

Cynthia the Slobby Ex-Champion

A week had passed since the award ceremony and Cynthia, the former Sinnoh Champion, was all set to enjoy her retirement. Having just been able to escape the slew of reporters outside of her mansion, she was more than eager to kick off her shoes and relax. Making her way into her study, she removed the oblong hair clips from her long, golden locks in an attempt to get herself in the mind set of complete relaxation. Just as she was about to sit down, she was reminded of the fur collared coat still hanging off of her shoulders. Shirking off the garment that had been for the longest time a major part of her image as the champion, she sat down in her chair, wearing her black top and pants, to dive into her favorite hobby.

Opening up the old tome on her desk, she flipped through until her grey eyes spotted the page she was looking for. No longer held up by Pokémon League business, her intention was to use her wealth of free time to decipher a book passed along through her family for generations. Though her understanding of the text was still rough, she was able to surmise that it had something to do with Dialga and Palkia. The mere thought of running into Pokémon that could control time and space itself was more than enough to light a fire in her chest that equaled the thrill she felt during battle. Alas, this spark was snuffed out over the course of several hours spent staring at the pages and not being able to figure out a single word.

Thinking a break would help refresh her mind, Cynthia decided to retreat from her study. Stopping by the kitchen to grab a bag of snacks, she made her way over to her living room. Before she sat down on the couch, she picked out one of her Pokémon to join her. As much as she would have liked to hang out with her entire team, there was only so much her tiny couch could handle. Having to settle for her Togekiss at the moment, she let the white feathered Pokémon out to rest along her lap and turned on the TV.

Due to her busy work schedule, there was a long list of shows she had been meaning to catch up on. Hours went by as she continued to stare at the screen, keeping herself sated by placing chips in her mouth at regular intervals. This process lasted until she reached into the bag only to find it empty, save for a few crumbs. Only now realizing that she had somehow eaten through the entire thing, she pondered going back to her desk to try her hand at the book again.

Cynthia was stopped by the warm bundle of feathers on her lap. Looking at how peacefully Togekiss was sleeping on her, she couldn't bring herself to wake it up. Letting herself lean back in her seat, she turned off the TV and shut her eyes for a nap. With all the time in the world, she was sure that she would eventually figure out the secrets of the tome. For now, it was her chance to catch up on some well overdue sleep.

A month had passed since Cynthia had begun her efforts to delve into the mysteries of the ancient tome, but the results were still the same. No matter how much she consulted other researchers or tried to translate the text, she had barely been able to make a modicum of sense of the book. While at first she was able to keep herself motivated with the thought that she would have plenty of time to take on the task, the over abundance of lack of other responsibilities ended up being her down fall. Once more telling herself that she could return to the book later, she decided to leave her desk to stretch out her legs.

As she strolled through her mansion, she couldn't help noticing how the blue dress adorning her body felt tight in certain places. Sliding her hand along her mid-section revealed a bundle of chub that had developed over the course of the past few weeks. While the added belly fat was a concern, she did take some comfort in the fact that the same phenomenon had brought

her chest up two cup sizes. Less desirable was the feeling of her skirt constantly running up against the bubble butt that had been sculpted from the added heft she had gained over countless hours of sitting at her desk and couch. While the added padding had its benefits of keeping her comfortable, she was concerned at how easily her body was degrading from no longer being an active trainer.

Cynthia's various worries about her figure were halted as she passed by the kitchen. While she wanted to keep on walking, a hungry growl from her stomach begged for her to grab a snack. Despite having eaten lunch a mere hour beforehand, it still felt like there was a massive, ravenous hole inside of her. Figuring that a little treat here and there wouldn't hurt, she opened up her pantry to grab a bag of chips and made her way over to her living room.

Sitting down on the couch, she turned on her TV show of choice and popped open the bag. Munching her way through the chips was supposed to be her chance to rethink her work on the book to see if she could clear her head. Yet again, this proved to be her downfall as she spent a good part of an hour just lazily gazing at the screen.

It was upon her stumbling onto a documentary about grass Pokémon that Cynthia realized that she was missing something. Brushing off the crumbs from her lap, she dug into her pockets to try and grab the right Pokeball. Though her intention was to reach for her Roserade, she didn't notice the second ball that rolled out onto the floor in the process. Preoccupied with watching the short, bipedal creature made up of green leaves with red and blue roses on its hands greet her with a bow, she failed to see Togekiss until it was nudging her with its wing.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Cynthia said. "I didn't mean to call you out. I only have room for one Pokémon at a time." The words put a disappointed look on the feathered Pokémon's face. "I'll try to make it up to you later. For now, would you like a chip?"

Cynthia reached into her bag, only to come away with crumbs clinging to her finger tips. Realizing that she had yet again eaten through an entire bag in one sitting, she was distraught to hear her stomach continue to rumble. Turning back towards Togekiss, she bowed her head. “I’m sorry. My appetite is a little overactive these days. Tell you what, if you go to the kitchen and grab me another bag I’ll share it with you.”

The words seemed to do the trick in lifting Togekiss’s mood. Watching Togekiss fly down the hall, Cynthia turned back to Roserade and gestured for it to hop up. Climbing onto her lap, Roserade kneaded at her belly fat to try and get comfortable. The process had the unintended side effect of pushing a burp up her throat. The expulsion was something she had gotten used to over the course of her off time as just a side effect of her indulgences of junk food. While she was able ignore the occasional burp, it was another matter entirely as a misplaced push released a squeaky fart from her rear.

“Ugh, that reeks,” Cynthia said, wincing at the odor. “Roserade, could you take care of that?”

Nodding in agreement, Roserade waved its arms to cover up the awful stench with the smell of roses. Put at ease, Cynthia leaned back to settle in her seat just as Togekiss returned with another bag of chips. Graciously accepting the junk food, she opened it up to continue feeding her hunger. Her snacking was momentarily interrupted by her Pokémon cuddling up to her softer gut. Though she wanted to tell them to back off, she was too late to prevent them from pushing out another burp up her throat. Finding both the Pokémon and herself too comfortable to bother moving from her spot, she merely leaned back to continue browsing through channels for something to watch.

Cynthia was woken up from her nap by the feeling of something wet seeping onto her cheek. Opening up her eyes, she scrambled to move upon seeing the droplets of drool she had left on the pages of her precious book. Sitting up straight in her seat, she scrambled to grab a handful of tissues to wipe the pages clean. Her efforts managed to undo some of the damage, but the moisture had still spread through a good chunk of the notes she had written. Leaning back to contemplate if there was a way to salvage her work, she heard a loud tear echo through the room.

Tilting her head downwards let her see the small hole in her dress that had formed around the center of her gut. Taking notice of the thin strands of blonde hair surrounding her belly button, she reached out to try and cover them up. She was stopped again by another tearing noise, this time coming from the gap made in the center of her chest. The holed showed off the added heft that had continued to build around her breasts. As much as she wanted to avoid further destroying her clothes, even a slight jostle in her seat was enough to pull apart the seams of the skirt. The once comfortably sized garment that used to cover up her plump butt cheeks, now acted as little more than window dressing to allow the sides of her butt to hang off the sides of her chair.

Sighing in disappointment, Cynthia pushed herself into a standing position in spite of more tears forming across her outfit. Turning her back to her desk she began to shuffle her way out of her study and towards her bedroom. She was aware of the rate she had fattened up over the past two months, but she had trouble breaking away from the bad habits that were causing it. As she made her way down the hall, wondering if switching to sugar free snacks would help her out, she stopped as she saw a familiar figure pass by.

“Milotic!” Cynthia called out, getting the attention of the beautiful, serpentine Pokémon. “Can you come with me to the bedroom? I could use some help getting dressed.”

Letting out a cheerful cry, Milotic rushed over to Cynthia's side. Using the lanky Pokémon as a guide, she made her way into the bedroom. Leaving Milotic to pick out what to where, Cynthia busied herself with taking off her clothes.

Grasping the hem of her skirt, she attempted to pull it up past her love handles. When the fabric finally gave way, it allowed her belly fat to lurch forward to reveal its doughy appearance. Wondering when she had developed the various hairs down the center of her gut, she moved on to trying to unclasp the hooks of her bra. Though the undergarment was still intact, the relief she felt as she took it off to let her sagging mammaries hang out felt like pure bliss. With only her pair of panties remaining, she clenched her fingers around the waistband in an attempt to pull them past her chunky ass cheeks.

As she continued to stomp around in frustration in an attempt to remove her underwear, she picked up the sound of something rumbling in her gut. In the past she would have tried to stop the resulting BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP from blasting out of her rear, but that was a secondary concern since her mind was focused on freeing up her thighs and hips. Adding to her odor with a collection of burps rolling up her throat, her struggle came to an end as the panties popped apart and were sent flying across the room to nearly hit Milotic.

“Oops! I'm UURRRP sorry,” Cynthia called out to Milotic.

Milotic let out a cheerful cry to dissuade its trainer's fears. Using its finned tail, it held out an outfit for Cynthia to wear. Though the former champion found the choice of attire questionable, she had to agree that they would be some of the few things that fit her at the moment.

Standing in front of her mirror, wearing oversized, white T-shirt and grey sweatpants, she got a good chance to look over herself. Even without consulting the scale in her bathroom, she

could tell that she had gone over the dreaded 300 pound mark. Having forgone trying to squeeze her bosom into a new bra allowed it to freely jiggle against her belly with even the smallest movement. Turning herself around to pull out the fabric that had sunk between her ass cheeks, she let out a sigh at the hassle of squeezing regular exercise into her routine if she wanted to prevent becoming as big as a Snorlax. This thought was put on hold as Milotic slid up to her and nudged against her chubby cheeks.

“Fine, fine,” Cynthia said, unable to mope for too long in the presence of her partner. “Go grab a few snacks and drinks from the kitchen. I’ll meet you in the living room.”

Parting from Milotic at the entrance to her room, Cynthia started to make her way to the spot she spent most of her time at. Her trek led her to run into Roserade and Togekiss who happily joined her once they realized where she was going. In the past, she had to limit their time together by keeping them inside of their Pokeballs while she went about her champion duties. Now that all she had was free time and she was unwilling to keep the Pokeballs securely in her pockets, she instead let them roam the mansion at their leisure. After everything they had been through, she figured they deserved their own retirement.

By the time Cynthia made it to the living room, Milotic was already there with her requested collection of junk food. Seating herself in the center of the couch, Cynthia let Milotic rest its head against her shoulder as she opened up a bag of pretzels. Togekiss was kind enough to hand her a box of brownies to go along with the salty snack before nestling itself against her other shoulder. Graciously thanking Roserade for a bottle of soda, Cynthia allowed it to take a seat on her lap as they settled into another session of being couch potatoes.

As the former champion continued to delight her tongue with her various snacks, she did little to prevent the unruly gas that sprung from her lips. Some of the bubbles managed to make

their way down to ripple out of her rear, but the Pokémon seemed to have gotten used to their trainer's expulsions. While Cynthia herself had developed a similar immunity, she couldn't stop herself from sniffing up a new, rancid smell from nearby.

The source of the mystery odor was discovered as Cynthia felt something irritating her armpits. Lifting up her chubby arm and pulling back her shirt sleeve, she glanced at the coarse, blonde strands that poked out. The smell that clung to the hairs made her realize that it had been several days since she had last taken a bath. With the constant outbursts of gas that plagued her all day, she had gotten used to the smell of her unwashed flesh. Grasping her locks and sliding her fingers through them, she contemplated grabbing a shower to get rid of the oil clinging to them.

Even the thought of getting up seemed to get her Pokémon's attention. Her team cuddled closer to her, keeping her comfortable while making it near impossible to escape. She could have used her position as their trainer to scold them for keeping her a prisoner on her couch. However, her desire to leave was lessened by her eyes glancing up to the screen to see the trainer that beat her in the middle of a Pokémon battle. Reminded that she no longer had to always be doing something, she leaned back in her seat, helped herself to another handful of pretzels, and relaxed in spite of the rumbling fart that surrounded her in a fog of her own fumes.

Cynthia's eyes slowly drifted open to see that she had left the TV on overnight. Shifting her groggy gaze over to a nearby window let her see the rays of the midday sun shining through. There was a moment where she tried to push herself to get up. She had slept in again; in the process further prolonging making any progress on the ancient tome. Trying to push herself

through her lingering sleepiness to return to the study to make some headway on her goal, she was stopped as she heard a loud ripping noise.

Getting herself into a sitting position, Cynthia tilted down her head to scrunch up her three chins and see the hole that had torn in the center of her food stain-covered shirt. Sliding her hand along the surface of the plush sphere that was her bulbous belly let her feel the countless strands of body hair sticking out of the tear. Continuing to prod the hole with her plump fingers and feel the grease clinging to the strands served as a reminder to her that she hadn't bathed in over a week.

In an attempt to cover up the unsightly belly hair, Cynthia pulled at the hem of her shirt. While she did succeed at covering up part of her gut, it came the cost of widening out the collar of her top. Momentarily ignorant to this clothing issue, she continued to pull and incidentally reveal more of her meaty mammaries' cleavage. She only stopped once she felt her armpit hair bristle against the sides of her boobs. Releasing the fabric from her fingers, she discovered she was a little too late to prevent her nipples from squeezing themselves through the top.

Still contemplating what to do with her raggedy shirt, Cynthia instead turned her attention to the slight chill she felt from her lower half. The source came from a series of tears along the sweatpants that she had carefully stretched out to fit around her wide hips the previous day. Her efforts were deemed pointless as she spotted the numerous holes along the leggings that let parts of her pudgy leg flesh peek out. Having to reach back to pull the seat of the pants out from between her double wide rear, she wondered why she even bothered putting the clothes on in the first place.

Cynthia's wardrobe woes were put on hold thanks to a series of hungry growls coming from her stomach. Sliding her hand along her gluttonous gut, she dreaded the needed trek to the

kitchen to find something to fill it. Rather than try to stand up and risk further destroying her clothes, she elected to call out to one of her helpers.

“Lucari-BWOOOOOORRRRPPP-o!” Cynthia belched out.

A moment before the last of her burp finished echoing through the house, Lucario poked its blue tipped ears into the room.

“Would you mind grabbing me some UUURRRP snacks from the kitchen?”

Nodding in agreement, Lucario scampered off to meet her trainer’s request. When it returned, it came with several containers of junk food in its paws. Following in behind Lucario were Roserade and Togekiss with even more snacks to keep Cynthia’s appetite satiated. Taking up the rear, Milotic slithered across the floor with a collection of soda bottles curled up in its tail. No matter how many times she witnessed it, Cynthia was still left impressed by her Lucario’s ability to sense exactly what she was craving. With a wave of her hand, she beckoned for her team to start the feast.

Cynthia started off with something relatively light in the form of an entire box of snack cakes that treated her tongue to a sweet, creamy filling. Next came a bag of cheese puffs that left her fingers and face covered in a layer of orange dust. Thanks to a combination of heavy gulps of soda and her own sweat as she downed a handful of spicy chips, the mess cleaned itself up just in time for her to scatter chocolate across her form with a box of cookies.

Continuing to stuff herself with reckless abandon, Cynthia only paused to allow her Pokémon to take turns cuddling up to her plush body. One of the few positives to the 400 or so pounds encasing her form was that it gave her plenty of extra room to keep her team comfortable. Considering how lovingly her partners nestled against her flabby figure, the thought occasionally passed through her mind that they were purposefully fattening her up. This

suspicion only lingered in her head long enough for it to be overridden by her ears picking up a familiar sound.

Moments after chugging down an entire bottle of soda, Cynthia opened up her mouth to let a loud BWOOOOOORRRRPP burst forth from her lips. Stomach still not quite settled; she followed up the burp with a reverberating PHHHHRRRRRRRRTTTT from her rear. As the stench of her expulsions settled in around her, the foul air drifted up into her nostrils. Though at the beginning she had found the stench absolutely revolting, she had developed a strange adoration for the noxious fumes she created day in and day out. No longer concerned about the aroma considering only her Pokémon were around, she didn't see any harm in letting it loose whenever she felt like it.

Settling into her spot on the couch with food being shoved in her mouth and gas leaking out of her backside, Cynthia couldn't help wondering if she was forgetting something. In the very back of her mind she tried to recall that there was a very important task still to accomplish in her study. Eventually her thoughts settled on the more obvious issue of her restraining clothes. Seeing how comfortable her Pokémon around her were and herself becoming interested in the upcoming show on the TV, she elected to hold off on stripping down until after she had finished up her current junk food binge.

Arms piled up with a tall stack of extra-large pizzas, the delivery boy had to carefully make his way towards the mansion's entrance. Reaching the set of double doors, he reached out with his leg to knock with his foot. A few moments later, he heard something big making its way towards him. He managed to step back moments before the door opened up to reveal the

monstrous visage of a Garchomp. The land shark Pokémon's spiked hands, shark fangs, and fearsome gaze had made most other delivery men run. For him however, he had done this routine long enough to know that the Pokémon was just trying to properly serve its trainer.

"Here you are, little buddy," he said, having to stand on his toes to hand off his stack to the Garchomp. "Let Ms. Cynthia know we appreciate her continued business."

Replying with a grin and a nod of its head, Garchomp carefully balanced the boxes with its arms while it shut the door with its tail. On its way to its destination, it passed by Cynthia's study. In the six months since the former champion's retirement, the room had only been used as a place to collect dust. Still sitting on the desk with its pages opened to an image of Palkia and Dialga was the book that was supposed to be the center focus of Cynthia's free time. Instead, it was just another decoration on the way to Garchomp's destination.

Upon arriving at the living room, Garchomp knelt down to allow the rest of Cynthia's Pokémon to take their share of the boxes. Milotic and Togekiss arrived first, their lack of hands leaving it to the rest of the team to load them up with food. Next came Lucario and Roserade, their bipedal forms making them perfect to take on some of the more cumbersome containers. The only member of the champion's team absent from the procession was Spiritomb. The ghost Pokémon was preoccupied with aiding in acting as a makeshift grabber so that its trainer could focus on what really mattered to her: being a lazy slob.

Seated upon a king-sized mattress that her Pokémon had placed on the ground to keep her comfortable, Cynthia whipped around her strands of oily, greasy hair to show her team the look of pure joy on her pudgy face as they approached. "Good BWOOOOOORRRRRRPP work," she belched out as she accepted the first box of pizza with her plump fingers. "Looks like everything is here. I'll have to UUUURRRP remember to send the delivery boy an extra tip later."

Lifting the first slice up to her mouth, Cynthia ate half of it in one bite to send droplets of grease down her multiple chins. The trickle ended up scattering across her bare bosom to leave a shiny glint to the massive, watermelon-sized breasts. Upon shoving the leftover crust past her lips, she let her fingers slide across her plump nipples to catch any lingering crumbs. Pausing for just a moment to release a belch that jostled around her meaty tits, she dragged her fingers through her bushels of armpit hair before she beckoned for her next helping.

Taking in two slices of pizzas at the same time, Cynthia wobbled her rear back and forth across the mattress. Although there had been nothing wrong with her couch, it had served its purpose long enough to become imbedded with a multitude of food stains over the course of her many binge eating sessions. Besides, she found it a lot easier to shuffle around to keep her chunky ass cheeks comfortable on the mattress. Not to mention the position left her in the perfect spot to absorb the stench of each of her farts as they came rumbling out of her rear.

Upon finishing off her first pizza, Cynthia elected to move on to something sweet. Helping herself to a box of fudge covered brownies let the mess of crumbs tumble past her chest and onto her massive gut. The bits of chocolate were inevitably tangled within the thick trail of body hair that led from the peak of her bulbous belly all the way towards her nether region. Shuffling around the mass of flab and cellulite with each nudge of her thick thighs, she reveled in resulting bouts of gas that arose from both of her ends to further stink up her unwashed, over 500 pound form.

Placing a pizza on Cynthia's chest to keep her fed, TogeKiss let itself nestle between her cleavage to get comfortable. Roserade followed a similar path, spreading itself across its trainer's gut to sink into it like an overstuffed beanbag chair. Milotic had the luxury of draping itself along Cynthia's shoulder to let its chins rest on her back flab. Making sure Cynthia had enough to keep

her ravenous appetite satisfied throughout the next episode, Garchomp and Lucario took their places on each side of her to let their heads rest against her belly.

Nestled in her own sanctuary of slobby comfort, Cynthia took her time licking the leftover grease from her fingers. Anything drops she missed were easily taken care of by her Pokémon happily treating themselves by dragging their tongues and mouths through her folds at regular intervals. Though this was far from what she thought her retirement would look like, she wasn't disappointed by the results. It was hard to find fault in spending each day with the Pokémon that she loved and treating herself in her choice of food or TV shows. This absolutely perfect scenario could only be interrupted by a buzzing sensation coming from between her stomach rolls.

Too lazy to reach for the device, Cynthia asked Spiritomb to retrieve it. Sticking a spectral limb between her fat folds, the ghost Pokémon retrieved a cell phone splattered with a mess of food stains and offered it to her. Clenching the device between her fingers, she held it up to her face.

"This is BWOOOOORRRP Cynthia," she said.

"Um, hello. I'm a representative of the Pokémon League," a man on the other end answered. "We were thinking about holding a special tournament with the champions from each region. I know that you're retired, but the people are clamoring to see you in action again. Would you be interested in-"

The representative's words were drowned out by Cynthia unleashing a thunderous BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPIPP that sent ripples through her slobby form. Her rude reply got the point across well enough considering all she heard once the fart petered off was a dial tone.

Handing the device back to Spiritomb to put it back within her fat rolls, she reached out for another slice of pizza to continue enjoying her well earned retirement.