

Deep inside the depths of Viridian forest, lies a particular Tsareena. One that not only towered even over her grassy counterparts, but was thrice as wide several times over. With legs that seemed to go on for days and an ass that absolutely **REFUSED** to quit, it was fair to say that this Tsareena was the Crème de la crème, and was much deserving of the title “Queen”. Fancy titles and flattering introductions aside, there were more pressing matters at hand.

...She was feeling full.

And not the “pleasantly satisfied” kind of fullness, either. Tsareena could feel the gastric pressure of the parties of trainers she wiped recently. It wasn’t nothing she couldn’t normally handle, but the sheer volume of trainers roaming around her territory seemed to spike once word of her “kingdom” got shared about. Combined with her naturally slow digestion, Tsareena would be out of commission while she had to deal with this last batch. If she tried to eat any more then she was surely going to fucking pop... A group of Steenees had awaited Tsareena at her private hot tub while she was waddling over.

“*S-status report.*”

Tsareena uttered, grunting as she lowered herself into the warm bath, nearly displacing the water in the process. Her stomach alone had to at least weigh several hundred pounds with all the meat stewing inside and was doing a great job of letting its owner and everyone around her know of such with an audible **GGWWRRRRrrrrrGllll,,,**. All the while a certain Steenee had bounced over to her exhausted queen who was leaning back on the bath, pulling out a paper from her bosom.

“*As of today, there’s been no new trainer sightings thus far! The Lilligant is still out of commission, but the Gardevoir has finally passed what was left of that Drapion, so she’s back in action!*”

The Steenee shoved the paper back into her chest before taking a bow, while her queen could do nothing more than roll her eyes. It wasn’t exactly the most striking news, but at least there weren’t any teams roaming around for the time being...

“*Anything for us, your majesty?*”

“*I -HIC- urgh...*”

More Steenees began to flock around the tub, awaiting the next orders from their queen as if she wasn’t going through the worst stomachache right now. *Fuck*, she couldn’t really think right now and these idiotic subjects of hers won’t leave her alone unless she gives them some mundane task to keep themselves busy. But even then, how long until they scamper back over to her? Desperately, she’d look amongst the Steenees before...

“ You. ”

“ M-me? ”

Tsareena’s hand pointed towards the Steenee who spoke first, the one who gave the report. She did mention something about being the strategic type. She could work.

“ Yes, you. You will take over my duties while I take a- **BWUOOOOORP-** leave of absence. **Effective immediately.** ”

She flicked a makeshift laurel over the crown of the Steenee, effectively granting her the power of royalty while the rest stared flabbergasted.

“ But I don’t...? ”

“ I **will** be watching over you, so you won’t be able to mess- ”

-GRRRRLK, GRRRRLK, GRRRLK-

“ Ngh... N-nevermind, I might actually need time off **NOW**. You’ll figure it out. god it stings... ”

Tsareena awkwardly shuffled out of the hot tub as she felt the shifting of bony remains being pumped through her intestines. Not bothering to dry off as the water was steadily dripping off her quivering asscheeks. It seemed as though those dragons she had weeks ago were about ready to come out. This was going to be a long day for her...

In the meantime, the Steenees had watched their queen suddenly take a leave of absence then and there, before shifting their gaze over to the newly appointed Royal. There was a bit of a piercing silence amongst them, before one of them finally spoke.

“ So... What now? ”

“ Well... ”

The “Queen” Steenee twirled around as she assumed her new role as (Temporary) ruler of the forest. If there was anyone more fitting to take the helm, it had to be her, right?

“ We should reposition ourselves across the outskirts of the forest so no trainers can get inside and disturb Our Majesty, Obviouslyyy~! ”

The rest of the Steenees would nod their heads and follow the new leader’s command, before the complaints began to occur.

“ Wait wait, so how come **THIS** Steenee gets to take charge while Our Majesty is gone? I thought it was supposed to be someone... Bigger! ”

“ Ah, but I am big, see? My breasts are **CLEARLY** the largest here! ”

“ Yeah, but Our Majesty is more **bottom heavy!** So I should be the one in charge! ”

It wasn't long until the Steenees broke into an argument amongst one another. The hierarchy between them didn't even last as long as Tsareena left, with each Steenee clearly having a different idea regarding what it even took to become "Queen". With each talking point, it only brought the group back to their original stalemate. Something had to give, unless they'd be standing there arguing forever.

“ Alright, **FINE!** How about this then? We all split up, and whoever comes back at the end of the day looking the **BIGGEST** becomes queen, deal? ”

The Steenees would take a moment to consider this before they all unanimously agreed to these terms. After all, they now all had a fair chance to take the crown now, right? The ex-Leader would take the laurel off her head and place it on a log for safekeeping, while everyone else made a break for different parts of the forest. Some would pair together, other Steenees opted to go alone. From the looks of it, this contest of "The Biggest Steenee Queen" could either end in a complete success, or utter failure with no in-between in sight...

...

“ Huff, huff- ”

On the further outskirts of Viridian Forest, the ever so elusive Tsareena was not having a very dignified moment as she continued to waddle across the forest edge. Her gut **GLORSHed** with every step, as Tsareena could feel the slimy cartilage invade her intestines. Dragon types always had a delectable taste, but were always a hassle to pass through, especially with this Haxorous threatening to split Tsareena's stomach the past couple of days. Finding a suitable spot, Tsareena arched herself into a squatting position and prepared for the hard part. She could already feel a skull peeking out her asscheek...

“ N-ngh...- ”

With a strained grunt, Tsareena focused her efforts on pushing out this obnoxiously shaped piece of cranium, the skull was stuck halfway through her rectum and wasn't coming out without some resistance. It took a few more coordinated pushes before the skull finally dislodged from her cheeks with a **-SCHLORP-** as it piled up along with other bones that were backed up by the skeletal plug. What should've been instantaneous relief for Tsareena was instead replaced with mild discomfort as she winced. She was still plenty packed all the way up to her colon with cartilage while her stuffed stomach was placing an unreasonable amount of pressure on her

bowels.

“ Fuck me... **URPH-**”

It was constant pressure no matter where she felt. Even the Queen-sized Tsareena didn't ever feel absolutely **distended** as she did now. Even ejecting that skull and its remnants only accounted for half of the Haxorous she had yet to shit out, and her efforts so far had introduced another batch of digested pokemon into her intestines, which imprint was quite accentuated on Tsareena's lower belly, showcasing just congested the heavysset mon truly was. The gargantuan Grass-Type moaned as she **knew** that she was going to be in this uncomfortable situation for a while, so all she could only hope that the next batch wasn't as troublesome going through, and that her Steenees weren't getting themselves into too much trouble...

“ Mrrr, **NGH-**”

Her belly gurgled with a sickening **-GrrrrgrrrRRLSH-** as partially digested 'mons jostled about the taut midsection. The sensation would normally be pleasurable if Tsareena didn't feel like she was being violated from the inside, with the gaseous bubbles trapped underneath the unimaginable pounds of meat, and the cemetery that laid directly below. Regardless, Tsareena laid her hands on her lower stomach, slightly massaging it downwards as the queen prepared to dump another obnoxious load of bones. She was careful to not put too *much* pressure on the bones to not crack them, she already made the mistake of doing so, it was NOT a pleasurable experience...

-SHLLRRRRRP-

Out came another skull, likely belonging to a Dragonite. If there was anything Tsareena despised more than anything, it was Dragon-Types. Not only did they sit like fucking **ROCKS**, their skin was rougher than most other pokemon, which was not kind to the queen's throat whenever she had the honor of scarfing one down. It was just her luck that the squad she wiped belonged to a trainer who absolutely *adored* Dragons. Much to the point that it was nearly sickening, and Tsareena figured that this trainer was doing more with them than just *“battling.”* That being said, Dragon-Types did have their one and only silver lining, and that was that they were **FATTENING**. There was no telling that Tsareena would've gotten as large as she did if she stuck to Marills and Venipedes like the rest of her species did. Indigestion is nothing compared to the intoxicating feeling of having the biggest damn **ASS** in the REGION. Speaking of which, however...

-GhhRRRRRRRrrrruUUUUUULSH-

“ **Fuu-eeEEEEEEEEEEERRRYUUUUUUUUUUUUPH~ fuck-,,,**”

-sssSHLLLORP-

With enough prodding at her own guts, Tsareena managed to unknowingly dislodge a pent-up belch which violently erupted from her gullet, shaking her nearby surroundings as even the trees had been rustled to their earthly cores. The gaseous explosions had also caused the remainder of Dragon 'mons to pour out of Tsareena in skeletal form as a result of the vibrations. Freshly lubricated skulls and bones alike piled up one after the other as the Grass Pokemon could finally feel her intestines draining themselves out for once, slowly rising up as she already felt her butt getting sore. She didn't even need to glance at her belly to know that there was still plenty more left to go, but at least it was a start. All Tsareena could do now was rub her poor tummy and prepare for the next onslaught on her guts...

“ *This might've been a bad idea...* ”

...

-RUSTLE, RUSTLE-

Further within Viridian Forest, laid a Trainer trying to find his way out of this grassy hellscape. He already witnessed enough of the ongoing madness to rationalize that the risks here were clearly not worth the potential reward, if it even existed. So far, he hadn't seen a single Steenee, but there were PLENTY of other voracious Pokemon that were more than willing to gulp him down as part of an afternoon snack. This was all just some urban legend that nobody with the right mind was going to confirm anyway, so why did he bother? Was he just horny one day? Decided to find an early demise? Overall ret-

-SCHWING!

“ *Oof-!* ”

Suddenly, he was knocked forward, hard. The trainer was struck from behind with such force that it caused him to tumble out of the tall grass he was peeking out of and land right onto the forest clearing as he was forced to catch his breath. What even hit him? Whatever it was, it was enough to knock the wind right out, the trainer peering past his sprawled body to discern the monstrous assailant...

“ *OOOOH~! I finally CAUGHT ONE!* ”

Oh God, it was another one of those Pokemon, wasn't it? There wasn't any strength left in him to run away, and his squad was steadily decreased by the voracious monster that resided here. Even his trusty Lapras was no-diffed by an unassuming Liligant. How could something so passive looking be so cruel? He was truly going to perish then and there, and nobody would be able to stop it... It was about time for him to say his prayers, and hope whatever beast was there in those bushes would give him the mercy of having a quick death...

“ *...Why, aren't you a looker~?* ”

What came out was not a beast, but instead... Wait a minute, was that actually a Steenee? There was no denying those leafy pigtails, and those legs as she came out. Speaking of which, this one in particular had such a curvature that would put even the thickest Lopunny to shame. With massive, sloshy teats that sat on top of a bulbous orb of a gut, and not to mention the fleshy hips that could even be seen past her bulging mass, it was no wonder he was hurt by something so short, yet so stacked...

“ *You might even look better sitting in my GUT~!* ”

The Steenee chortled, before giving her belly a well-placed smack, the engorged midsection gave a resounding **-SLLOSH-** as it jiggled from the disruptive force. While the trainer was still reeling back from the sneak attack, he couldn't help being mesmerized by the Steenee's particular act of dominance. The way her doughy mass was wobbling about from just one sudden movement was hypnotizing, to say the least. Maybe being eaten by something so pretty wouldn't be so bad after all... Wait, what was he saying? He was starting to sound like those... Preysluts, they were called? Anyway-

“ *WAAAAAAIT, BUT HE'S MINE~!* ”

“ *E-eh?!!* ”

Both the Steenee and the downed Trainer's necks would snap over to the strange sound emanating from the tall grass. There was no way, could it actually be...?

“ *I saaaaid, he's MINE! Hands off, you fat bitch!* ”

And out came another Steenee. This one was not as massive as the first, but still stacked in comparison. Speaking of which, these two Steenees had to have been twice the size of their normal counterparts both in height *and* width. Holy shit, what would they be like if they *evolved*? It would also appear that the first Steenee was wearing some kind of crown, so maybe she was going to be the first to reach the next stage?

“ *B-but, I got to him first! It's only fair!* ”

“ *I had my eyes on him FIRST, so I should have him!* ”

“ *J-jeez...* ”

The trainer couldn't help but murmur to himself as the crowned Steenee directed her attention over to the uninvited Steenee, shifting her body towards her colleague as she did. As a result, the male got a clear cut view of the wide rear of Queen Steenee, and god, what a rear it was. It was definitely plush enough to bury a face in one cheek, but also firm enough to bounce a quarter off of. If a catfight was to break out here and now, there were fingers crossed that one of them accidentally sits on his face, hopefully.

“ I actually kicked him though, so I get the human share! ”

“ You LOOK like you’ve already had enough “Human Shares” today! Let me get him! ”

Wait, was this actually... an opening? As heavenly as this view to the trainer was, this might actually be his one chance to freedom. While he didn’t have any strength left in his legs to properly move, there was still one saving grace that was still an ace up his sleeve... A *Dusk Ball*...

-SMACK!-

“ AAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEE~! ”

In one final act of defiance, the Pokemon Trainer tossed the Pokeball at the crowned Steenee, hitting her square in her fat-ass. The familiar red energy would envelop the Grass Queen as it frantically wiggled across the ground. The second Steenee reeled back in horror as she realized what was happening, and frantically scurried away into the bushes, clearly in no hurry to save her incarcerated friend as all her sassy bravado was immediately lost. Now the trainer had one thing left to worry about. Would this Dusk Ball actually encase this Steenee? Or would he have to deal with one angry Pokemon?

...

...

-CLICK-

“ Holy- ”

...No fucking WAY. Did that actually *WORK*? This trainer must’ve had Arceus watching over him, because the odds were clearly stacked AGAINST him, yet here he laid VICTORIOUS! Not only did he survive that encounter with his spirit intact (and his insides, mostly), but now he subdued a fat fucking Steenee who now serves HIS TEAM! (Or what’s left of it, anyway). Once he gets out of here, he’s going to min-max this bitch to the absolute max, raise her TP/PP to the upmost, ensure she evolves, and make her have the biggest, most mountain splitting, CDL licensed, jean ripping dumptruck of an ass this region has ever fucking see-

...

He passed out from too much excitement.