

## Lusamine and Lillie's Legendary Lethargy

It had taken many years to come to this moment, but Lillie wouldn't have traded it for anything in the world. In the past, her relationship with her mother had been a shaky one at best. This had all culminated in a disaster involving ultra beasts and legendary Pokémon that shook the Aether Foundation and the entire region of Alola to its core. While several years had been spent just getting the organization back to its former glory, for Lillie her main task during that period had been to repair the damage that had been done between her and her mother.

Wizened by her journey through the Kanto region and having recently reached the age of 18, Lillie made her way through the Aether Foundation's halls with a sense of pride. Letting her green eyes trace over the sterile, white walls, she couldn't help feeling like she would blend in with her white blouse and skirt. The scientists that she passed along the way that could recognize her by her blonde hair tied up into a short ponytail were sure to greet her with a warm smile. She returned the gesture, but still had the unsettling feeling in the back of her mind that this peace could all be undone by the experiment that was about to be performed.

Entering the elevator, Lillie typed in the code needed to reach the lowest floor of the facility. When the doors opened up again, it revealed a large chamber filled with various machines and computers. In the center of the room was a large, metal ring connected to a network of crisscrossed cables. It was around this imposing device did she manage to spot her mother making sure everything was ready.

Intently concentrating on her task, it took a few moments for Lusamine to notice her daughter walk in, her green eyes focused on the screen in front of her. Eventually the sound of Lillie's shoes against the floor got the scientists to turn around with a wave of her curtain-like,

waist long blonde hair. Keeping her locks at bay with her dainty, pale arm, she began to make her way towards her daughter with her black shoes tapping against the tiles.

As the two women finally met face to face, Lillie took a moment to bring her gaze over her mother's classic lab attire of a white dress, with yellow highlights across the skirt. Moving her eyesight away from the large diamond affixed to her mother's chest, she was relieved to see the look of genuine joy on Lusamine's face. Breaking through years of neglect, the woman revealed the extent of her progress by reaching out to hug her daughter.

"I am so glad you could be here with me today," Lusamine said, having to lean down to be at head level with Lillie.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," Lillie replied, giving her mother a tight squeeze before allowing her to part. "Could you tell me how this is going to happen? It might make things easier for my team if we're aware of what could pop out of the wormhole."

"While I'm sure your Pokémon are more than capable of taking on any threat," Lusamine began, "you do have a point. The ultra beast that the scientists have been tracking hasn't shown up in any of our records before. At best, we can see a striking resemblance to a Guzlord, albeit with some 'unusual' additions."

Lillie raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure this is alright? I know it's been a few years, but I'm pretty sure those things haven't gotten any safer."

"We have taken extra precautions to avoid any unnecessary risk," Lusamine said, gesturing for Lillie to follow her over to the control panel. "At the first sign of danger, fail safes have been put in place to shut the machines down at a moment's notice. If this is successful, it could give our foundation a much needed boost in funds after my... error in judgement so many years ago." Clenching her fingers, she turned back towards her daughter with a similar look of

concern. “I’m not nearly as stubborn as I used to be, so I’ll let you be the judge. If you want me to stop, then just say the word.”

Looking between the metal ring and the genuine expression on her mother’s face, Lillie took a deep breath and replied with a soft smile. “Let’s do this,” she said, stepping up to stand beside Lusamine. “I’ll support you as best I can.”

Lusamine returned the gesture with a much wider grin. “Then let’s not waste any more time.”

Tapping her fingers against the control panel, Lusamine turned on the machine. Sparks of energy began to crackle along the inner part of the ring. This coalesced into a collection of flashing lights that gradually opened up a wormhole to ultra space. Thanks to many years of additional research, the foundation had managed to build a machine capable of containing the immense power of the tear. However, none of them could have prepared for what would come out.

Lillie and Lusamine stared with their mouths wide open as something began to appear in the hole. Its presence was heralded by an overwhelming odor that made the sterile lab smell like the enclosure for a pack of Garbodor. The aroma forced the women to stare through teary eyes to see the bulbous figure peeking out of the hole. They only managed to get a glimpse of its black and white eye before the beast returned their kindness with an arc of black lightning that shot out of its pupil.

As the energy struck the women, they collapsed onto the floor. Struggling to her feet, Lusamine rushed to shut off the machine. Climbing up to the panel, she and Lillie watched as the portal began to close up. As the image of the beast disappeared, they couldn’t help feeling like they heard it laughing at them.

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Swinging her legs over the side of the examination table, Lillie let her fingers linger on the part of her chest where she had been attacked by the mysterious ultra beast. At a glance, there didn't seem to be anything wrong with her. The medical examination had not revealed any bizarre mutations or symptoms. Still, the only way she managed to keep herself calm was by using her free hand to brush her fingers through the fluffy, snow white fur of her Ninetails.

"Are you sure there was nothing else you saw?" Wicke asked, fixing her wide-rimmed, pink glasses as she spoke.

"I'm afraid we've told you everything we could," Lusamine, copying her daughter's habits as her hand pressed against her mid-section. "My daughter and I only caught a glimpse of the creature before the machine was shut off. I don't intend to turn it back on until we're sure we have some way to contain that thing."

"That is quite the shame," Wicke replied, pushing back her purple hair. "The first experiment you participate in after your return, and it ends in a disaster."

"It's not all bad," Lusamine replied, walking her way over to Lillie. "At the very least, neither of us seem to be seriously harmed."

"I suppose you have a point," Wicke commented. "For now you seem fine, but we'll have to run some extra tests to be sure. Until then, we'll be sure to monitor your vitals for any signs of—"

Wicke was stopped by a light tap against the door.

"You may enter," Lusamine called out.

Entering the room was none other than Lusamine's Mismagius. The purple ghost Pokémon floated through the room straight towards its master. Balanced in the witchy creature's arms was a white box. Even before Lusamine opened up the package, Lillie could tell what it was by the smell that wafted into her nose.

"Malasadas?" Lillie asked as her mother pulled one of the fried pastries out of the box.

"Correct," Lusamine replied, helping herself to a bite. "I was feeling a little hungry, so I asked Mismagius to get something for us to snack on. My original intent was to use them to celebrate a successful experiment." Opening up her mouth wide, she managed to scarf down the rest of the pastry. "I have to say, I've never tried one of these myself for fear of what it would do to my figure. I never imagined that they would be this tasty." Helping herself to a second Malasada, she offered one to her daughter. "Here, try it."

Graciously accepting the pastry, Lillie took a bite. The flavor that delighted her tongue seemed to elevate the standard dessert to a new level for her. Though she tried to make the taste last as long as possible, it was only a matter of time before her appetite got the better of her. Driven by a sudden hunger pang, she joined in with her mother to eat through the entire box.

By the time Lillie and Lusamine were finished eating, they were left with a container devoid of crumbs. The after effects of their meal could be seen in the sizable food babies that bulged out from their mid-sections. Sitting side by side on one of the medical bay's beds, they took their time licking any leftovers from their fingers between rubbing at their guts to ease their digestion.

"That was pretty impressive," Wicke commented. "I've never seen a person go through a box of Malasadas so quickly. Even with the help of another person."

“We must have been pretty hungry from the adrenaline rush we got from the experiment,” Lillie pointed out. “Sorry, we probably should have saved at least one for you. Ninetails, how about you go out to the cafeteria to look for BWOOOOORRRRRPPPP!”

Lillie shifted her eyes back and forth as the last of the burp finished bouncing off the walls. Wicke’s face was one of complete shock, however she wasn’t the main point of the young woman’s attention. Recalling what her childhood was like, she completely expected to see her mother’s eyes filled with rage at her lack of manners. Instead, what she saw was a look of gentle understanding that was only interrupted as Lusamine let loose with a bellowing belch of her own.

“Are you sure you’re feeling okay?” Wicke asked.

“Yes, I’m sure,” Lusamine replied, stifling a follow up burp with the back of her hand. “It’s just been a long time since either of us have eaten like that. We’ll have to be a little easier on our stomachs from now on. Right?”

“Y-yeah,” Lillie replied, at a loss of how to react to her mother’s sudden outburst. “Can I head back to my room for now? I think I need to rest after the day’s events.”

“Of course dear,” Lusamine answered. “You run along ahead. I’ll catch up once I’m done talking with Wicke about the details of the experiment.”

“Thank you,” Lillie said, giving a polite bow before making her way out of the medical bay.

On the way back to her room, Lillie couldn’t help thinking back to the burping session with her mother. It was so unlike the formerly strict woman to let out such a rude noise so freely. Thinking back to the thing she saw in the testing chamber, she couldn’t help shaking the feeling that it had something to do with the creature she saw. This thought fell to the wayside as she heard her stomach let out a growl of hunger. Keeping it calm with the promise of grabbing some

snacks on the way back to her room, she moved on with the comforting notion that Wicke and Lusamine would get things under control.

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Seated under the shade of a tree in one of the Aether Foundation's gardens, Lillie tried to lean back and relax. For several days, she and her mother had gone through various tests to see if there was anything causing their strange behavior. The most prominent theory was that the phenomena was a result of their run in with the strange creature. However, there didn't appear to be any solid evidence of lingering effects from the being. Even still, no one could deny that the formerly graceful mother and daughter had gone through a drastic series of changes ever since that fateful day due to their overactive appetites.

Cozying up to the tree, Lillie tilted her head down to be met with the sight of her prominent potbelly. Poking at her bulged out mid-section revealed it to be all too real as it swayed against the fabric of her top. Moving her hand further up let her feel the added heft that had been layered onto her bosom as well. A quick slide of her fingers across the back of her skirt allowed her to assure herself that the extra bit of fat that had found its way around her backside was still there.

Letting out a sigh as she continued to poke at her chub, Lillie tried to will the weight away by pushing into it. This effort only succeeded in stirring up the sizable breakfast she had scarfed down that morning. She realized her mistake too late as her mouth was forced open to let out a low belch. Stifling another burp by placing her hand across her lips still left her backside free to let loose a puff of flatulence. Wrinkling her nose at the smell of the wayward fart, she quickly got up from her seat to try and find some fresh air.

Wandering across the grass, Lillie spotted her mother walking along the path towards her. Just like her daughter, Lusamine was sporting several pockets of fat that distorted her formerly, model-like figure. Lillie got a good look at her mother's gut swinging around within the confines of her strained dress as they got closer. As the belly jiggled around, it forced a burp up Lusamine's throat to blow out a cloud reeking of her previous meal. Not to be outdone, her chubby rear answered back with its own blast of flatulence that momentarily made Lillie wish she had stayed back at her tree.

"Are you feeling UURRP alright?" Lusamine asked. "You look tired."

"Sorry, I've just been a little BWOORRRRPP worried," Lillie replied. "The researchers have been doing everything they can to figure out what's wrong with us, yet we're still completely in the dark. I'm kind of scared of what's going to happen if this continues."

Placing her hand on Lillie's shoulder, Lusamine leaned in for a hug. While the embrace was appreciated, the force of the two women's bellies pressing into one another led to them both unleashing reverberating farts that surrounded them in a cloud of noxious fumes. Breaking out of the hug before the smell became too much, Lillie still showed a semblance of calm on her face from the simple act of intimacy.

"While I can't promise that we'll UUURRP get better any time soon, just know that we'll get through this together," Lusamine said.

"Thanks mom, I really BOOUUURRRP needed that," Lillie replied.

"Excellent," Lusamine declared, clapping her hands together. "Now with that out of the way, I believe it's time for lunch."



“Is that really a good idea?” Lillie asked, her hesitation not stopping her from following her mother down the path. “We ate just a little while ago and our stomachs haven’t UUURRP settled down yet. Shouldn’t we take it easy in-case it makes our conditions worse?”

“I understand why you’re BWOORRRP concerned, ”Lusamine began, pausing to turn her backside away from Lillie as another fart burst out “but it’s not healthy for us to deny our bodies the nutrition they need. Now come along, I have something special planned for us.”

Lillie and Lusamine’s walk came to an end as they happened upon a blanket spread out across a patch of grass under the shade of a tree. The impromptu picnic area was host to a collection of sandwiches and drinks taken directly from the foundation’s cafeteria. The finishing touches of bags of chips were carefully spread out by Lusamine’s Lilligant. Watching the vines of her own Venusaur place a collection of brownies to finish the spread, Lillie was left with more than a few questions.

“I hope you don’t mind me borrowing one of your partners,” Lusamine said, taking her spot in the center of the blanket, “but I needed the extra help. Now come along. You must be BWOORRRP famished.”

As cautious as Lillie was about their overactive appetites, her concern was overwritten by the look on her mother’s face and a hungry growl from her gut. Taking her place next to Lusamine, she helped herself to one of the smaller sandwiches to start herself off. The single nibble she made at the meal treated her tongue to a delectable flavor. Though she questioned how such typically bland food could taste so good, that didn’t prevent her hunger from pushing her forward to take another, much larger bite.

Gradually increasing her speed to keep up with her appetite, Lillie occasionally glanced over to check on her mother. Just like her, Lusamine seemed to revel in each piece of food that

she sunk her teeth into. This happy bliss led her to seemingly ignore the occasional belches and farts that escaped her body. Though the smell was just as terrible as before, Lillie pushed through it to continue her feast. Adding her own rude expulsions as background noise, she had to admit that she somewhat enjoyed the strange peace that hung around the picnic.

Coming to the end of their meal with a plate of malasadas, Lillie managed to split the last piece with her mother. Slowly chewing her way through the pastry to make it last longer, she freed up a little more room in her stomach by unleashing a loud BRRRAAAAPPP from her rear. The smell singed her nostrils, but she found it a small price to pay to being able to squeeze in a last bit of sweetness into her meal.

Lillie's sense of satisfaction was undone as Lusamine let out a much louder PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT that ruffled the hem of her skirt. Momentarily brought back to reality by the stench, she looked back towards her mother to see her happily enjoying her dessert. Unwilling to interrupt the moment, she merely continued to munch on her malasada with the thought that surely someone would find a way to fix their condition soon.

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Tightly clenching her fingers, Lillie continued to stare at her visage in the mirror. Despite an upcoming meeting with the scientists that morning to discuss further tests, she still lingered in front of her reflection. Even with her hair sopping wet from her recent shower, she couldn't stop herself from gazing at what weeks of unhinged binging had done to her body.

Lillie had become quite familiar with her extra chub over the past few weeks, but that didn't make it any easier seeing her belly bulge outlined by the towel wrapped around her. Shuffling the fabric downwards a few inches threatened to reveal her pair of plump breasts. She

chewed on her lip as she felt the patches of fuzz beneath her arms brush against her skin. With similar strands sprouting up along her chubby arms and legs, she assumed that this was just another part of the curse left behind by the mysterious ultra beast.

Taking a deep breath and reminding herself that she needed to get moving, Lillie took off her towel and turned away from the mirror before her eyes to catch sight of her pudgy rear. Not wanting to be another second late, she began to squeeze into the white top and skirt she had laid out on her bed. Any hope of squeezing into undergarments had been long brushed aside as her body weight continued to soar. Though she struggled a bit to cover up her torso with her blouse, the motivation to cover up her unsightly hairs and belly fat was enough to push her forward.

With Lillie's top barely able to cover up her upper body, she then turned her attention towards her skirt. Stepping into the garment, she slowly shimmied it up her legs. Her efforts hit a roadblock once she got past her thighs. Try as she might, she couldn't quite seem to get the skirt to fully fit around her hips. Gritting her teeth and trying to ignore the farts that slipped out of her rear in the process, she pushed forward to get the clothing up over the last few inches.

A ripping noise echoing through the room made Lillie stop moving altogether. Gradually turning her gaze downwards let her watch as the skirt fell out of her grasp and onto the floor. Left staring at the sizable rip in the fabric, it finally sunk in just how much she had gained. All she wanted to do at that moment was to stand there and try to make sense of what was going on. However, she was forced to move as she spotted the clock out of the corner of her eye.

Thrown into a state of panic by the approaching deadline, Lillie scrambled to find something to wear. Yanking out a pair of grey sweatpants from one of her drawers, she hastily put them on to cover up her chunky rear. While it wasn't the most flattering of outfits, it would have to do for now until she could order larger clothes. Hoping her mother wouldn't be too angry

at her less than stellar choice of clothing, she rushed out of her room as fast as her chubby legs would carry her.

Lillie's mad dash towards the front door came to a jarring halt as she heard a sound similar to the groan of a sleeping Snorlax. The noise drew her towards the dining room to find the source. Certain that her mind was playing tricks on her, she looked back at the table to confirm that what she was seeing was real. Sure enough, beyond a spread of various breakfast items sat her mother.

Lusamine's typical attire had been swapped for a white hoodie and a pair of sweatpants that matched Lillie's own, last minute wardrobe change. The fabric gave an unflattering outline of the woman's prominent gut and heavy bosom. The garment was made much worse as she continued to stuff her face, paying little attention to the crumbs that tumbled down her chins. Either uncaring or unaware of Lillie's presence, she proceeded to wobble her rear back and forth until a loud fart came rumbling out to recreate the strange noise. Hearing her daughter cough on the noxious fumes, she wiped her face clean and turned to address her.

"Hello there UUURRRPP Lillie," Lusamine belched. "How are you today?"

"How am I? What about you?" Lillie asked, pushing through the miasma of fumes.

"We're supposed to be at the meeting in ten minutes. Are you really going dressed like that?"

Lusamine looked over her own body for a moment before giving a shrug. "I see your point. I'll be sure to BWOOOOORRRRP change before I go. Before that, why don't you have a seat and eat something? You're going to need your strength for the tests today."

"You're not worried about being late?"

"Not particularly," Lusamine replied as she grabbed a malasada. "It's not like they can UUURRRP begin the experiment without us anyway. We might as well make sure we're good

and ready before we grace them with our presence.” Clapping her hands together, she called over her Lopunny to hand over another platter of food. “Now come along dear and join me for breakfast. You must be starving.”

The smell that wafted into Lillie’s nostrils from the food passing by helped to make her decision for her. Taking her place near her mother, she graciously accepted the plate from Lopunny. As she munched on the malasadas, watching the crumbs tumble across her clothes, she was reminded of the scolding sessions such behavior used to earn her. Titling her head to the side to see her mother contently eat between guttural burps, she took it as a sign of how far her mother had progressed. Rather than seeing it as something to worry about, for the first time she considered that it wouldn’t hurt to slow down for a moment to enjoy herself.

Tapping her fist against her belly, Lillie let out a small burp. As embarrassed as she was by the sound, her mother didn’t so much as flinch. Contently smiling back in the wake of her mother releasing a pungent fart cloud, Lillie turned her attention back towards giving her body the meal it desired. Enamored with the flavors that treated her taste buds, she didn’t even wince at the horrendous odor that surrounded her as a pungent fart escaped her rear to the tune of a loud PHHHHRRRRRRTTTTTTT that mimicked her mother’s earlier, rude noises.

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An unsettling atmosphere filled the room as the various scientists went in and out of the lab. Try as they might to keep their minds focused on accomplishing their tasks, they couldn’t help themselves from glancing over at Lusamine and Lillie. News of the state of their degradation had become common knowledge amongst the foundation. However, it was another experience entirely of getting to see and smell the women firsthand.

Shuffling her feet along the ground, Lillie tried to take turns between taking bites from her collection of malasadas and sharing them with her Blissey. The pink Pokémon's egg-like shape was only slightly smaller than her trainer's pudgy body. Seemingly uncaring about showing off her doughy belly and love handles, she was adorned in a worn out t-shirt that was covered in various stains. While the top did manage to keep her sagging bosom held back, it couldn't hide the patches of blonde hair sticking out from beneath her pits through holes in the fabric. A similarly distraught pair of sweatpants had been stretched around her waist, causing some of the fat to give her a noticeable muffin top. The bulge over the material was treated as a secondary concern to her seeing how frequently she had to pull the fabric out from between her thick ass cheeks.

Lusamine's appearance wasn't much better. An equally strained shirt and pants left most of her belly rolls and bosom on full display. Splotches of sugar leftover from her malasadas binge could be seen along the front of the garment. The stains partially obscured the impression of her teats as her head-sized tits jiggled around at the slightest movement. Just like her daughter, her lower body stretched the very limits of her pants to show off her chunky legs and thick rear. However, not many dared to get close enough to get a proper examination of the two considering their other issues.

Between taking bites of food, the mother and daughter freed up space in their guts by letting out cacophonous blasts of gas. No sooner would one of them let a belch roll up their throats did the other answer back with a rippling BRRAAAAA PPP from her rear. The lingering stink cloud kept most of the workers at bay. Thankfully for the gluttonous duo, Lusamine's loving Bewear was able to work through the smell to keep bringing the two of them

food. It was only through the use of a piece of cloth dipped in perfume wrapped around her face that Wicke was able to approach the slobby pair.

“How are you feeling today?” Wicke asked, trying to remain optimistic despite the odd situation.

“Pretty BWOOOOORRRRRP relaxed,” Lusamine replied.

Lillie followed up with a puff of gas from her backside. “Er, sorry. We might be a little too UUURRR relaxed,” she apologized.

“Nothing to worry about,” Wicke said with a wave of her hand. “It’s only natural of course.”

“Well, as natural as it can BOOOOUUUURRRRRP be considering we’re under the influence of that ultra beast,” Lillie commented, all while trying and failing to release a puff of flatulence away from Wicke. “If we’re stuck with this curse, we might as well make the most of it until you can UUURRRP cure us.”

A noticeable shudder went through Wicke’s body. When she didn’t reply immediately, it was the clue for both Lusamine and Lillie that something was wrong. After spending a few moments just tapping her fingers against her clipboard, Wicke finally built up the courage to continue.

“We were unable to find any trace of the ultra beast in your systems,” Wicke answered. “At most, it appears that attack was nothing more than a slight shock in response to unknown stimuli.”

“Wait, what exactly are you BWOOOOORRRRRP inferring?” Lusamine asked.

“That all of this; the gas, the increased appetite, and body odor is all your own doing,” Wicke replied. “This also means that there’s not really an easy solution to bringing you back to your old selves.”

A fart came rumbling out of Lillie as she suddenly stood up. “That can’t be possible,” she said, a shiver going down her spine to send ripples through her pudge. “How else could the two of us be such UUURRRRRP slobs? Especially my mother.”

“My best guess is that it’s your bodies adjusting to your drastic change in lifestyle,” Wicke answered. “Rather than a physical phenomenon, it appears that the incident with the ultra beast tricked your minds into pulling the trigger on your repressed desires.”

Turning away from Wicke, Lillie glanced down to give another look at her obese, gassy form. Pinching at her fat, she winced as another fart slipped out to add to the body odor cultivated from skipping showers. Met once more with a strange satisfaction rather than disgust at the expulsions, she began to question who she was exactly. Before she could linger on the exact nature of who she was for any longer, a soft touch to her elbow made her turn towards her mother.

“Lillie, dear it’s BWOOOORRRRP okay,” Lusamine said, holding out her arms. “Come here.”

As inviting as the hug was, Lillie still turned away and began to walk towards the exit. “I need some time to myself,” she said, returning Blissey to her Pokéball before making her way out of the room.

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Curtains drawn and lights turned down, Lillie tried everything in her power to keep herself separate from the outside world. It had been several days since she had left the privacy of her room. During that time, the only chance people got to see her was during the few seconds it took for her to reach out into the hallway to grab her meals before locking the door behind her. This left her to waste away the days in the dim lighting, bemoaning what had become of her body.

Unwilling to seek out clothes to better fit herself, she had resigned herself to lounging around completely naked. Spread out on her bed, she begrudgingly tilted her head down to see her doughy gut still drooping between her chubby thighs. Turning her lamp towards her body let her see the crumbs from her previous meal tangled in the strands of hair surrounding her belly button.

More of the spilled food fell from Lillie's form as she gave her chest a light shake. The resulting downpour of crumbs from between her F-cup breasts inevitably found their way down to slide across the unruly strands adorning her thick legs. Wincing at the way her puffy nipples continued to jiggle, she ignored the feeling of her armpit hair brushing against her skin to give her tits a tight squeeze. All this accomplished was forcing out a BWOOOOORRRPPP from her mouth that jostled around her chins and unkempt, greasy hair.

The feeling of the oily locks grazing against her back flab reminded Lillie that it had been a few days since she had last bathed. When she first learned the true cause for her condition, she had tried over and over again to rid herself of the body odor that clung to her sweaty flesh. However, any progress she made would be quickly undone through her constant perspiration from the slightest of physical activity and the overactive gas inside of her that never seemed to fully go away.

An unsettling groan from Lillie's stomach foretold one of these expulsions. Once more, she tried as hard as possible to hold in the pressure, hoping to regain some of her self-control. Yet again, her resistance gave out as the bubbles inside reached their breaking point. Unable to keep endure for any longer, she winced as a rancid BRRAAAAAAAPPPP came out of her colon to send ripples from her chunky rear. It was only once the rude noise petered off did she hear someone knocking at the door.

“Who BWOOOOOORRRRPP is it?” Lillie asked.

“Lillie, it's me, your UUURRRP mother,” Lusamine belched out. “Would you please come out? There's someone here that wants to BOOOOUUUURRRRRRP meet you.”

“Absolutely not!” Lillie shouted out, incidentally punctuating her statement with another, loud fart. “I don't want anyone to see the disgusting UUURRPP slob I've become.”

Curling up on her bed, Lillie tried to close her eyes and wait long enough for her mother to go away. Like many before her, Lusamine attempted to simply open the door only to find it locked. Hearing the constant banging, Lillie was reminded of how her mother's stubbornness managed to remain in spite of everything. It was because of this that she was only half surprised when she heard her mother call out her Milotic and order it to use ice beam.

The crackling of ice echoing through the room, got Lillie to sit up in her bed. She stared in awe as the door became frozen under the Milotic's bombardment. Once the wood was covered from top to bottom with ice, Lusamine resumed slamming her heft against it. The combination of the door's fragile nature and the woman's sizable belly meant it only took a few attempts before she was able to break into the room.

With bright lights flooding in from the hallway, it took a few moments for Lillie to readjust her eyes. As her vision slowly returned to her, she managed to see the wide visage of her

mother waddling towards her. Just like her, Lusamine seemed to have forgone wearing any clothing to cover up her fatty form. Carrying with her a beanbag-chair sized belly adorned with patches of unruly, blonde, body hair, she continued to march forward.

Each stomp of Lusamine's bulky legs sent tremors through her flab that managed to jostle around her G-cup breasts and shake her three chins. These constant vibrations led to her double-wide rear unleashing an onslaught of flatulence that momentarily overpowered the smell Lillie had spent so long infusing into her room. Reeling from the powerful odor, she could do little as her mother reached out to grab her pudgy wrist.

"No, you can't BWOOOORRRP make me!" Lillie shouted, squirming around as her backside unleashed a cacophony of gas. "I don't care that you're my mother, I promised myself that I UUURRRRPPP wouldn't..."

Lillie trailed off as she managed to get a second look at her mother. Placed on the woman's chubby face wasn't anger or hatred, but a worried look that appeared to be on the brink of uncontrollable sobbing. When Lillie stopped moving, her mother took the opportunity to pull her into a hug. Despite the odor wafting from Lusamine's flab and the feeling of her gluttonous gut pressing up against her own, Lillie was overwhelmed with a rare sensation of comfort.

"I'm so BOOOUUURRRRRPPPPPP sorry," Lusamine said. "I just didn't know how else to get you. Please, Lillie. Won't you UUURRRRPPP come with me?"

Inhaling a mouthful of the tainted air, Lillie attempted to let out a deep breath that instead came out as another belch. "Alright, I'll hear you out. I think you've UUURRP earned that much at least."

Following her mother out of the room, Lillie shuffled along at a pace akin to her Lapras trying to drag itself across land. The slow speed was a combination of her body's lack of physical

activity combined with her own shame of walking around naked. She realized too late that she had forgotten to wrap a blanket around herself to provide a modicum of modesty. By then her mother had already led her to right outside the living room and gestured for her to enter. Seeing as how Lusamine wasn't wearing anything herself, Lillie mentally prepared herself for the expression of shock their guest would have at her appearance before stepping inside.

Lillie's entire body jostled forward as she was overcome with surprise at her guest. A thick, black coat was wrapped around the woman's body, making a show of the fact that her bosom far outsized even Lusamine's chest. The buttons on her clothing remained unfastened to allow her enormous belly to peek out and show off the golden blonde hairs lining her stomach rolls.

Rather than wait for Lillie to get over the initial shock, the guest heaved herself off the couch and began to waddle forward. Each step of her bulky legs threatened to rip asunder the pair of black pants that looked painted onto her. Lillie was finally broken out of her stupor as the woman unleashed a rumbling fart from her elephantine rear that dwarfed the expulsions of Lillie and her mother. As the guest got close enough to bump her belly into Lillie's, she got the girls' attention with a bellowing belch. Tilting up her head to look past the woman's multiple chins, Lillie confirmed her suspicions by glancing at the guest's greasy, blonde locks that were held in place by a set of iconic, black clips in her hair.

"W-wait, are you UUURRRP Cynthia?" Lillie asked.

"The one and BWOOOOOOOORRRRRRPP only," Cynthia replied with a sly smirk on her face.

"What are you doing here?"

“I came over once I UUURRRRPP heard about you and your mother’s condition,” she replied, gesturing for Lillie to follow her over to the sitting area. Re-taking her spot on the couch, she freshened it up with a rumbling fart from her rear to get comfortable. “It’s amazing how far your bodies have been able to BOOOUUUURRRRP develop in such a short amount of time.”

Lillie let out a sigh as she sat down on the couch across from Cynthia. “I’m sorry to disappoint you, but some of that information was UUUURRRP misleading. It’s not some weird creature that made us like this.” Pausing for a moment, she leaned to the side to release a puff of gas. “This is all because we let ourselves indulge too BWOOOORRRRPPP much.”

“That’s what makes it all the more UURRRRP amazing,” Cynthia commented. “If you can do all of that by BOOOUUUURRRRPP accident, how far do you think to two of you can go when you purposefully UUUURRRRPP go all out?”

Lillie tilted her head. “Why do you care about that kind of BWOOOORRRP thing?”

Cynthia’s smile grew even wider, her excitement expressed by a fart rumbling out of her rear. “Tell me, what have you heard about me on the news?”

“That you retired from being the Sinnoh champion after a UUURRRRPPP trainer beat you. Everything else has been unkind comments about your... makeover.”

A husky laugh left Cynthia’s lips. “You’re right about BWOOOORRRP that. However, what they fail to mention is that I’ve decided to become a different kind of BOOOUUUURRRRPP champion in my retirement.”

“What do you mean?”

“The kind of champion that sees us as UUUURRRRPPP possible rivals to help her push beyond her limits,” Lusamine answered, mimicking the former champion’s smile.

Back and forth Cynthia and Lusamine spoke about the proposed plan. It took a while for Lillie to figure out the proposal that the pair were trying to get across. Straining to hear over the bombardment of gas, she managed to piece together what sounded like the insane ramblings of a pair of women obsessed with being slobs. As bizarre as it sounded, she couldn't help buying into their idea. At the end of the explanation, she was posed a very important question.

“So, are you UUURRRP in?” Cynthia asked, holding out her hand to seal the deal.

Chewing on her lips for a few moments, Lillie turned towards her mother once more. Seeing an eager expression far removed from the cruel person her mother used to be, Lillie leaned forward to accept Cynthia's hand. “Okay then, let's BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP do this.”

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The Aether Foundation's gardens played host to a most peculiar competition that had the faculty debating whether to avert their gaze or to linger gawk. This feeling is what made Lillie shuffle around at a snail's pace as she made her way over to the table draped in a picnic blanket. Making matters worse for her was the way she could feel the people staring at her flabby, greasy, hair-riddled body. Though she had wanted to clean herself up a bit for the event, she had been instructed to let her odor build up for the sake of their little contest.

When Lillie finally managed to waddle her way over to the table and sit her chunky rear on the pair of seats set up for her, she turned her thick neck to the sides to see her dining guests. On one side was her mother, just as nude as she was, but lacking the nervous shivers that overtook her body. On the other, Cynthia was calling out commands to her Pokémon to finish laying out the feast. As the naked, flabby, former champion casually scratched at the sweaty hair lining her armpits she inevitably met Lillie's gaze.

“It’s not too late to UUUURRRP back out now if it’s too much for you,” Cynthia commented.

“We can stop this anytime you BWOOOORRRP want,” Lusamine added.

Looking away from the women’s expectant gazes, Lillie turned her attention between gazing at her body and the food in front of her. Despite her massive, morning meal a few hours prior, she could feel her belly growling with ravenous hunger. Licking her lips as she surveyed the food, she contemplated what the full effects of her unrestrained appetite would be. Rather than continue to be overwhelmed with the stress leftover from her former self, she looked back towards Lusamine and Cynthia.

“Yes, I’m UUUURRRP sure,” Lillie proclaimed. “When do we begin?”

A hearty chuckle poured out of Cynthia’s mouth. “Considering that you’re so eager, then let’s get things started in 3... 2... 1... BWOOOORRRRP GO!”

On Cynthia’s mark, the trio of slobby women helped themselves to the feast. The collection of food was a mix of various fruits, meats, and veggies that the former champion had hand picked for them. The only exception were multiple servings of malasadas of various flavors that had been added under Lusamine’s recommendation. While they all took sweet joy in the pastries, they knew that they would have to stuff their faces to the limit if they wanted to come out on top.

In an effort to devour every last bite, the women gave up on their chairs to hoist themselves up. Leaning their bodies against the tables to reach the last few morsels had the adverse effect of littering their bellies and breasts with the leftover droplets that had managed to escape their grasp. Just as the table began to creak in protest of their combined weight, the women managed to swallow up the last few morsels and slam back down onto their seats.

Leaning back on her chairs, Lillie began to slowly glide her fingers across her stuffed belly. Glancing at the licked clean platters left in their wake, her best guess was that Lusamine had managed to eat up the majority of the food. While it was impressive how the once rigid and proper woman was able to eat so much, the true contest had only just begun.

The competition hit its peak as unruly groans began to emanate from around the table. Too stuffed from her ravenous eating, Lusamine ended up being the first to unleash her gas in the form of an echoing belch that was swiftly cut off by an equally rancid fart. Not to be outdone, Cynthia gave her flab rolls a good shake to really rile up her digestion. Pounding on her chest, she let loose with a thunderous belch that gave her the lead. As the former champion followed up with a fart that seemed to make the ground itself shake, she turned her expectant gaze towards Lillie.

Both to appease her fellow competitors and to rid herself of the building pressure, Lillie obliged in wildly shaking around her body. As her flab jiggled like crazy, the feeling of her plush form moving around brought with it a sense of euphoria that gradually made a smile form on her face. This expression of strange serenity was interrupted as her maw opened up wide to unleash a loud BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRPPPP. The leftover ripples from the monstrous burp ended up migrating down through her body to give it the final push needed to aid her efforts. This culminated in her leaning to the side to let a horrid cloud of gas engulf her mother with a thunderous PHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT.

When the minute-long fart finally dissipated, Lillie found herself overwhelmed with satisfaction from the combination of relief and the smell. Taking a whiff of the noxious fumes mixing with her natural body odor helped her to forget the legions of people staring at her.



Reveling in the act of continuing to grope her form to fully appreciate what her slobby lifestyle had given her; she almost missed the sound of applause.

“Well done, well UUURRRP done,” Cynthia remarked.

“That’s my BWOOOOOORRRPPPP daughter,” Lusamine added, heaving herself up to waddle towards Lillie for a hug.

“Um, thank you,” Lillie replied, embarrassed not from shame, but from an overwhelming sense of pride.

“I think you’ve more than proven my point,” Cynthia declared. “These slob contests are going to be the next big UUUURRRRPPPP thing to take over. All it will take is a bit of time, money, and lots of BOOOOOOUUUUURRRRRRPPPP food.”

Releasing Lillie from her hug, Lusamine turned towards Cynthia with a smile. “I’m assuming the Aether Foundation can be a sponsor for this UUURRRP venture? If so, I’d be more than happy to,” she spoke, only to pause to let rip another BRRRAAAAAPPP, “oblige. As long as you allow your up and coming star to participate.”

Once again, the women’s gaze fell on Lillie. The looks on their faces shared their enthusiasm about the strange, yet successful future they had in mind. In their eyes, Lillie could see herself, living a peaceful, slobby life with her mother. Though she still had her concerns about how far her body would degrade, the promise of the future that she always wanted had her vigorously nodding her chins to grasp at the opportunity she never thought she would have with her mother.