

## Iono's Mukbang Mayhem

The moment the stream turned on and Iono's trademark blue and pink, magnemite-shaped hair pins came into view, her viewers started to pour in with donations and praise for the electrifying gym leader. With a flick of her long, pink and blue hair, the energetic streamer came into view to show off her pointy teeth and wide grin. Basking in the admiration of her adoring audience, she made a show of waving around the long sleeves of the yellow jacket that engulfed her tiny form and obscured the grey bodysuit she wore underneath.

"Your eyeballs are MINE-caught in my Electroweb!" Iono announced. "Whosawhatsit? Iono! 'Ello, 'ello, hola! Ciao and bonjour! It's time for the Iono Zone, everybody!"

Waiting for the surge of pre-stream cheers to finish up, Iono slid across the floor in her chair to reveal that she was in her gaming room. "A couple of my loyal viewers may realize that this is a very different kind of stream. Gym challenges have been a little sparse lately, but that doesn't mean I want to deprive you of your electrifying super star. So I'm coming to you live for some game time. Before that though, I've got a little business to take care of."

Sliding back towards her computer, Iono reached below her desk to pull out a soda cup and a foot long sandwich rolled up in paper. Unwrapping the meal like a present in full view the camera, she allowed both the viewers and herself to admire the excellent craftsmanship of the meal. Holding back a bit of drool as her eyes gleamed over the carefully piled meat, cheese, and vegetables, she turned her attention back towards her viewers.

"Today the stream is going to be sponsored by Every Wich Way!" Iono proclaimed, holding up the sandwich for the camera. "All across Paldea you can stop into their shops to get a delicious meal like this. Let's give it a try!"

Opening up her mouth wide, Iono put her sharp teeth to good use as she bit down. As she chewed, she couldn't help shaking from the wonderful flavors that graced her tongue.

Swallowing the lump, she wiped the crumbs from her face before addressing the chat again.

"The taste is as powerful as a 10,000,000-volt Thunderbolt!" Iono said before going in for a second bite. "Hope you don't mind that I keep snacking on this while we play for a bit."

Over the course of the stream, Iono attempted to balance her attention between the game and her viewers as she stuffed her face with the sandwich. Each bite was just as delectable as the last, pushing her on to eat more and more. Constant sips from her soda helped her to get through the sizable sandwich and wash down the meaty flavors with a hint of sweetness. Not fully paying attention to what she was doing accidentally let a few crumbs and condiment droplets linger on her face and clothes. She only seemed to notice these spills as she drew to the end of her stream and finished off her sandwich.

"Hehe, guess I was a little hungrier than I thought," Iono said, trying to play off her act of gluttony as act of adorable clumsiness. "Just goes to show how good these are. Next time you pass by an Every Wich Way, make sure you order one of these shockingly good BWOORP!"

Iono paused, her ears ringing with the lingering echo of the burp. Glancing over at the chat, her face went red as she looked over the various messages reacting to her little outburst. Trying to save face with her typical grin, she turned back towards the stream.

"Excuse me," Iono said, wiping away the crumbs from her face and forcing herself through the leftover smell of her burp. "I guess I ate little too much a little too fast. That's my cue to sign off for now. If you found this stream as exciting as an Electrode that's about to explode, don't forget to follow me for the next one. Your eyeballs are MINE—caught in my Electroweb! Whosawhatsit? Iono the Supercharged Streamer! Catch y'all later!"

Finished with her typical sign off, Iono shut down the stream and allowed her smile to drop. No longer being watched, she buried her face in her sleeves as she thought back to her embarrassing display. As she pondered how soon it would be until the clip of her belching was spread throughout the web, she heard an e-mail notification.

Lifting up her head, Iono opened up the e-mail to see it was from Every Wich Way. Though the message was short, it conveyed that the sales of online orders saw a significant boost over the course of the stream. Once she read over the amount offered for participating in more sponsorship deals, she very quickly put back on her wide grin.

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“Your eyeballs are MINE-caught in my Electroweb!” Iono announced, her two chins jiggling to keep up with her slower, but still energetic movements. “Whosawhatis? Iono! ‘Ello, ’ello, hola! Ciao and bonjour! It’s time for the Iono Zone, everybody!”

With her initial introduction out of the way, Iono pushed her chair back from the camera with the intention of showing off her entire body. She had to go further than before due to the added weight she had accumulated over the course of multiple sponsored food streams. Her added bulk took the form of deposits of chubby fat spread around her once skinny figure.

A prominent potbelly pushed out the front of Iono’s jacket as if it were trying to steal the spotlight from the streamer. The silver bodysuit beneath struggled a bit to keep her heftier chest in check, with a few leftover crumbs from her pre-stream snack still clinging to the material. Wobbling her pudgy rear in her seat to get comfortable, she tried to ignore the feeling of her underwear sinking deeper between her chubby butt cheeks to maintain her usual persona.

“As you all may know, I’ve been getting quite a few food sponsors lately,” Iono said, waving about her pudgy arms and accidentally straining her already overburdened sleeves.

“Rather than try to squeeze them in during my usual streams, I’ve decided to devote this entire evening to my very first mukbang. I’ll be going through each meal of the night along with the generous sponsor that provided them to me. If you stop by one or all of these places, make sure you let them know how your favorite streamer made them shine bright like a lightbulb.”

Getting the business side of the stream out of the way, Iono opened up the first box of food that had been given to her. She started her feast with a serving of mapo tofu followed by a serving of pepper steak. The meal that would have fed the streamer for a full day only served as an appetizer for her hungry belly. After that, her next indulgence came in the form of a serving of quesadillas packed to burst with cheese, meat, and onions. Additional meals made their mark in the form of more stains and crumbs finding their way onto her outfit. By the time she dug her spoon into a bowl of ice cream, she had completely forgotten to call out the names of the sponsors. However, she did stop her chewing every so often to allow a collection of burps to leave her lips and make room for more food.

Nearing the end of the massive meal, Iono had purposefully set aside another sandwich from Every Wich Way for the grand finale. The bread nearly slid off as she wrapped her hands around it to admire the thick layers of meat and cheese. Opening up her mouth wide and sinking in her teeth to drizzle her chest with sauce, she fell into a state of heavenly bliss from the taste alone. That was until she heard a noise rumbling from her stomach.

Just before Iono could go in for a second bite, she was stopped again by another ominous groan from her gut. Brushing aside the crumbs clinging to her stuffed belly, she rubbed her fingers along its surface to try and calm it down. Her efforts only succeeded in further riling up

her digestive tract. Unable to withstand the building pressure, she relented in letting out a small PHHHRRRTTT from her backside. Basking in the feeling of relief helped her to ignore the resulting smell. However, the true consequences entered her mind as she realized that she was still live.

“I-ignore that,” Iono said, a flush of red on her cheeks. “That was the, um, chair creaking. Let me just-“

Iono was silenced as another loud fart came rippling out of her rear to further stink up her room. Wincing at the smell and sound, she thought for sure that this little outburst would be the end of her career. Opening up her eyes and forcing herself to look at the chat, she was surprised to see her view count start to rise. Her audience began to flood in with donations and messages of encouragement for her gassy, pudgy self. Gradually becoming accustomed to the unique appeal of her current form, she once more put on a toothy grin.

Getting up from her seat, Iono lifted up the hem of her jacket to allow her to grab a handful of her belly fat. Whilst she kept an eye on her growing audience, she began to vigorously shake her gut to further provoke the gas inside. The result was a prolonged BRRAAAAAPPPP that sent ripples through her entire body. Planting her chubby rear back in her seat, the elated streamer slid back up to her desk to bounce into it with her swollen gut and to address the entranced viewers.

“That one was probably strong enough to power all of Levincia,” she announced. Picking up the rest of her sandwich, she held it up in full view of the camera. “And I’m not UUUURRP even all the way done. Let’s see what I can do with this whole thing in my tummy.”

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Though it had been three months since any trainers had come to challenge the Levincia gym, people were still coming in droves to watch Iono's streams. In turn, she was more than happy to accept both her new viewers and sponsorship opportunities to keep things interesting for everyone, but especially herself. These countless streams split between gaming and mukbangs had made her more popular than ever before. Then again, it was mostly due to people wanting to see what had become of the electrifying streamer due to her degrading condition. This was made quite apparent as the stream turned on and everyone got to see her trademark, yellow jacket relegated to hanging on the wall in her room as Iono waddled her way into view.

Pushing the very limits of the chair that had been custom made to be about as wide as a couch, Iono planted her gigantic ass down to start the stream. Looking into the camera, anyone that tuned in got a chance to look over her Bellibolt-like visage and her Snorlax sized body. A good amount of attention was placed around her sizable gut, the boulder of fat rolls left to hang free between her legs to collect bit of food in its belly button and crevasses. The grey body suit she used to wear had been replaced with a similarly colored crop top that just barely had enough material to contain her pair of engorged, meaty breasts along with a splatter of sauces from the several meals she had eaten earlier in the day. A pair of overburdened black shorts were subjected to her wide waist and backside, with further stress being put on the fabric with each blast of horrid flatulence that came bursting out. A singular, grey stocking was stretched out along the length of one of her bulky legs, the thick limbs just as blubbery as the set of arms she rested upon her luscious love handles.

Scooting her way back and forth to make sure everyone could get a good look at her, Iono eventually managed to center the camera's view on her face. Her chubby cheeks were

flanked on both sides by long locks of her pink and teal hair. The strands' former luster was offset by a coating of oil that mimicked the heavy layers of grease on her multiple rows of chins. Hair pins still managing to keep her unkempt hair in place left her face visible alongside the red blemishes that dotted her complexion. Despite the visage that she had been so certain would be the end of her career, the smile she bore as she greeted her audience made it clear that her appreciation for her unique form of streaming had grown alongside her weight.

“Your eyeballs are MINE-caught in my BWOOOOOOORRRPP Electroweb!” Iono belched. “Whosawhatis? Iono! ‘Ello, ’ello, hola! Ciao and UUUUUUUURRRPP bonjour! It’s time for the Iono Zone, everybody!”

The gassy outbursts did the trick of getting the donations pouring in. Adding further fuel to the fire, Iono reached out to grab her belly rolls and give them a shake. With a wobble of her rear, she further demonstrated her sloppy self through the use of a loud BRRRAAAAAPPPPP bursting out of her rear end.

“Looks like my BOOOOOUUUURRRP body has opened up just enough space for tonight’s mukbang session,” Iono said, wasting little time piling take out containers onto her desk. “As always, I’ll be a little too UUUURRRP busy to list my sponsors, but there will be links on my social media for anyone else that BWOOOOOOORRRRRP wants to try some of this delicious food.”

Unwrapping a bundle of deep fried rice balls, Iono opened her mouth wide to devour them in the span of a few minutes. Though a few grains managed to escape her hungry maw, they were soon caught in her chins to be snatched up by her pudgy fingers. Licking her plump lips clean of sauce, she showed her appreciation for the meal with a guttural belch before moving onto the next course.

Rather than waste time looking for a spoon, Iono dove her hand into a bowl of curry to shove it straight into her mouth. The rude method did the job of keeping up with her appetite and slathering droppings all across her body. Lifting the bowl up to her face, she showed little hesitation in licking it clean of anything that was left. Placing the empty container to the side, she freely rubbed her fingers along her belly button to further slather it with curry and rile up her digestion. Pausing to let the impact of a loud PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT ripple out of her quivering rear and be heard by the stream, she once more reached towards her collection of indulgent meals.

One after another Iono ate her way through plates of food that were typically more than enough to feed a single person or more. This indulgent feasting was helped along by constant swigs from large bottles of soda bearing her trademark lightning bolt. The sugary drink had come from a collaboration with one of her sponsors to provide the perfect beverage to go along with her gluttonous binge sessions. Combining optimum sweetness and fizz created a drink that both washed down her meals, while providing more than enough gas bubbles to fuel her various outbursts.

By the halfway point of her feast, the skin tight outfit clinging to Iono's body had become a mess of stains and dropped food. Barely a single speck of flesh was visible around her stomach, the viewers only getting a chance to glimpse at the pale flesh underneath whenever she saw fit to drag her sausage-like fingers across her belly to re-collect any misplaced morsels. Reaching the apex of the stream, her engagement with her viewers devolved into a non-stop bombardment of burps and farts that far outnumbered any words that managed to leave her mouth in-between bites. Though the smell was something she had long grown accustomed to as



just another feature of her body, the sound of her gassy expulsions still had the issue of blocking out most other noises. Such as the ringing of her own phone.

Unable to ignore the buzzing sensation any longer, Iono swallowed the rest of her sandwich to leave a hand free to answer the call. Diving her hand beneath her belly fat, she managed to pull out the phone and hold it up to her face. Upon looking at the message, the lethargy in her eyes was replaced with a surge of adrenaline. Looking away from the message, she turned once more to face the viewers.

“It BWOOOOOOORRRRP looks like someone has come to challenge me,” Iono said, trying to maintain a nervous grin through the belch. “Guess today’s show will be a bit more UUUUUURRP electrifying than I thought. Give me a sec and I’ll be right back.”

Turning off the stream for a moment, Iono hunched forward in a panic. Scrunching up her belly rolls and rocking in her seat unleashed a reverberating fart that only added to the pounding sensation in her head. She knew that it was her responsibility as a gym leader to take all challengers, but her battling skills were just as out of shape as her own body.

Picking up her head again, Iono locked her eyes on one of the many sandwiches that had made her like this. Picking it up between her fingers, she watched thick droplets of grease trickle from the multiple layers of meat packed tightly between the two pieces of bread. Opening up her mouth wide, she managed to eat all of it in a matter of seconds before grabbing another sandwich. Through a tirade of binging, burping, and farting, her mind began to race for ideas on how to avoid having to fight. Her only solace was the thought that she would come up with an idea while she ate through her spread of food. Either that, or she would create a body odor seeped in her noxious fumes that would force any challengers to leave her alone to continue her blissful life as the premiere, sloppy streamer.