

Roxie's Koffing Encounter

Despite the serene grace of a night lit by the full moon, Roxie couldn't help grumbling to herself. Even though she knew she had to hold up her duties as a gym leader, there were a plethora of things she would rather be doing. Her band had a show coming up soon, but practice had to be put on hold until she could deal with reports of someone lurking around the Virbank Complex.

Kicking open the chain-link fence with her leather boot helped to expunge some of her pent up frustration. Lowering her leg back down, she fixed up the hem of the oversized, blue and purple striped sweater that covered up her black dress beneath. Waving about her topknot ponytail of white hair, she strode forward only to stop at the sight of a strange individual in a grey, hooded robe standing amidst the warehouses.

His head was bowed down as if he was in prayer, rambling over and over again about something called "The All Seeing One". Since he was the only suspicious looking person nearby, Roxie got his attention with a loud stomp of her foot. The loud noise barely shook the strange person as he continued his chanting. A second, much more powerful slam against the side of a warehouse got him to look towards her and show off his buzz cut, black hair and an eye painted across his forehead in black and white paint.

"I beg your pardon miss," the stranger began, "but it is quite dangerous here. I would advise vacating the premises until I can either contact my master or the authorities arrive."

"I am the authorities," Roxie replied as she strode up to the man without an inkling of fear. "I'm Roxie, leader of the Virbank Gym. Who are you?"

“Oh, my name is Oko,” he replied, extending his arm for a handshake only to be ignored by Roxie. “Did I hear correctly that you’re a gym leader?”

“Yeah, and a good one at that,” she answered with her head held high.

“Excellent,” Oko said with a beaming smile. “Then this should be no problem for you.”

Roxie’s ego deflated as she was reminded that she wasn’t there to be praised. “What are you talking about?”

“Admittedly it’s my own fault,” he said, tapping his fingers together. “I decided to feed the local Koffing population some treats but didn’t realize the...adverse effects they would have on their bodies. I was contemplating the best way to incapacitate them, but I’m sure it will be no problem for a young woman like yourself.” Oko paused and tilted his head as he looked over Roxie’s slim figure. “You are over 18, right? They wouldn’t allow a child to run a gym, I would hope.”

Roxie grimaced. “Of course, I am,” she said as she stomped past Oko. “Once I’m done fixing your mess, I expect you to answer for everything you’ve done.”

“Best of luck to you,” he called out as she continued deeper into the complex.

Making her way past the eerie looking warehouses and thick fog, Roxie kept her eyes peeled for any sign of the affected Koffing. The first hint that she was going in the right direction was when an acrid odor wafted into her nostrils. Her confident stride faltered as she stumbled back to press her sleeve against her nose. Pushing herself through the noxious miasma, she stomped through the tall grass towards a group of Koffing.

They appeared normal at first, their orb-shaped, deep purple bodies covered in gas-emitting protrusions spread across their forms. What was peculiar was the dark green vapors that

seeped out of them that gave them an unusually powerful odor. On top of that, they're usually content faces were replaced with expressions of discomfort as they floated around under the power of their tainted air. Daring to take another step closer, Roxie took notice of the usual skull and crossbones markings on the Koffing had been replaced with the image of an eye similar to the one she had seen on Oko's forehead.

"Don't worry little guys," Roxie said, pulling out the Pokeball containing her Scolipede. "I'll get you to a Pokemon center, I just have to--"

Roxie nearly bit her tongue as a rogue Koffing slammed into her back. Stumbling to the ground, she got onto her hands and knees to try and find where she had dropped her Pokeball. She paused as an ominous shadow blocked her from the moonlight. Looking up, she saw the same Koffing as before peering down on her with an unsettling grin. Before she had a chance to get away, the Koffing pushed out a load of toxic gas from its various orifices to enshroud her.

Thrown into a coughing fit, Roxie rolled away from the cloud in an attempt to find fresh air. Using the side of a warehouse to help her stand up, she tried desperately to get the rancid fumes out of her lungs. She began beating on her chest, succeeding in getting some of the gas out through a series of small burps.

Roxie stopped her self-treatment once her fist hit against her belly. Forcing herself to lean through a lingering cloud from a gnarly belch, she stared down to see her once flat belly had bulged outwards a full inch. Sliding her fingers along the protrusion confirmed that it wasn't her imagination. Daring to sink her fist into her belly bulge gifted her with a reverberating fart that further irritated her sense of smell.

Stumbling through a noxious fog of her own making led Roxie to running into the middle of a gathering of the corrupted Koffing. Bobbing around her, they each seemed to take notice of her swollen belly and the rancid air that slipped from her mouth and rear. They all began to float closer to her, storing up their gas in an obvious attempt to worsen her condition. Before they could be set off, Roxie tried to leap out of the way. Her escape was hindered just enough by her potbelly to get her a face full of toxic fumes on her way out.

Not stopping until she had found cover behind a warehouse, Roxie tried to keep herself quiet as the Koffing searched for her. The task was made all the more difficult by the sound of her sweater beginning to tear under the strain of her still swelling stomach. While seeing her gut attempt to slip out of her clothes was worrying, it was of little concern as she desperately tried to hold in her building gas.

Shuffling further away from ground zero, she clenched her butt cheeks together and kept her mouth clamped shut. Her strategy kept all but a few tiny squeaks of gas from escaping her body. Confident that she could make a stealthy escape, she turned her head towards the complex's front gates.

A single step forward triggered a loud PHHHRRRTTTT to echo from her. She was sure that she had kept her lips and backside closed, drawing her eyes towards a foul smelling vapor coming from her exposed shoulder. Turning her head, she couldn't prevent a belch from leaving her mouth alongside a yelp as she beheld a purple-shaded bump along her skin.

Daring to press her finger against the protrusion gifted her with another face full of the noxious odor. A desperate attempt to rid herself of the self-made gas cloud made her lose control of her body. Flatulence reverberated from her backside unhindered, partially covering up the

sound of her clothes being ripped asunder. A series of loud BWWOOOOORRRRPS from her mouth left her ears ringing and swelled her belly at an alarming pace. No longer able to cap off her gas, she barely noticed the series of bumps that had spread across both shoulders and along her arms.

Roxie's thoughts turned to looking for someone to help her condition. Her mind set on beating up Oko until he found a way to fix her, she took another step and nearly fell over from the sheer force of a rippling fart. As she wobbled back and forth to keep her bulbous belly in control, she noticed that her footsteps carried less weight than usual. Letting her leg linger in the air, she could feel something inside of her trying to lift it higher. Daring to take a short leap, her body momentarily spun through the air for a few seconds before she forced herself back down to the ground.

Realizing that she was becoming more of a Koffing as her body filled with gas, she upped her escape efforts. Uncaring of whatever orifice her gas spurted out from, she made a mad dash to leave the complex. She had hoped that the constant expulsions would be enough to keep her transformation at bay. However, the sheer speed of her deteriorating condition brought her sprint to safety to a screeching halt.

With the outer gates in sight, Roxie ended up tumbling over her own gut as it finally broke free of her sweater. In a daze from rolling against a warehouse and the resulting gas bomb, she attempted to stand up only to freeze at the sight of the purple splotches that covered her taut belly. Running her fingers along her stomach let her feel the various pustules along it that constantly poured out noxious gas. Straining herself to see past her stomach, she saw an all too familiar eye mark above her newly made outie belly button.

Even with her lighter than air body, she found it hard to stand up by the mere fact that her swelling form had begun to envelop her limbs. Wobbling herself back and forth released a torrent of gas from her various orifices, spreading the purple coloring across her skin until it completely covered her body. Over the sounds of her last of her clothes being torn apart by her bloating mass, she heard something similar to beachballs bouncing against the nearby wall.

Roxie stared in horror as the group of Koffing from earlier slowly floated towards her. The motivation of her impending doom did little to aid her in getting her on her feet and away from the encroaching horde. Using a wayward fart as leverage, she managed to roll herself away from the warehouse wall to delay her fate by a few seconds. Left laying on her swollen gut in the middle of the field, she could only watch as the Koffing drew near. Gathering around her as if she were their mother, they all began to suck up air.

All at once the Koffing let out their noxious fumes. Roxie's singed nostrils were further tormented by the chorus of her own toxic air that escaped from her body. Unable to prevent her gassy expulsions from joining in with the Koffing, she felt her belly further swell to overwhelm the rest of her. She became a perfect sphere in a matter of moments, erasing any trace of curvature from her chest or fragrant backside. Her feet and hands sunk into her mass, allowing them to only wriggle helplessly as their owner continued to grow. With her neck getting sucked into her mass, Roxie's mind couldn't help likening her engorged form to that of an overfed Snorlax.

Through a loud BWOOOOOOORRRRP Roxie attempted to shoo the Koffing away. The gassy belch finally gave her body the last push needed to make her completely buoyant. Bobbing and bouncing along the ground, she was maneuvered through the complex by the

overeager Koffing. Tumbling around and around, one last blast of gas from the bumps lining her tummy freed her from the herd and sent her into the sky.

Understandably freaked out by the concept of floating up into the atmosphere, Roxie wracked her brain trying to come up with a solution. She found one, but she couldn't help grimacing at the method. Using what little movement was allowed to her hands and feet, she swiveled herself around to have her rounded rear face the sky. Gritting her teeth, she forced out a concentrated BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPPP of flatulence that allowed her to descend.

While the fart helped her avoid certain doom, she found it difficult to control herself as the overwhelming force of her flatulence sent her careening towards the ground at an alarming speed. Puffing up her cheeks, she let out a boisterous burp to stop herself from slamming into the dirt with mere inches to spare and sent her back into the air. Going back and forth between gas expulsions from her mouth and anus to keep her safe, she tried to use the various bumps along her skin to stabilize herself. After several tries, the protrusions started to listen to her bodily commands. While it was demeaning to create such an uproar of rude noises and horrific smells, her efforts eventually brought her to a semi-stable state.

Floating herself back down to a few feet above the ground, she attempted to use the moment of peace to rid herself of her condition. Clenching her fingers together, she released all of her gas at once from every orifice possible. For a minute straight, the complex was filled with the echoes of her various expulsions. While her attempt was valiant, all that left her with was a rancid odor clinging to her nose and the horde of Koffing coming in to bask in her lingering stench.

Just before the Koffing could begin to play with her bloated body again, a strange, blue glow surrounded them. As if they were grasped by invisible hands, the Koffing were pulled away from Roxie and shoved into an open warehouse. With the last Koffing shoved inside, a Claydol rammed its body against the door to seal them up. Roxie's gratitude towards her savior lasted until she noticed that the Claydol's eyes mimicked that of the one responsible for her predicament in the first place.

A series of pungent gas clouds were forced out of Roxie as a rope lassoed itself around her. Yanked through the air, she found herself left to hover like an overinflated balloon above Oko. Pulling her down to face level, he tried his best to look non-threatening with his smile hidden by a gas mask.

"I see things haven't quite gone the way you planned," he commented.

"You BWOOOOOOOORRRRRRP think?" Roxie belched back.

Oko winced at the resulting cloud of noxious fumes. "Sorry for the trouble. I do intend to fix things. I'll return to turn the Koffings back to normal once I figure out how to take care of your condition." Pulling Roxie along by her tether, Oko started walking towards the gate. "Let's head over to your gym. It should make for a good spot to keep you from floating off until I can come up with a cure."

Roxie went wide-eyed. "Wait, please I--"

A rippling PPHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTT coming from Roxie's rear drowned out the rest of her speech. Any further attempts to communicate with Oko were cut off by a near endless number of gassy expulsions coming from her disobedient body. As the sun started to rise, Roxie was horrified to see how a few people walking the streets reacted to her

compromised state. Their expressions of shock and awe were quickly covered up by their arms as they ran off to escape the atrocious smell. Letting out a half sigh and belch, she mentally prepared herself for the moment where her band mates would witness what had become of her. At the very least, she would have a long break from her gym leader duties.