taste that almost made her forget the strange creatures she and her friend had become.

As the Munchlax beauty reached out for another helping, it was snatched up by Carrie. The sight of the transformed maniac going through a similar session of gluttonous indulgence brought some much needed clarity to the situation. Looking between her altered self and the various occult books spread through the room, Aimee attempted to suppress her bestial instincts in favor of searching for a way to change them back. Unfortunately, she only managed to shuffle a few feet away before she was stopped by a small PHHHHRRRRTTT slipping out from her backside.

“Ehehehe, guess our bellies can’t handle the BWOOOOOORRPPP digestion of a Munchlax,” Carrie commented as she ate up the last few berries. “Maybe it’s something we’ll get used to though.”

“But I don’t want to get used to UUUURP this!” Aimee shouted back as her curves wobbled from the belch. “Don’t you have a way to-hey where are you going?”

“We’re out of food,” the hex maniac said as she waddled out the door. “I’m going to go find some more.”

“Carrie wait, you can’t go out like-“

The beauty was momentarily stopped as she caught a face full of a BRRRRAAPPPP that squeaked out of her companion’s rear. Reeling back from the strong smell that came with the

small fart, she watched as Carrie continued to mindlessly charge into the night. Pushed by a need to protect the hex maniac and partially to take care of her lingering hunger, she pushed her short, thick legs forward to give chase.

It didn't take long for Aimee to realize just how poorly her Munchlax body was suited for traversing the streets. After just a few blocks, she was forced to lean up against a wall to catch her breath. Between watching her chubby figure jiggle with each haggard exhale and belch, her ears perked up to familiar grunts coming from up ahead. Brushing a hand across her disheveled brown locks, she pushed through her exhaustion in order to locate her missing companion.

Rounding the corner, Aimee managed to spot Carrie inside of a deli shop. With the door flung open, the transformed hex maniac had free reign to stuff herself with as much meat as she liked. Even if Carrie was aware that her friend was watching, it didn't seem like she would care. The look in her eyes was filled with a sense of gluttonous indulgence brought about by her mixed nature. As abhorrent as the sight and sounds of her friend's feasting should have been, Aimee still found herself slowly creeping towards the open entrance.

Upon stepping inside and being greeted with a mixed aroma of meat and one of Carrie's squeaky farts, something inside of Aimee finally made her break. Joining the hex maniac near the counter, she proceeded to snatch up whatever hunks of meat she could grab. From sausages to pre-made sandwiches, they all served to keep her hunger satiated. Too engrossed with her indulgence, she didn't seem to notice the way that her and Carrie's bodies were still growing.

Momentary clarity came back to Aimee's mind shortly after stripping a set of ribs of their meat. The pause from stuffing herself allowed her to see the extra layers of blubber that had further fattened up her figure. A UUUURPPP rolling up her throat to jostle her heavier breasts made her remember that she was there to do something other than stuff her face. Wincing as her

wobbling butt cheeks let slip another squeaky fart, she tried to look around the deli for her companion. She didn't need to look far.

Helping herself to the last strip of bacon in the store, Carrie looked like she had easily doubled in size over the course of her feasting. Unfortunately for her, her small stature meant that she was reduced to essentially a rounded orb of fuzz and flab. Her poor movement didn't hinder her ability to savor the lingering juices that clung to her lips. Nor did her circumstances prevent her from letting out a sigh of relief as a PPPHHHHHRRRRRTTTT burst out of her thick backside to gas out Aimee.

"That was UUURPP good, but I need a lot more," the hex maniac said as she began waddling towards the exit. "Hmm, I think there was a pizza place not far from here. Should be just the thing to--"

"Stop BWOOOOORPPPP it," Aimee belched out as she lunged forward to grab onto Carrie. "Can't you see what's this doing to us?"

"Yeah, it's really exciting," Carrie said, fighting against her heft and clinging friend to make her way back out onto the street. "I've never felt this free. What about you?"

"Absolutely not," Aimee said, slowly winning the fight to try and drag the hex maniac back towards her house. "We're going back right now before you get us into any worse trouble."

Though her exertion did force Aimee the Munchlax woman to let out a few stray gas bubbles, the thought of inching closer to fixing this mess kept her going. However, what little progress she had made was hindered by a strange, tingling sensation she felt coming off of Carrie. Any chance that the feeling could be just shrugged off as more gas was thrown away as she noticed the strange glow covering the hex maniac's body.

A surge of energy forced Aimee to release her grasp. Falling onto her fat ass, she looked up to watch as Carrie's compact body drastically grew in height. The increased stature gave her a chance to spread out her accumulated fat into a large, cream-colored belly. Looking as if her fur was painted onto her lardy form, Carrie stomped her clawed toes in unison with her pudgy fingers. With a twitch of her ears and a grin of her fanged teeth, the newly evolved Snorlax woman stomped down the road with renewed vigor.

Even if Carrie was over 600 pounds heavier than Aimee, the new evolution had brought her a noticeable increase in speed. Trying to keep her companion in sight was deemed impossible to the much smaller Munchlax woman as she tried to catch up. Watching Carrie disappear around the corner, she was forced to pause to take another rest and let her stomach digest.

Taking a few moments to let her body recover, Aimee's mind was left to simmer on the seemingly hopeless situation. Amidst worrying about how she was going to stop the enormous hex maniac, she was brought back to task by a loud crashing noise up ahead. Forcing herself to resume shuffling, her path was guided by a lingering aroma of flatulence that Carrie had so kindly left for her. Forcing herself through the noxious fumes, she managed to arrive at the parlor in the middle of the hex maniac's feast.

With a collection of leftover pizzas stacked high on her belly, Carrie tested the limits of her blubbery arms as she used them to shove the pies into her mouth. Carefully climbing through the broken window left by her companion, Aimee circumvented the leftover puddles of grease in order to approach the massive Snorlax woman. When her shouts were drowned out by her friend's gluttonous chewing and belching, she strained herself to climb on top of the intimidating gut.

The various speeches Aimee had thought up in her head in order to convince her friend to stop were silenced upon seeing the stacks of pizza. Even knowing what the greasy meal would do to her body, the growls from her stomach held back her rational thoughts. The breaking point came once she recognized the threat of Carrie eating it all before she even got a taste.

Crawling forward, Aimee's claws tightly gripped onto her blubbery companion while her face did the work of gobbling up the mixture of cheese, meats, and veggies covered in grease. Her indulgence was rewarded with a delicious flavor that had been long forbidden on her diet as a beauty. Lost in this forgotten sense of gluttony, she didn't realize how much she was eating or growing. She was only forced out of this trance-like state when her dining area began to move.

Rolling off Carrie's stomach, Aimee came to a halt as her body got wedged into a booth seat. Try as she might to get herself to move, her wide hips were thoroughly stuck. While she was dealing with the series of bubbly farts spurting out as she tried to break herself free, her ears perked up the sound of empty pizza boxes being crushed by large feet. Looking away from her own predicament, she watched as the Snorlax woman lumbered through the broken doorway.

"Carrie, where are you BWOOOORPPP going?" Aimee asked.

"Bakery down the UUUUUUUUUURRRPPPP block," Carrie said in a much deeper, huskier voice. "Really tasty. Come with me."

Aimee found the offer appealing, even after Carrie left behind a pungent fart cloud for her to choke on. Watching the hex maniac waddle away, she was filled with a renewed vigor to free herself. On the surface, there was the initial desire of her appetite to find more food to stuff herself. Underneath that was another urge whose nature was unknown to her. Regardless, both reasons got her to push her transformed body to its limits in order to give chase.

Through Aimee's strain of gas and grunts, she didn't seem to notice the bright light that encompassed her body. The fat concentrated into her tiny form expanded outwards to help her grow and break apart the booth in the process. A sense of relief of being free came alongside a strange satisfaction as her larger butt cheeks let rip a rumbling PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT. Ignorant of her new form, she waddled her over 1000 pound body towards the hole left behind by her companion.

The heavy strides of Aimee's body echoed through the streets with each stomp. With every step, jiggles were sent through her bulbous, creamy belly and her set of medicine ball-sized tits. Amidst the sound of her shaking flesh picked up by her pointed ears, she could hear her stomach continue to growl. Rubbing at her gut with her clawed hands, she let her fangs shine under the moonlight as she let her Snorlax instincts carry her forward.

Following the smell of sugar and fumes, Aimee managed to make her way towards the bakery. Just like the pizza parlor from before, the doors had been flung off to leave plenty of room for her to enter. However, she lingered at the entrance as she spotted the pastries put on display in the window. Leaning her plump face up against the glass, she licked her lips in anticipation of the sweet treats.

Aimee paused as the window offered her a reflection of her current appearance. Aside from the color of her widened eyes and her head of hair, she could barely recognize herself. The trim, fit form she had so adored had been swallowed up by this massive figure of gluttony. Pinching at her love handles with her claws, she looked between them and the baked goods trying to tempt her further. For just a moment, she could feel her sense of logic trying to pull her back to the task of recovering from this drastic alteration. That was when she spotted Carrie.

Turning away from her own reflection, Aimee focused in on the purple-furred, Snorlax woman currently helping herself to a collection of different cakes. Crumbs flew out of Carrie's mouth with the help of a belch to roll across her spherical breasts and even larger belly. Leaning to the side, the Snorlax woman made room for more food by unleashing a powerful BRRRRAAAAAPPPPPP from her backside.

As disgusting as the obese, gassy Pokémon woman was, a strange allure pulled Aimee inside. Following these strange feelings, she stepped into this cloud of gas through the open doorway. Her final push came in the form of an unspoken urge that she wanted to be with the hex maniac. That her only desire was to enjoy an indulgent feast with her close companion.

Slamming her own massive rear down on the floor next to Carrie, Aimee only had a moment to linger on the fact that she had somehow become the larger of the two. Witnessing her companion stuff her face with cupcakes, the beauty turned glutton attempted to match pace as she swallowed up dozens of doughnuts in a matter of seconds. Without a hint of remorse or shame, she crawled along the ground to gobble up more food, uncaring of the gas and grunts she let out along the way. Sliding her tongue along the floor to pick up leftover dollops of whip cream created a trail of drools for her belly and breasts to drag across as she continued to stuff herself.

Aimee's unrestrained gluttony came to its peak once she ran into a wedding cake nearly as tall as her. Not caring who had placed the magnificent dessert there for her, she dove in head first. The sweet taste that greeted her tongue with every bite momentarily blinded her to the fact that someone else was eating on the cake. Sniffing the aroma of a rival Snorlax, she went to work increasing her eating speed in the hopes of eating up as much as possible before the intruder could take it away from her.

As the last of the cake crumbled to the ground, Aimee found herself staring straight at Carrie. The two had become similar in their bodies being covered in a thick layer of leftover icing. Though their instincts were still taking each other's scent as a sign to defend their territory, their bellies ended up being the deciding factor. Looking across their fur and seeing how much of the cake clung to their bulk, they put aside any aggression in favor of continuing their sweet feast.

Colliding together like a pair of fleshy wrecking balls, Aimee and Carrie put their tongues to work. Sucking up anything they could get their mouths on had the additional effect of filling them with a different type of desire. Added heat coming from their proximity and gas further riled them up as they embraced one another. This all came to a head once they were staring at each other face to face. In the past, the two had been reluctant to admit to one another the feelings they had been hiding from one another. Thanks to their unbridled status as Snorlax women, those same mental blocks were nowhere to be found as they embraced one another for a kiss.

Locking lips together, Carrie and Aimee re-tasted the night's bounty as they shared burps between their mouths. Their bestial grunts were accompanied by more gas leaking out of their massive rears as their hands poked and prodded with renewed purpose. Fur standing on end and bodies overflowing with passion, they prepared themselves for an evening of getting to intimately explore their new forms.

From outside of the bakery, a group of police watched in awe at what they were seeing. The reports that a pair of Snorlax were running rampant through the city had not thoroughly prepared them for what they were witnessing. At a loss of how to proceed, one of them threw out a Pokeball. Disappearing in a flash of light, gluttonous gassy couple were sucked up into the

sphere. Holding their noses and covering their ears from the smells and sounds coming from inside the ball, the police carried it off to the station to decide on what to do with the slobby Snorlax women.