

Sparky, the cute pudgy Pikachu, slurped and smacked his lips of some leftover frosting. “What a party!” the explorer exclaimed, now taking time to suckle whatever leftover cake on each digit of his paws. He then patted his distended yellow-furred belly and sighed. “I’m just glad we don’t have any missions tomorrow. You get enough, Oran?”

Walking beside the sated Pikachu was a heavy-set Raichu, looking even chubbier than usual thanks to the big birthday bash the guild had just thrown the pair of chus whose birthdays happened to fall right next to each other. “More than enough,” he cooed, slowly rubbing into his mushy, sagging belly and licking his own lips. The Raichu had to fight to not use his scarf as a napkin, larger-than-life tail of his swimming behind him. That thing rivaled a Charizard’s in size, and he had to take care not to bowl anyone in the hall over with it. The happy exploration team, full on pastries and other wonderful treats, were waddling their way to their quarters in the guild hall. The birthday meal was a complete surprise to the two of them, and everyone present was more than happy to celebrate their birthday, as was custom within the friendly guild they were a part of. “Gonna sleep all day tomorrow probably. Unless there’s any leftover cake.”

Sparky giggled, pushing open the door to their shared quarters and shuffling in with a yawn. “You said it, Oran,” he said, beaming up to his partner and friend. After Oran wormed himself and his tail all the way in, Sparky hung a “do not disturb” sign on the outer knob, and shut the door behind the two. “There, now we’ll have peace and quiet. Right Oran? Oran?” Confused, Sparky looked up to the Raichu. He followed Oran’s stare to the other side of the room, where two irritated-looking Pokémon laid in wait!

“Glance?”

The addressed Glaceon smirked, and rose to all fours. She stood a head taller than Oran, and bore a wide stance in general. Her physical stature made her quite an asset to the guild! A beat later the Eevee beside her, bearing a similar expression, toddled alongside. She was a more typical Eevee, though being the little sister and partner to someone like Glace gave her a hearty reputation! “Enjoy your birthdays?” Glace growled, though the eerie smirk never left her face.

“Uh... Well, yes!” Oran ventured. He stopped, blinked, and it clicked. “Oh, did you miss it while out on a mission? I don’t think we saw you there tonight!” Sparky nodded in agreement.

“You want us to go get you some cake or something?”

The Eevee stepped forward and shook her head. “Why would we have to go get cake to celebrate your birthday? After all, you two are right here!”

In an instant, Glace furrowed her brow and shot forth a blast of ice! Though slowed with the sugary feast they enjoyed, Oran and Sparky alike dove to either side, landing on their bellies and winding themselves in order to dodge the blast. As planned, Glace’s shot hit home, completely icing over the door and locking them in place. “There, you see? Now we have, what was it you said, you little fat Pikachu?” Glace mused, then chuckled. “Right, peace and quiet.” She licked her lips, and stared hungrily at Oran, who was still recovering from the sudden bellyflop. “Sparky’s all yours, Vira.”

The Eevee loudly smacked her lips and snapped her jaws forward, clenching around Sparky’s ear and dragging him along the floor. She ignored his squeals and mumbled, “perfect” under her breath. Oran tried to save his partner but was grappled by the larger Glaceon, flipped onto his back and getting winded again when two large paws crushed his flabby gut. “N-no!” he wheezed, trying to muster up some kind of counterattack, but struggling to catch his breath. “Let us go!”

“O-Oran, help me!” Sparky whined, one eye closed with his ears still being tugged along. Vira hopped backwards up onto the bed, and painfully hefted Sparky up. He was casually tossed along the mattress, and was pinned by the Eevee before he could get his bearings. Her grin slowly spread across her face, and the Eevee began to lick and slurp up along Sparky’s exposed chest and up across his furry face. “Sh-she’s actually trying to eat meee!”

“That is the idea,” Glace smiled, taking her own samplings of Oran. A frosty-cold tongue lathered across his fat gut, the drool clinging behind freezing and making Oran shiver. The Raichu tried to struggle, his tail struggling along the floor of its own accord, flopping about. He gasped in fright when he was suddenly yanked up from under his fores, and had his back slammed against the iced-over door. His shivering body uttered a whimper when a freezing tongue slurped greedily over his chubby face.

“N-n-n-no, y-you can’t!” Oran claimed through chattering teeth. But the two were subjected to several minutes of slow licks, tastes, slurps and teases. Scarves removed, accessories ripped from their bodies, all piled up and forgotten in the room. The bare explorers were left, shivering, whimpering, begging for their lives, under the might of the two sisters. And despite all the noise they made, the sealed-shut door kept their experiences to themselves. Glace and Vira made few sounds themselves, save for the murmurings of how delicious and tasty the fattened-up Pokémon were. And when their bellies growled hungrily for the plumped-up partners, the tasting stopped.

“Well, sister, shall we tuck in to our birthday boys?” Glace said, leering over her shoulder with paws planted against a struggling-to-stay-conscious Oran.

“Oooh I can’t wait. This Pikachu is finally all *mine!*” Vira said, her heart-tipped tail swaying away while she remained straddling the sniveling Sparky.

“P-p-please...”

“Don’t eat us!”

The Eevee and Glaceon looked to each other, then down at their respective prey. They offered one last long slow **schlurrrrrrp** up their faces, then in unison, stage-whispered to their victims:

“Happy birthday.”

Then they spread their jaws big and wide over their feasts-to-be. Dripping saliva sank down off slobbering tongues, teeth glistening. Glace’s visible breath poured out over Oran, who squealed in terror. The comparatively warm air from the Eevee did nothing to comfort the drool-soaked Sparky, who cringed and begged for his life.

“Don’t eat me!” **CHOMPF!**

“I don’t wanna die!” **HOMPH!**

Vira’s eyes rolled in pure pleasure, the whining Sparky’s head sliding to the back of her gullet. She was eager to *devour* this fat Pikachu and feel him in her belly, belonging to

her forevermore. Seconds of slurping and soft chewing, muffled whines were capitulated with a squelching swallow from the Eevee. **GLK!** Glace, conversely, knew that her prize would be well worth the task of swallowing such a succulent fat Raichu. Oran cried out as frigid cold surrounded him, his head and shoulders diving straight into the gullet with a reverberating swallow **HNNGLK**ing all around him. Pikachu and Raichu alike screamed and flailed, wiggling their plump bodies as they were devoured quickly and slowly respectively, but couldn't stop the Glaceon and Eevee from having their own special birthday dinners. Their fores were soon enough bound to their pudgy sides, squishing into fat flesh and swallowed up into hungry maws.

Glace and Vira both worked their mouths open and closed, dragging more and more of their meals inward one little swallow at a time. Vira, halfway done eating Sparky, rolled onto her back and let her four paws curl up just over her body. With another lengthy **ULRK!**, Sparky's tasty tummy squished into her jaws, rolls of fat mushing up against her lips. The Eevee's chest and stomach began to swell, with another swallow pulling the terrified Sparky's head into her groaning stomach. His butt and hinds and tail all hung in the air above Vira's head, vainly struggling against the inevitable. Oran's own belly, large, soft, and squishy, was being gnashed up and swallowed down in quick, eager gulps, Glace having picked up the pace. He was blind in the sub-zero temperatures of Glaceon's blue-colored innards, head already swimming in activating stomach enzymes and fluids. He was breathing fast and couldn't calm down, and once his fores popped into the belly, freed from his sides, he flailed and cried out not to be eaten alive, shivering all the while. Glace slurped and slathered up under that fat gut and drooled heavily, the chilly fluid getting all over the floor and running down the lengthy tail. She hefted her Raichu prey up, and Oran hollered when his plump rear was squashed up to the frozen-over door, cold as ever. His tail draped over him and Glace alike, limp and unable to move.

Vira meanwhile worked her way down to the kicking hindlegs and struggling pudgy rear still protruding from her lips. Hot drool sluiced through the exposed Pikachu fur, and Sparky was out of breath from crying out for his life. Another powerful swallow squished his thickened belly into the throat, and his latest squeal was a raspy nothing. Jaws **SQSH, SQUALSH, SQUOSH**'d several times, working in the Pikachu rump in until the teeth clacked together. Nothing but a single hindpaw and half a tail protruded from the puffy-cheek'd Eevee's mouth now. She smirked and rolled her eyes, feeling the struggles in her own bloated stomach. She saw Glace was just working down to Oran's own

backside, bracing him against the door and shuffling forward, swallowing with every motion, basically nothing but tail left to slurp down. Vira **SLP**'d in the rest of Sparky's tail, before using her paw to shovel in the still-protruding hindpaw. "Mpph! Hlllllp!" came a roar from her belly. Music to Vira's ears. Sighing serenely, her eyes fluttered closed, and with a few loud, wet **GLP GULP GLOURP!**s, ate Sparky alive. "Ahhh... delicious."

As Vira began tending to the struggling bulges of her swollen stomach, Glace clenched her jaws around the base of the crying Raichu's tail. She got her lips around the thick appendage and heavily started to **SCHLLLOOOOUURRP** it up. She would get a few inches at a time, and swallow, having to make room for more. Oran felt the rest of his rear flow down the gullet and squash over his face, curled up in the dangling, sagging Glaceon stomach. "No no nooo! Someone's gotta hear them! P-please Gl-Gl-Glace D-doon't!"

SCHLLLRP. GLP ULK GLUK. SHCLLLRRRP...

The yellow tip of that thick tail disappeared in a splash of frozen slobber. And just like the rest of Oran, Glace effortlessly swallowed it whole with a definitive **GLOURK!** "Scrumptious," Glace purred, looking back at her sated sister, and slowly turning to waddle to her. Her own belly swayed back and forth with every slow step, a terrified Oran's face temporarily outlining between her hinds and under her rear, before congealing into a single smooth bulge. Glace placed a paw on her purring sister's stomach, and gently rubbed it, feeling the whines and squirms from the devoured Sparky. "Quite the birthday feast, eh sis?"

The stuffed Vira uttered out a heavy belch, smacked her lips, and nodded with a big smile. "Oooh you bet, sis. Totally worth waiting for these two idiots to fatten themselves up. Got another team out of the way too."

Glace nodded, and worked her way over to Oran's former bed. She climbed aboard with an effort, stomach loudly complaining as it was compressed and squashed every which way. Within, Oran's tail took up the bulk of the space, leaving almost no room for him to breathe... but plenty to feel the ice-cold stomach fluids washing over every part of him. Glace rolled onto her side, letting her belly sprawl out, as she sighed in relief. She and Vira stroked their stomachs for a while, until they lulled themselves to sleep.

Sparky pleaded and squirmed until his voice was hoarse and muscles stinging from exhaustion. Eevee stomach juices nearly drowned the Pikachu had he not struggled to find pockets of free space every now and then, and they were already eating away at him, burning and digging into his fur. "Somebody... help..." were his last words, before passing out in the ocean of viscous stomach fluids. He lasted half the night. Oran fared a little better only because of his larger girth. His tail stung horribly, but an unfortunate shift from Glace brought about the fat, terrified Raichu's end. The Glaceon rolled onto her stomach and laid flat, forcing Oran's own rear and tail down over his head. What little leverage he had against the sea of constantly freezing-thawing stomach fluids was lost, and he sank below the burning cold that was a Glaceon's stomach fluids. His last cries were nothing but a bubbly series of gurgles, before he too was silenced.

The combination of the do not disturb sign on the door, and Glace's ice attack keeping it sealed shut for days, let the two sisters digest the birthday chus in peace. They played games with each other, planned for future guild missions, and schemed about what tasty team would be the next to bump off. All while lounging in their most recent victims' beds and feeling them slowly melt away over time. And when the ice on the door thawed, two very smug Pokémon sauntered out of their room. With their cover story worked out, they went to inform the guildmaster that Sparky and Oran would no longer be with the guild, having left all their stuff behind and heading out to explore the world right after the big birthday dinner.

But they would still be with the guild, of course! Vira's Eevee stomach still bore a good chunk of the pudge Sparky left behind, the paunch swinging to her step. Her fur coat shone brighter and had more fluff to it, and her legs, sides, rear, and tail all thickened up from having ingested such a large, meaty meal! Glace had some work to do herself, with the heavy Oran clinging to her perhaps too much for the Glaceon's liking! Her own rear end jiggled with every sway of her tail and impact of hindpaw to the ground, with a sloshing belly swinging to and fro. The two knew going in they'd have a bit of post-birthday dinner regret, but at the same time, they would not have traded such a lovely dining experience for the world.