

## Malassadass

It was already rare enough that Salazzle was once a female Salandit.

A Salazzle, befitting of their naturally disproportionate gender ratio and unique evolution, surely would have some assurances: namely, a lively harem of Salandit companions; a bustling pool of potential mates, guardians, servants, and retainers, and if there was an unfortunate incident that this loyal legion is dispatched by a predator, perhaps some roving Marowak, a Salazzle could employ a corrosive poison that could melt even the most durable of alloys, or perhaps a blazing open-palmed slap that whose smoke would remain visible far beyond the horizon, and if it came to it, a blisteringly fast agility that could aid its escape.

But Salazzle, this Salazzle, had none of these boons.

Salazzle sat, nestled, in a rocky corner of a cavern that it...she, claimed as her territory, merely because it would be nigh useless otherwise to any more fortunate predator.

It was comprised of flat, igneous rock, gently warmed by a nearby volcano. The persistent, humid heat present therein would not be useful on Alola, an equatorial island chain whose winters were nigh non-existent. The cover was poor; any wandering beast, if mildly curious, could probably spy Salazzle huddled up, cozy in her favorite corner. Cover from the rain, perhaps? Infrequent in this arid region she'd settled in, but...possible?

Salazzle's poison, unlike other members of her species, was particularly weak. If her gland had emitted a drop, it would nary burn even a Grass-type, and drip helplessly off something like one of Salazzle's favorite boulders. A sonic, lightning-fast, inferno-hand was nigh impossible; all Salazzle could summon while pitifully flailing her arms was a single, ephemeral ember that would be carried away by a gentle breeze.

Fine, then, she wasn't a fighter! A Salazzle didn't need to be! Her faithful, numerous posse of sharp-fanged Salandit familiars would dispatch any and all threats...if she had even one at her beck and call. Worst perhaps for Salazzle, in her lifespan, her disastrous biochemistry had not yet even spawned a puff of pheromone that could even get one Salandit to glance at her. Well, as far as she could perceive.

Salazzle sighed. She was vaguely aware of others of her species, for, sans their harem, were a solitary kind; in the neighboring areas, she'd seen another Salazzle, far better than the sorry example she was.

That one'd been leading an army of Salandits as if they were Durants marching, each member diligently serving their mistress' most minute of demands. Some scampered to pluck Berries to soothe any pang of hunger, some stood close, grooming their lady if even a blemish of dirt was to grace her flanks, some kept watch, if even a bush had rustled for just an instant. And, if her eyes closed halfway, her tongue darting out, her gaze particularly frisky towards one such hapless specimen...

Salazzle's sharp bottom teeth ground against her upper jaw, a instinctual hiss sounding off as her mind replayed the scene again and again. She was a deadend! A mistake of nature! Her bloodline would wither, and knowing her luck, it'd end swiftly.

She adjusted her rear further into the rocks she reclined upon in angst, her long tail with its pink underside curling like a hook; as if it was some sharp implement on some predator that could effortlessly end her life before a single instinct could kick in. She almost relished the thought. Then, she rested her hands upon her doughy belly with a temperamental pout, sighing out a harmless bubble of her species' trademark poison gas.

Wait, doughy?

Alola was a land of plenty, but it was not a cornucopia. Berry crops were plentiful, but not boundless; helpless, tasty prey such as an unearthed Grubbin could emerge, but were not indefinite; streams were an eighth of daylight's stroll away from her cavernous home, although contested occasionally. It was a contest, just as it was anywhere else in the untamed wilderness.

Then, why did Salazzle bear the figure not of an emaciated whelp, but of a well-fed domesticated pet?

Salazzle did not know. It was one of the great mysteries of her life; not that she's spend a lot of time pondering them, given her poor lot.

She was one to feast if the opportunity presented itself, of course; a lucrative crop of Citrus Berries no one had claimed, an injured Weedle caught in the open; it was instinct of course, she at least had the bare essential psychology to keep her functioning.

One peculiarity she'd notice is that her tummy did like to make quite a bit of racket. Well, it was the norm for her, but surely, not...regularly as hers. It was evident any time it made a sound; at times, she fret that it may reveal her position in a particularly predator-populated place. Fortune at least granted her that grace.

Additionally, she perhaps had an elevated level of hunger, perhaps a great relishing of a meal, a bite of one pulsing an intense hormonal wave throughout her figure, an powerful, throbbing wave. She got...enough exercise, she'd felt. This was merely her lived experience though; not that she had any companions to contrast to.

But yet, these nutrients that perhaps would go to the rest of her species' faculty seemed to...stick, upon her. Weigh on her. Hang down upon her.

Salazzle had some time to investigate. One of her long, waving fingers, gingerly softened a tad by her weight, pinched her stomach, there being a decent amount of give. She did a small hop; her purple belly, connected to her decently thick tail, decorated in hot-pink markings, jiggled briefly in response.

She turned her smooth head with a hooked snout over to her rear; two small, soft orbs of padding that at least offered a decent cushion for her existential moping.

What possible use did this adaptation have?

Salazzle's aberrations, perhaps, were the reason she could not find success in...well, anything. What she had though was...soft, her belly gently pooling onto her tail as she reclined at least offered a nice place to rest the muscles within her long digits.

She wasn't...Snorlax fat. More so...Munchlax? If the weight of a Munchlax was perhaps applied onto her figure in the form of pure, jiggling, soft...adipose tissue. Actually, Munchlax are deceptively large...but, well, it felt like it at times. Certainly not skinny, but certainly not...huge.

Salazzle gave a meager grin. Well, her adaptation was part of her. It was all she knew, in her brief life. It did briefly humor her as she walked, seeing her purple gut gently sway from side to side, looking into her reflection from the stream she visited as part of her routine, ogling the curious features that made her...her.

Could such a feature attract mates? No; for a Salazzle, pheromones were all. Those who could unleash the most and the most potent would garner the most attention from the lesser sex of her species. And she could not manage even a tad, as far as she knew.

Salazzle's stomach, pooled mildly in her lap, grumbled. It was time to get something to eat.

As she stretched once more, her tail, like a pendulum, swung from side to side, as her purple eyes glanced at the midday sun over her familiar setting.

Her digitigrade feet graced against the heated rock and she waltzed to the vast expanse. There were the usual sights; that splendid palm tree that she didn't mind dozing off in from time to time if it was quiet, or that other boulder which she pondered long and hard if it was slllllllightly bigger or slllllllllightly smaller than that one in her cave. A question for the ages.

Salazzle trotted on to a place she hadn't usually gone off to, her tail matching her slightly encumbered gait; a more deserted, open patch from where the volcanic mineral ground transitioned into a pale-orange grass. The usual hotspots for a meal, as she'd seen yesterday, were already picked clean by her competitors. She had her wits, at least.

Her pupils dilating, Salazzle scanned the area for signs of a meal. Bushes, little nooks where a bug might be hiding, perhaps something underneath a rock; no dice.

Her palm resting against her squinting eyes, she glanced into the distance...only to find...structures she hadn't seen in nature. Ordered, deliberate, places. From what she could see, there were touches of colors she'd hardly seen in nature; reflective surfaces, perfectly chiseled places. She didn't have a conception of what they were. She'd hardly wandered off this far.

Oh, yes! Salazzle facepalmed, her posture drooping, her orb of a stomach in unison.

Perhaps...perhaps...these were constructions by...those creatures. You know the ones.

She swore she saw them. They weren't like her kind. Not like a Salandit. Not like a Durant or a Grubbin or a Snorlax or a Munchlax or the other few creatures she'd had the chance to witness in her time.

Not...LIKE her. They were creatures, beings, things, but...more...adaptable? They walked on two feet, like her, but bore smooth skin, tanned mildly by the rays of the sun, instead of scales or fur.

Well, some did have fur, but it pooled typically only from their head, by their wide, expressive, colorful eyes and flat-ridged teeth. Some sort of material often hung over the rest of their body, in parts.

She'd even swore they'd enslaved one of her kind in some sort of orblike-construction, one side crimson like blood, the other white like ivory.

Well. Her life wasn't getting much more interesting. She straightened her posture and resumed her journey, the two gentle fatty globes sandwiching her tail shifting upwards and downwards with her accelerated pace. To those...STRUCTURES. In the distance.

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It was then she spied it. Her purple eyes peered onto a small, fluffy disk-like object that was cupped between a human's palm. There was some powdery, snow-like additions on top of the Fluffy Disk of Food. That's it. That's what she determined she needed.

She peered from a thirtieth-of-a-day's-travel-time distance away, elevated slightly by a natural cliff. If an onlooker peered into a canopy of trees she was nestling in, they'd see two purple glowing, determined orbs ready to pounce.

Well, if she could do much pouncing...it'd probably be more of a pitiful flop onto the ground, the soft tissue of her stomach slapping onto the grass beneath, likely to bounce her up slightly. But, well, it was some form of pouncing.

Her opened eyes, unfortunately, had to assess everything else but her treasure.

Those creatures were abound; swarming. These bipedal beasts with their colorful material and their tanned skin. Some of their thin materials they wore even bore the likeness of flora she'd seen in her travels.

Such impossibilities...though Salazze pondered what would it be like to live among them (perhaps food would be more guaranteed than it is now), she knew that They were of a different world and that She belonged to another. This was a brief exchange between worlds in order to pick up precious cargo.

Above the creatures, colorful triangular shapes dotted the area; clearly their doing. Palm trees shaded the humans and wooden constructions they were loitering by, many of which contained trinkets and baubles whose origins she could not fathom, in addition to food. Worse yet, she spied those devilish crimson-and-ivory orbs that she spied from a distance hanging from a human on that one eventful day.

Those confounded enslavement spheres!

Worse yet, some of her fellow creature-kind were...joining these others. Eagerly! Without any ounce of resistance! From their servile faces she could spy a Meowth, a Pikipik, even more proud predators such as Gumshoos or elegant pollinators like Ribombee.

Such weak specimens. If not for the generosity of their masters, these weaklings would perish in the wild. Salazze is weak, but she knows what is honorable.

What befuddled Salazze most is that in this cornucopia of food and drink not one of these beings was fighting tooth-and-limb to take it. All of them had some sickening decorum to them. The biped tanned-skin material-wearing creatures sorted themselves in line and seemed to be handing small metallic flat-circles over to these other biped tanned-skin material-wearing creatures and in return were taking their inventory.

Their companions, the beasts stolen from nature, behaved patiently, passively by their side. Some of these bipeds even handed over their impossibly-earned free food over to their cohorts without even a moment of hesitation.

Fortunately for her, some of them were evidently pampered too by their domesticated status. Overfed, weak, and sluggish. Perfect.

A plan hatched in her mind...she should blend in! And...simply...take those Fluffy Disks. Hopefully, the step of exchanging those smaller metal disks could be skipped without issue from Them.

Using shrubbery as her cover, she descended the cliff in steps, on fours; her belly gently gracing the grass below. She swore it wasn't large enough to do such a thing thirty cycles before. A chaotic swarm of her fellow beasts matched with the the bipeds would make perfect cover; she just needed a companion.

With what little agility she bore, she finally descended to the same elevation as this gathering was taking place, and nonchalantly...she simply just...stood, vaguely posturing herself like that of the bipeds.

...not an interruption. Not a glance. Her camouflage was perfect!

She slapped her stomach in response, knowing that her strange condition had enabled such a splendid stealth to work without a hitch. She approached closer; still a few moments before entering, but still distant enough to attract the attention of the crowds at large. Perfect, perfect, perfect! Step one of her plan was finally coming to fruiti-

"...awh, ahryoah!stpok/ehmah?Asahlahzz/ehuh?!"

Salazle stopped in her tracks as she heard one of the bipeds vocalizing.

The sound was strange; foreign, she could not repeat the sound in her mind as she heard it. Their large expressive eyes were staring right at her. Two emerald eyes, the color of the greenest, most freshest spring grass; topped in some Spinarak-silk white outfit, her head adorned with this cascading blob of a fur that reminded her of the Ribombee she saw earlier.

It looked like some sort of juvenile, if Salazle were to suppose, but Salazle would not be the slightest bit familiar with the evolutionary stages of these beings, so her guess was as good as anyone's.

Worse yet, this one seemed to carry a few of those enslavement orbs by her side, but this would be just one of the numerous concerns she had.

This biped, this creature, this Other, stared right into her soul. Had this been an encounter in her lands, she'd already be flailing her hands hoping this time some truly potent flames would finally show and singe her sudden adversary to a crisp.

Salazle paused, and gently stared at the biped. She hung closer, and whimpered. Before, she would dare not mimic to the pacified masses of creatures here; now, such tactics seemed quite useful.

"O!Thsoken!Hy,hahabtigtyo/smintghtwoatwheleyelkfore-yotravn?Yolkik/oliktoate,haha!"

Salazle in her life could never possibly hope to understand these creatures. Wailing, screaming, birdsong, mating calls; those she knew in the wilderness, but these vocalizations bore such order and indefinite complexity that it was as if lightning was piercing through her head.

Helplessly, she followed. Being escorted by this biped would be her first line of defense; if this faltered, she'd be taking the most reasonable action: her taking the Fluffy Disks and running.

The biped descended into the busy swarms of their own kind, and immediately Salazle felt a deep, intense, alien anxiety. The isolated vocalizations of this blonde biped seemed so peaceful in contrast

to the never-ending cacophony that was being produced by the diverse populations that stood among them. All Salazzle could focus on was using this individual as a means to an end.

She scampered along, with Salazzle in tow. But, then it came back to Salazzle what she was truly here for...the Fluffy Disks. How to alert her handler that this is what she wanted?

She heaved along, almost dashing over the biped that was escorting her with her potbelly, to interrupt the biped's path. She turned her head repeatedly over to one such wooden construction which she identified as having the Fluffy Disks. The blonde biped perked up, with Salazzle relieved that such basic communication could be understood by the bipeds.

"~~Awh! Yowntsm/~~malasadas?"

Only one such bit of Salazzle's handler's mouth-flapping noises seemed to flow smoothly into her brain.

That last series of alternating frequencies, those sounds, it seemed...natural to her, as if it was the only sense this biped was making.

Salazzle ceased action as the biped's direction shifted...right towards the Fluffy Disks she yearned for. Her purple eyes almost gleamed illuminatingly like a Sableye's as the chubby gray-scaled diva neared another biped by their wooden construction, a taller, more well-built one, a cube-shaped container of these Fluffy Disks perched within that biped's reach.

Soft, succulent Fluffy Disks.

Salazzle could only imagine the taste. Something heavenly, as if the plumpest Berry she'd ever eaten, oh — that one Watmel Berry she found by pure fortune one day — its flavors so intense, this sweetness that made her taste buds sing and her tummy grumble more uproariously than it usually did.

But this! It would be better than that Watmel Berry by fathoms, by cycles, by lifespans; Salazzle was sure of it. But the texture would be something else, something different; a bite seemed like it would readily pierce its insides much easier than the tougher foods she was used to in the wild.

Or, perhaps contained therein were a poison that was so potent that they could kill even a creature adept with lethal substances such as her, these treats only reserved for these bipeds whose digestive systems were adapted to all manners of toxins. They were indeed on the top of the food chain, after all, so that must be the reason.

If eating one of these Fluffy Disk would kill her...worth it.

The burlier biped began flapping its mouth headed this four-legged wooden structure, its eyes looking curiously at the tinier biped.

"~~Aloh, yung ldy!~~Whit wodyolayk?!"

"~~Umyuss...canigtsme~~~malasadas?"

"~~Sre...forethesalazzle? Arnyosie? Shehsmstobekwaitovarwayt...!~~"

"~~Sry...itsnotmahpokemahn. Thyrlstandim/scortanthm. Imgoimtwogiv/thraynrasterm/tawlkinto /whmiseethm.~~"

Salazzle's instinct flared furiously, witnessing that this useless blabbering between bipeds continued. All of it was noise, plain and simple; noise to endure before her reward was granted. Patience...patience would be necessary, unfortunately.

Her stomach grumbled, a familiar grumble; even her biped escort had briefly turned to witness Salazzle as the guttural sound seemed to escape through the bowels of her belly to the grin of her maw.

"Hanghry, isshh?/Anywhaz-hawhmach?"

"Ah.../too...noway, thre! Itcaldbeawaybefo isethrayn!"

"Ah/hity, thenz!"

Salazzle stared as the biped, reached for one of the Fluffy Disks.

No survival situation in her turf compared to the anxiety she felt in this very moment.

It was as if time slowed, and all that she saw was the burly biped's claws reach to the disks, each moment the digits moving glacially, slowly, like a Caterpie inching along a tree's bark.

The cacophony that surrounded her, the bustling flocks of these bipeds and their incessant babbling vanishing, totally tuned out as she was transported to another dimension.

Her and the Fluffy Disks.

Alone in their future; their inevitable reunion.

"Her/yogh/Thillbezz!"

No! No more nonsense. Salazzle could not listen to their vocalizations any longer. Each was like a psychic stab plunged deeply into her forehead, delaying her deserved gratification by millenia.

She locked up from the sheer desire, her belly giving a slight jiggle as a wave of endorphins flooded every inch of her overweight body; to the digits of her digitigrade feet to the sharp teeth of her jaw to the reach of her arms to the length of her tail. Her instincts screamed. Even her loins tingled.

The next stimuli Salazzle's brain received was the blonde biped's hand reaching into her psychic prison to offer up the Fluffy Disk.

Salazzle did not hesitate.

In this very moment, Salazzle finally channel her species' basest abilities, as her arm launched into the Fluffy Disk, almost severing her biped escort's own claws in the process, and a duo of embers finally managing to eek out.

She gripped the Fluffy Disk like combative prey, which she would expect to give a great fight to escape its inevitable demise into her jaws.

The Fluffy Disk did not fight back, however; it did not squirm and shift or yelp or scream, it remained perfectly inert and perfect, as Salazzle had most splendidly judged from what seemed like ages ago, when she perched upon the cliff, her belly digging into the grass and her rear pointed to the forested canopy of palm trees, tail arching like a Scorupi's.

And then she tasted it.

The taste...the taste...it was everything. It was all.

Her pitiful, miserable life had merely been a prologue to this single, moment. Her gripping this treat was the divide that separated her meek existence before and the infinity of this single bite.

The flavors of the Fluffy Disk made every inch of her pulse with desire, with satisfaction. Every cell in her body screamed in harmony as her pink tongue's many taste buds basked in the glorious flavors of the Fluffy Disk; the intensely sweet powdering atop, the gentle give of its hide, and, what surprised Salazzle most, was an intensely sweet filling that was like the flavors of all Berries she'd ever eaten in her time and then some; like the hemolymph filling of a Grubbin but without any of the iron-y taste, and far, FAR more appetizing.

As the first bite descended down, and in mere moments, before the bipeds could even react, the rest of the thing followed, descending down into the gentle curve of her definitionless stomach, and Salazzle's overwhelming ecstasy was released in the form of some strange, uneven hiss that made the bipeds momentarily step back.

They returned to their original positions, and their faces twisted in some strange manner. And then another strange sound came out of Salazzle.

**"Urp!"**

With this hiss, also escaped something stranger, some sort of invisible, gurgling gas that escaped from the pit of her stomach out of her mouth, close to the tinier biped; she'd never experienced this releasing sensation before.

But it felt...pretty good, too.

~~"Haha, wo, she should join!"~~

The burly biped emitted out, in some breathy tone that Salazzle could only assume was some sort of...warning.

That was it! A warning. These bipeds, they did not understand! They were scared, cornered beasts, frightened by her terrifying expression of desire.

The blonde, tinier biped held the other two Fluffy Disks, cupped within her arms. And, additionally, there laid rest the cube-shaped container upon the burlier biped's four-legged wooden structure, housing yet more prime specimens of this divine disk.

Salazzle could not wait a single more moment before she decided what was best to do with these frightened animals and their hoard.

One, two.

A scream. A shout.

The blonde biped yelped as two of the Fluffy Disks went from her grasp, to Salazzle's swift hands, to the chubby beast's mouth, and the taller one reached out helplessly as Salazzle put every ounce of strength into her muscles in heaving the prison the other Fluffy Disks were housed in.

Not only did her arms use every bit of power that they possessed, so too did her toes to her feet to her shins to her thighs scream as they launched away, through the crowds, up onto the steps of the cliff. Even with her encumbered figure, with two globules of fat gently jiggling with each of her hurried stamps away and a tail whose corners creased if angled in a particular manner, her speed would be uncontested.

She'd managed to catch one more of the vocalizations during her flight, pinning it to the blonde biped who had so eagerly assisted her before, the sound soon escaping and blending into the other cries of onlooking bipeds as they saw the scene unfold.

~~"Hngon, eyehpa for the malasadas thsalwazzletuk!/"~~

As Salazzle hurried on, back up the cliff and far into the brush, the two Fluffy Disks inside her mouth and the ones in their prison nestled into her chest, instinct fading and the crushing reality of her body coming to her, she replayed the vocalizations in her head. A nuisance in the moment, but the backing chorus of her great plight.

Salazzle's voice was muffled by the two Fluffy Disks she held within her mouth as she attempted to mimic that sound the bipeds had made and had stood out to her so.

"Malassadasss..."

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The flaming orb in the sky crept beneath the horizon just as Salazzle had managed to scamper her way back into the pitiful nook she called her territory. Not a single Fluffy Disk had fallen out of her grip; like they were needy, helpless young in a time of duress.

Her body screamed, both with the pleasure of having executed such a daring heist and both because she was overweight and her weak muscles were not equipped for running the distance she did.

Her breath weak, overflowing with saliva and the burning, sour taste of acid escaping her mouth, Salazzle almost tumbled cartoonishly into her favorite corner of her cavern, the Fluffy Disks both from their prison and her mouth flipping and turning onto the rocks below; thankfully undamaged. She'd rested upon her back, her rounded posterior digging into the flat-faced igneous rock below, her tail arching once more like that familiar hook.

Salazzle wished she would never have to move even a single more inch in her life, from now on out.

For what? So she can pick upon underripe Berries and maybe find some defenseless Ledyba to snack on?

No. Nothing she could find out in the wild would match even a single crumb of the Fluffy Disks; the flavor, the filling, the divinity of such a treat. She would trade a thousand Citrus Berries for even a taste of one.

If she soon ran out and starved, so be it; life was nothing before, and it would be nothing somehow even more in the absence of the Fluffy Disks. Perhaps then the inexplicable cushioning of her physique would finally dissipate to sustain her; displeasing, but it would be inevitable.

These thoughts beamed throughout her neurons as dusk came, and she'd yet to even taste a morsel of the stash she'd fetched.

Perhaps she should, then.

The high of the second Fluffy Disk was perhaps not as great as the initial one, but it being the fruit of her exploits perhaps enhanced the flavor in a way the first hadn't. With her being in safety, she took some time to savor the flavor a little more than the hurried gobbling she did at the biped's home turf.

It was...so heavenly. So...fluffy. So...sweet.

It was good.

"Malassadass..." Salazzle hissed, once more.

Perhaps she sounded off that incantation because its majesty would somehow compliment this moment even further.

Her long digits descended to her stomach, her tongue darting out, still dotted with leftover powder from the sample she'd tasted.

There was...something, about the sensation of the Fluffy Disk, chewed and crushed, descending down her long slender neck and into the confines of her belly. It brought a new light to her exploits, and this strange, adipose-accumulating adaptation she once believed to be an evolutionary mistake.

No longer did her stomach, gently pooling atop her thighs and creasing against her tail, feel like a hindrance.

Even if it did not bring her success with mates, it did bring her some curious self-satisfaction, like it was some object of sentimentality, that it reflected all of her adventures outside of this cave and into the wilds to claim her harvest. The harvest that seemed to stick eternally to it.

Her hands descended from her belly to her thighs, and to the curve of her posterior; she adjusted herself to reveal its gentle expanse to her inquisitive eyes.

Like her stomach, it too was rounded with the plenty she'd plundered. Her digits sank into its flesh, feeling its weight, its heft, its give, from which the Fluffy Disks would soon contribute to; the memory of her chance visit to those furless bipeds, discovering this treat, and then her instinctual endeavor which had brought her this bounty.

This belly, this rear; it was who she was, her claim upon the world.

And she liked it.

She wouldn't mind more of it, actually.

As Salazzle's hands returned from her behind to her belly, just like the tingle of her loins, so too was her belly tingling...rather, rumbling as it did, but more fervently. Salazzle tilted her head at this other aspect of her strange biology, seeing at it too was being amplified by this day's events.

Just as it did by that burly biped's four-legged wooden structure, the grumble and churn of her stomach soon escaped through its depths up through her chest, through her neck, to her maw, and out to the humid air of her cave.

**"OOOuuuuRP!"**

Salazzle covered her mouth as this sound released, not out of some manners, but mostly because she wasn't sure if this was...correct, for her kind. This bubbling, gaseous release from her maw; she'd hardly ever experienced it outside of that one fleeting moment she had today. And here did it roar from her mouth once more, this time more intense, prolonged, and uneven.

Had the Fluffy Disks triggered this?

Salazzle sniffed the air. It smelled sickly sweet, this eructation producing a fume unlike any she'd seen. Though the bouquet was intoxicating, it seemed entirely benign. The wispy cloud she'd

exhumed from her stomach soon was picked up by the wind that had crept into her cavern, dissipating out into the wilds, losing its shape and form into the cool twilight air.

Salazzle stared, unfazed, unblinking, at whatever sort of function her body had executed. One of her life's great mysteries, she was sure, next to the size of the boulder outside in contrast to the one by her side.

She soon no longer paid it no mind, and her attention soon returned to the scattered, chaotic array of Fluffy Disks that had fallen by her side. This buffet would only last so long, she knew; the fantastic flavors only being temporary, the swell of her stomach they gave only passing, their spongy grip within her claws only felt during this one last meal of her life.

"Malassadass," Salazzle, depressingly, emitted out from her maw, staring at the Fluffy Disks like they were her friends that she'd never be seeing again.

A permanent union within her belly wouldn't be such a bad fate for them, would it?

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Dawn came and the light of the sky penetrated Salazzle's weary eyes. Salazzle was still tucked within her corner, in a prone position, disorientated and weary.

And, oh, so full. So incredibly full.

One of Salazzle's hands had been permanently adhered to her tummy since the prior night's binge had resumed; the other's sole purpose was to bring more from the pile over her belly, into her mouth, down her neck and into her belly. She hadn't managed to count how many she'd even pilfered and then proceeded to devour promptly. But not a single one remained.

In desperation, and, much to her chagrin, she'd even had to twist her body onto the cavernous rocky floor to attempt to claim some of the Fluffy Disks' powdery topping that had descended from their top to their glorious selves.

As her pink tongue licked, most of the taste was masked by the minerals present on the floor, but as she tasted afterward, she knew some of that divine goodness, if only in trace amounts, was still present.

Even a thousandth of their greatness was leaps and bounds upon the diet she had to stake for herself out in the wildernes.

All that's left of them now was...their impact upon her belly, which certainly was not negligible.

Though her supply was limited and disappeared quickly, Salazzle's stomach protruded out further, even more inappropriately than it did before; Salazzle pondered if its new breadth was purely because they were still busy digesting within the confines of her stomach, or if new fat had already accumulated, if only partially, onto her.

Nonetheless, her stomach was bigger, and Salazzle had been toying with it as she tossed and turned after her gorging, feeling the give and the strain her last meal had rendered onto her. Her hands could not escape its quivering, quaking allure; even the thousandth time she had toyed and jiggled with it in boredom, it still offered her endless gratification.

Even if its novelty had worn off, her long claws would shift over to her rear, gripping the malleable flesh with a smug grin etched upon her lengthy face.

Sleep last night certainly wasn't made easy as well by the cacophony her stomach produced. It gurgled, groaned, grumbled and churned more than it did than in her lifetime.

Salazze wondered if it was protesting her extreme, sudden intake, or if it was simply working diligently to use its enzymes to sculpt their glory of the ingested Fluffy Disks into new flesh to the canvas that was her body.

Though the noise was pleasant, it did disturb the other aspect of her chemistry that demanded rest, making Salazze fret that a predator would hear these incessant burlings and swiftly end her pleasure. Not yet, thankfully.

What was worse however were the...releases.

A curious phenomenon before became a constant interruption as Salazze shuffled on the cavern floor to relax. Her doughy stomach's gurgling always preceded an extended, gaseous emission from her maw.

What humored Salazze is that each release never seemed to be quite the same. Some were soft, hushed, minor, while others were uproarious, loud, and extended. The typical sounds that she made, if any, were angered hisses and sighs, not these proud roars of that sickly-sweet gas that flowed from her cavern out to the wilderness.

Thankfully, she did manage to nap...at points, though the hours of rest were short and interrupted, often before a powerful, thundering **BOOOOOooOoOOOOORP** awoke her from her dreams. Now, she laid in dawn, awake, but...certainly not at her best operating capacity.

Salazze paused. A new day.

She said to herself that she didn't want to move again. Not one more time. Perhaps one more sip from the stream, or at least another visit to see that palm tree one more time, but to actually act, to exert herself...the push was no longer there.

Her conscious would veto her instinct. No more. Salazze was content with meeting her demise here, in this corner.

She'd lose her belly, her rear, everything, and wither away into a corpse for Mandibuzz to sneak in and dine upon. She'd at least be useful to some other organism, then, rather than being an overgrown burden; and she'd at least have a lot of calories for any prospective scavengers, too.

That other Salazze, that envious other specimen, could carry the flame of her bloodline in her absence. She already was while Salazze was still alive. Certainly doesn't have any of the freakish mutations she'd been gifted with, even if she found them endearing.

As Salazze pondered which predator would be the one to scavenge away her corpse, she spied something in the distance.

Something coming closer.

It was silhouetted by the burning Alolan sun. It was some small, clumsy thing, its gait off-balance by some object it held over its head.

It had a tail of its own which some angles revealed. The sight seemed oddly familiar; like something that Salazze should instinctually recognize from such a distance, yet her isolation had eluded her from immediately parsing what it was.

It neared closer and closer, the black colors of its contours soon fading into more recognizable ones. Its head was donned in a darkened gray, its torso emblomed with something like an arrow that pointed downwards. Two sorts of black "ribbons" wrapped around its neck, hanging from its back. And, most distinguished, two beaming purple eyes that seemed to have not a thought between them.

A Salandit.

A potential mate, companion, guardian, and... servant.

It had somehow found its way from wherever in the wilderness to here, in this isolated, lonely cave, where Salazze once sat dejected. But now, no longer, for now her spirit returned from a fiery volcanic pit of self-sacrifice and condemnation out into the lush, endless fields of hope and promise.

What had summoned the creature all the way here?

Salazze pondered it only momentarily, before her eyes carefully glimpsed what it held high above its head.

"Malassadass", she repeated, once more.

The Salandit soon crept inside the cave, clouds of steam briefly obscuring it, as it scampered closer to its new mistress.

It crept upon her reclining tail, and then onto the weight of her stomach, before presenting its offering with the species' typical exaggerated, black-fanged grin, its purple eyes squinting deeply into tiny slits.

Salazze was more than eager to accept her new servant's offering.

She carefully took the Fluffy Disk it held within its grip which it happily relinquished and sniffed it. It was just like the ones she'd managed to find at the bipeds' turf; spongy, thick, and utterly perfect.

Though her stomach still bore the stress from last night, Salazze ignored it as if it was nothing, and she held her head up high and downed the Fluffy Disk in one large bite.

As she did, her hands joined her stomach once more, like trying to claw into wherver the Fluffy Disk consumed whole had ended up. Even the Salandit had begun to sink its tiny digits into its lady's stomach, perhaps doing the same exact thing.

Then, a gurgle. Salandit briefly stepped back, its squinting, airy purple eyes opened wider in response, yet unfamiliar with its mistress' special aspects. Then, crawling through Salazze's stomach, emerging through her neck, and pooling out of her mouth:

**"BUUUUUUOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPP!!"**

Salandit locked in place as the particularly thick miasma that had escaped from its mistress drifted into its nostrils.

Despite no other communication but a proud belch being exchanged between them, it knew almost instinctually what it must do.

It hopped off of its mistress' belly and back into the wilderness, in a hurry, speeding away through the barren landscape out into the horizon.

Salazze looked down to her stomach, now rounder and weightier than before.

She hissed proudly. Her purpose was not to be a shining beacon of her species, to plainly continue her bloodline unabated just as generations of Salazzle before.

Her adaptations were not curses, but necessary for what she was destined to do; a biochemistry that providence had given unto her for what her true calling in life was.

Salazzle's purpose was to grow.

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When the second Salandit had joined her harem, not too long after the first, Salazzle was already weightier than she was before.

Her belly had begun to pool further and further out, eclipsing the connecting crease between it and her tail.

Her arms, once thin and lanky, soon began to bare the same sort of jiggle and thickness that her belly had possessed.

Her neck even, once long, elegant, soon bore a minor layer of flesh that pooled over a little, pressing gently against her shoulders.

Her rear, two promising little globes that joined her tail, offered an even greater cushion as she nestled within her cavernous nook.

The Fluffy Disk buffet had long since digested, but she'd eaten likely several equivalent amounts with the amount her faithful Salandit companion had offered, taking them from what she presumed was the locations of those smooth-skinned bipeds.

Having a Salandit, even just one, allowed Salazzle to persist in her aspiration of Simply Not Moving.

If her body yearned for hydration, the Salandit would hollow out an Oran Berry and use its skin to house sips of water from the stream.

If her body yearned for relief, the little Salandit's claws would sink into her growing flesh, soothing whatever itch or removing any trapped particulate inside of her burgeoning rolls.

A Salandit could carry out any bodily task she needed done...even the more unsavory ones.

For the first time in her life, Salazzle had also experienced her species' carnal union with this Salandit, but the rush that this interaction was supposed to give her dwarfed in comparison to the joy of growth and gluttony offered unto her.

It was not too long after this that Salazzle had figured she was infertile.

This revelation brought her no concern.

The second Salandit joined with the first soon after, and Salazzle was overjoyed, for a new way to entertain herself was delegating each to different roles.

One, more often than not, was positioned to solely be the one to fetch food, dashing off into the horizon, often in the direction where the bipeds rested, fetching more of her beloved Fluffy Disks.

Salazzle had tried to instruct her busy workers to be as efficient as possible with this; and in time, a typical round trip of the Salandit netted her a small smorgasbord of the Fluffy Disks.

It always humored Salazzle, seeing a Salandit balance themselves on their puny feet, desperately trying to keep their handful intact.

The other, often, was a helper, assistant, and renderer of pleasure. Hydration, washing, and other more intimate roles were dispatched to this little runt. Acquiring more of the Fluffy Disks was often a tricky task, so Salazzle was accepting of any other fruits the wilderness could provide; namely, her more familiar diet of Berries and Bug-types.

The taste was hardly as splendid, but the food was nostalgic in a way, a reminder of her old life before her ascension. They contributed much the same to her waistline, just as she had done for herself in a time before.

One displeasure of Salazzle's increasing size is that her arm could not contort itself enough to reach her shelf of a backside that she was developing, a past time she somewhat enjoyed.

She figured this was a minor irritation in exchange for such great rewards; plus, she could always dispatch one of her harem members for such a task, which offered a similar level of pleasure.

The growth only continued from there.

Salazzle was often seen reclining on her side, a much more comfortable position than her back-down prone position she preferred before. The rapidly increasing heft she was accumulating rendered this position the most comfortable. Her thick, tree-trunk like tail rested parallel to the ground, and one chunk of thigh meat rested atop of it, with the other sinking into the earth below; obscured by the multiplying mass of her belly.

And, oh, her belly.

The hot pink markings soon stretched over new, rapidly developing scaled flesh, and the shadowed creases of rolls darkened more as more area accumulated.

Her belly had evolved into three heaps of flesh; one medium roll reclining above two increasingly heftier ones which sagged and spread further and further across the warm rock beneath.

The folds between them formed a concavity akin to a navel on other species, but this space in between Salazzle's swelling rolls was nothing but a sweaty enclosure of weighty, doughy, **fat**.

This belly was adjunct to her tail, which was also splayed horizontally, the pink underside like an attention-grabbing beacon for her Salandit companions to squeeze and toy with.

It formed distinct rolls, that decreased in size to the tip; once sharp like a hook, now rounded and dull from the results of her indulgence.

Her rear, which hung beside it, distended and drooped, the two globular, massive cuts of flesh that cut likely to quickly end the life of her dutiful followers if they were not careful about where they positioned themselves.

As her weight exponentially increased, so too did the Salandits. One more came into the cavern unexpectedly one day; Salazzle fretted that her vision was getting poor, but her eyes did not deceive, for there was yet another among her ranks.

This was around the time Salazzle had become permanently immobile.

The last time Salazzle had moved was to reorient herself within the cave, for her corner could no longer contain the expanse of her flesh. The cave had good clearance in the middle, so Salazzle knew that this would be the last time she would ever need to use her feet.

With an intense, beleaguered heave, Salazzle had plopped herself down onto the rock below, her flesh jiggling for what seemed like ages in response, her enraptured Salandits almost worshipping this heavenly sight. It was soon after that a number more would flock to serve their growing mistress.

Some Salandit, inspired by their goddess, began to indulge in their offerings themselves. There was a hoard of Salazzle's own that had formed by the tireless efforts of her minions.

Their leaner bodies now soon possessed their own layer of flesh, echoing Salazzle's own approximate size, many moons ago; though it encumbered them, they could still manage to hit quota, as enforced by other Salandits who were now monitoring their own growing populations which Salazzle could not dedicate herself to do.

Some Salandits kept watch, and guarded their goddess' operation. This increasing development and upheaval in the energy cycle did not exist in isolation.

A few lurkers of the wilds had come to check what exactly was happening, seeing scampering Salandits across the fields, darting across to food sources and elsewhere, disrupting the peace. Their ecological niches were being taken over by these Salandits, who seemed to be desperate to hunt and harvest any kind of morsel they could. Being small, adaptable creatures with burning palms and corrosive poison, no game was too big.

Some interlopers neared the cave. From the stream came a displeased Dewpider. From the forests came an irritable Lurantis. From the mesas came a perturbed Bewear.

Their intrusion upon the holy grounds of the deity of the Salandits did not go unpunished.

Numerous, ruthless, and united in their mission, the Salandits were quick to disable these intruders with deadly, intoxicating poisons, and if this didn't work, heated, super-charged swarms of slaps and bites soon made them meet a bitter end.

Their scarred and burned bodies would go right to their goddess, as sacrifice. As she ingested their flesh, a dense miasma of fumes would emit from her maw, the sickly sweet stench permeating every crevice of the cavern, and then outside the entrance to be picked up by the winds of Alola, out to penetrate the nostrils of any other suspecting Salandit to join her ranks.

Back in the cave, a Salandit scaled up the tail of their goddess, the end first, for it was the easiest to scale.

Then, balancing upon its girth, the Salandit would hop from thigh roll to posterior to the the top of her belly, laying low to maintain balance, lest it have to start this process all over again.

It scampered from an arm roll to her chest, and then, buried deep within the creases of a few distending rolls of neck, Salazzle's face was present, her eyes and maw etched with permanent ecstasy, her tongue lazily drooping from beside her teeth.

Her slit pupil, buried partially in the expanse of her cheek, drifted over to the Salandit's offering.

"Malassadasss...", she mimicked, once more.

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It was at this time when another Salazzle, the envious apex example of her species that this one had once gnashed her teeth thinking about, came to investigate. Much of her harem and brood had been disappearing under her snout.

The offerings became paltrier and paltrier, the tending to her needs rarer and rarer...even the act of coitus had simply ceased to occur when she prompted the scant few servants she had to do so.

The interest was fading, passing. A more potent, powerful pheromone from elsewhere had dulled the senses of her posse if they remained, and swayed them if they fell to its spell.

Now, she was derelict. Alone. Afraid. Bitter. Resentful. Following the path of the last Salandit that had found its way over to the growing goddess' domain, this Salazzle was determined to fell this accursed competitor of hers once and for all.

She came at late twilight, the best chance she possibly had, after scouting the place. With her illuminant purple eyes, she peered inside the cavern, barely seeing the shapes and figures what little light there was revealed.

There had to be two dozen Salandit frequenting, many sound asleep, reclined against some soft, impossibly rotund...thing, in the center. Its mass obscured the ends of the cavern, and possibly even more servants shielded by the blob's oozing rolls.

Salazzle kept low, using the brush to any advantage she had. Two Salandit scouts stood guard by the cave's entrance. With adhesive digits, she used a side of the cliff to obscure her approach.

Peering over a corner, she saw a pair of Salandits gazing out into the wilderness, looking around with their vacant, clueless eyes.

She recognized them. They were her own. Now faithfully serving another. To attract them with its own pheromones and recruit them back into her harem would be impossible.

These Salandit were someone else's, now, and if any disturbed their mistress, it would be a swift end for her.

Salazzle turned aside, back into the darkness of brush by the cliff and paused. Did she treat her harem well? It was...simply biology, their role. But to have them turn away from her...was this new fate better than the lives she gave them before? Was this really a better mate for them?

No matter. No dwelling on this could be done. Salazzle only had one objective...to fell this competitor and to restore her harem, her honor, and her species.

If there were casualties, even if among them were Salandit she knew well...so be it.

Salazzle peered back again to the corner, with the two scouting Salandits looking wayward onto the darkness.

Stupid. Foolish. Clumsy.

She was not afraid to capitalize on this fact.

Taking a stone within her claws, she chucked it high above the Salandits, landing somewhere in a brush with a distinct rustling.

The Salandits perked up, and immediately, as they usually did, scamper idiotically to where it landed. Taking this opportunity, Salazze crept closer to the cavern's entrance, her mission almost at its end.

Unfortunately, there was another scout who had eluded her. The pair of scouts was a trio.

It was obscured by brush, just barely outside of her field of vision. It had stayed with the cave. Smarter than Salazze had thought.

Its two purple eyes darted as it spied the intruder.

In an instant, Salazze, using her great agility, pounced onto the Salandit, and muzzled its maw before it could even make a alerting yelp.

She dashed away from the scene, far from the hearing range of her kind, a range she knew well, as the thing helplessly fought and struggled against her grip, only muffled hisses and grunting very visible.

It clawed, it bit, it employed singing strikes and burning embers, rendered upon Salazze's hands and limbs.

Salazze tensed, desperate to keep her stealth, despite the excruciating pain.

She scaled atop a cliff, obscured by brush, and then, just as her senses caught up to her, her feet kicking up a few rocks which fell off the cliff face and into a deep, dark abyss below.

She looked at the thrashing Salandit's purple eyes and held it, as it helplessly scrambled above the pit which she held it over.

She wished she did not have to do this.

But for the sake of the species, it must be done.

The Salandit finally let out a gasp and then a weak scream as gravity took its course.

Its voice, however, was soon muted as it descended quickly into the darkness below.

Thud.

Salazze stood for a moment, staring at what she'd just done.

She paused. She took a deep breath.

And then began to walk back.

The two scouts were still gone when she returned to the cavern entrance, still scouting the rustle the stone she chucked caused. Thankfully.

She had to take this chance now, before they came on back. She lumbered into the cave entrance, still singed and bleeding from the Salandit she had dispatched.

No words could describe truly what she was witnessing.

This thing inside was a Salazze, much like her...if only buried beneath what she could estimate to be perhaps a dozen Snorlaxes-worth of heaping, distended flesh.

A supermassive "belly", if it could be called one, distended so far out as to grace against the rocky walls of the cavern.

Looking to her other side, a frankly ridiculous rear end stretched equally as far to match the other end.

If given enough time and food, this Salazzle was bound to collapse this cave, and then dwarf this cliff...and perhaps more.

This Salazzle's tail, thicker than any tree trunk this other one had witnessed in her entire life, served as an obstacle to getting further.

It almost was large enough to block the entrance; fortunately large enough for other Salandits to squeeze in and out of, and for her skinny, emaciated body to shimmy through.

She crept along the brush and into the cavern, the pain still unsettling her entire body, each step as soft as she could make it. One wrong move could alert the hoard, and though she had a resistance to the toxins and heat that her own species could produce, such a great volume of attacks would be enough to overwhelm her biology and give her a brutal end.

What was worse was the scent.

The *SCENT*.

That familiar scent which had only grown more pronounced in her territory as of recent. The scent that pierced her nostrils and felt like it travelled through her entire body and somehow through the other end.

The whole region had stunk loosely of it, this sickly sweetness, but here it was so ungodly potent that it made her wretch. It clouded her judgement and dulled her senses as she approached further and further to this heaping mass of flesh that was her target. She could hardly THINK. This was the source, no doubt.

The sound did not help, either.

There was this persistent cacophony of gurgles and groaning. How did the Salandits sleep with such constant racket? This thing's stomach was some fermenting organism of its own; churning, gurgling, BUBBLING constantly, producing something relentlessly inside, turning food and matter into more flesh and...whatever effervescent pheromone resided within.

She dodged snoring Salandits, some she found to be remarkably overfed, making sure there was enough clearance between her feet and their snouts, as her own thigh brushed against the thing's belly.

What would...even work to remove this threat?

Strangulation? How could she grip the neck rolls of this thing hard enough to invoke such a thing? How was it even BREATHING anyways, at such an impossibly overstuffed size?

A lash of fire? Could one of her flaming palms even scorch anything internal and cook her insides so that the beast falls? How?! With that much insulation? And she was her kind, anyways, so a resistance would be assumed.

Poison? Yeah, really, like if that could act in the first place and fast enough before she's found out. Plus, with such an overwhelming amount of fat, this THING probably could ingest anything with no problem.

Well, the head was always the best start. Something with that.



Her Mistress was awake.

Her Mistress was hungry.

She needed to serve Mistress.

---

The day after, Salazzle's routine resumed as normal, short one member, but a new one in its wake. It was taller than the other ones, a little dirtied and beat up, but it worked just as well, if not better. She particularly enjoyed using this one to grasp and rub her innumerable rolls to soothe her being; its longer digits much more suited for the purpose.

Salandits scouted and brought her more treats onto the Hoard. Others scampered to and from the Hoard, bringing her the latest. There wasn't a single moment during the daytime where Salazzle was not eating; almost every single second punctuated by chewing and digesting Fluffy Disks or other scavengings. The food came to her maw, through her network of rolls and fatty flesh, and into the massive, heaping, gurgling cauldron that was her stomach.

It was getting a little cramped in here, so she'd delegated some of her faithful servants to clearing out some of the rock and rubble so more of her body could fit; their heated palms and corrosive poisons useful for such a task.

Some of her servants were greedily taking from themselves from the hoard and bloating up their own bodies. An immobile Salandit reclined happily by her tail, its own belly the size of one of her enormous arm rolls, but she didn't mind the greed. She liked to keep it as entertainment, as seeing something else bloat up beside her was something to take away the boredom. She'd dispatched another Salandit to continue this Salandit's own growth.

For a moment while eating another Fluffy Disk one of her faithful harem members brought her, Salazzle looked to the outside.

She hadn't been there in a while, basking in the sun's rays.

She'd sure she'd return in a sense one day, when this cliff is excavated enough to have her fatty, oozing flesh bake in the flaming orb's splendor. That was a goal to shoot for, she supposed.

Perhaps she could catch sight of that old palm tree or that boulder, which she herself was definitely larger than now; a fact she liked to ponder more than the comparative size of the one in her cavern.

Her body worked overtime to convert her collection of foodstuffs into more flesh, and miraculously, worked in perfect condition, despite her ridiculous, comical enormity.

She wondered how a Salazzle like herself, or even a creature like her, could even become this fat; but it was one of her life's great mysteries, she supposed. One of many.

She looked upon the barren ground. Long, rife with brush and volcanic rock.

Then, she spotted something coming to the cavern.

It did walk on two legs. It did look a fair bit taller than other Salandit, but then again, some of her own harem members were taller than average. This one seemed to have some strange, yellowish pile of fur upon its head, and held some number of objects within its hands. Did it have a tail? It's possible, but the angle eluded her. It did have something hanging down from its figure, though. It

walked much more properly than some of her harem members; perhaps this one had finally learned to orient themselves properly!

It came closer.

Then, it entered her cave, and halted in sight of Salazzle. Salazzle peered closer; a herculean task with numerous, encumbering neck rolls.

She got a closer look, narrowing her buried eyes, peering into the visitor's. This time, rather than purple, these ones were a green. This one seemed much more wistful and still, like not much went on behind this particular servant's head.

Par for the course.

It held a container of a large collection of Fluffy Disks, and presented it towards Salazzle.

"Malasadas", it said, blankly.

"...Malasssadasss", Salazzle hissed.