

Poffin Love

By Renard De Fleureaux III

Acier stopped everything he was doing when he saw him. Oh, but he was a sight to be seen. An Arcanine, his orange, striped fur and blonde mane were as full and plush as his strong body. It wasn't just his well-muscled arms and sturdy legs. It wasn't his full, round belly that so deliciously bulged out over his pants. It wasn't even his strong jaw and handsome face. No, it was the fact that he possessed all of this, and sauntered into Acier's hotel with nothing but a pair of enticingly strained cargo shorts and a vest that did nothing to cover his upper body.

The Arcanine turned towards the main desk, spotting Acier. Their eyes met, and his smile brought a rising blush into Acier's cheeks. The Lucario turned his eyes away, and quickly pushed his way past his employees into the Manager's office.

Cen frowned as he saw the big Lucario in the suit- and he was big, with an upper body like a tank- shuffled away. "Hm. Wonder what all that was about." The Arcanine muttered, hefting his bag as he moved towards the desk. He checked the name on the Front Desk- double checked, then triple checked. The Rochambeau Hotel. Good, he was in the right place. A few others were waiting- it was the height of the Tourist Season, after all, and Cen was left waiting for a good half hour.

"Hi there!" Cen grinned at the Concierge behind the counter as he finally made it to the front of the line. "I'm Cen here to check in."

The Concierge, a Raichu in a sharp suit, nodded. "Last name, sir?"

"Oh, it's Cen. Just Cen."

The Concierge arched an eyebrow, "Very well, Mr. Just Cen, I apologize for the wait... ah, here you are, Mr. Cen... you're in, oh." His eyes went wide, a few sparks coming off from his tail, "The Emperor Napoleon Suite. Whoever did you blackmail to get in there?"

Cen furrowed his brow, "Suite? No, I just reserved a standard room- should be waterfront, but still, just a standard room. I can't afford a Suite."

"No, it's all here Mr. Cen- it's even been paid in advance."

"*What?*" Cen gasped, pulling out his pokedex as he pulled up his bank account. "No, there's got to be some mistake. I *can't* afford a Suite, oh... did I do something wrong? Picked the wrong option?" Cen frowned, "I don't have any charges on my account."

The Concierge looked over his computer again, "Well, it may have been a clerical error on our end... regardless, it's the only room we have to put you in. I assure you, if it is an error, we won't charge you extra for staying in the Suite."

Cen sighed, “I suppose, if you’re sure I won’t be charged... thanks.”

“Of course, sir.”

Cen had his bag snatched up by a bellhop, and was soon taken up to the Hotel’s top floor. A pair of double doors were opened, revealing a sumptuously lavish room. The sitting room of the Suite was filled with Second Empire furniture, all expertly carved wood and over-stuffed cushions. But what made Cen’s mouth drop was the *food*. Sitting on tables and counters were gift baskets, each and every one filled with fruit and pastries, many featuring Poffins, drizzled with a sugary glaze.

“Wait... where did all THIS come from?”

The Bellhop offered no answer as he deposited Cen’s bag and left. Cen looked over the mountains and hills of food, the topography of confections a bit much to navigate. On the biggest basket of all, he found a card attached. The Arcanine quickly snatched it up to read it.

“Dear Cen,

When I saw you, I thought you were easily one of the handsomest men I’ve ever seen. It is extremely embarrassing for me to admit, but I lack the courage to approach you in person. My deepest apologies. Please accept this as a token of my affection. I’m something of an influential person, so the Hotel Staff know in advance to do as I say. If you wish to talk, I’d very much love to hear from you. Just leave a note on your door handle. The Staff will be around to pick it up soon enough. Please enjoy the Poffins, as well, they’re a house specialty.

-Your Secret Admirer”

Cen breathed deeply. He grinned a bit; it was certainly flattering. The Arcanine had never had a secret admirer before. He picked up a Poffin, examining it before giving it a small nibble. It was good. *Really* good. The sugary glaze pushed the treat over into something absolutely delectable. The Arcanine soon found himself devouring his third before he thought to respond to his Admirer. Pen and paper in hand, and Poffin in mouth, he wrote,

“To my Secret Admirer-

Can we meet in person? Your gesture is really sweet and flattering, but I feel weird not getting to know more about you. Maybe you could come have dinner with me in my room? By the way, the Poffins are amazing. Thank you!

-Cen”

Cen smiled as he poked his head out, perching the note on his door handle. He went back inside, grabbing another Poffin- or two of them- before flopping down on the couch. Whatever happened on this vacation, it was going to be interesting, at the very least.

Acier grunted as he threw all his strength into one last rep, hoisting the barbell up, as his over-developed, meaty pecs surged and tensed with the effort. He set the barbell down, sitting up from the weight bench, looking down. He frowned, his ears splaying as he looked again at it- the stump. The Lucario's distinctive chest spike was reduced to a stub between Acier's pecs, an accident of childhood turning him into a laughingstock for years. He could cover it up in all the expensive suits he wanted, but the fact that there was no spike wasn't so easily hidden. At least the laughing, at least to Acier's face, had stopped. If it was his money or his Herculean physique that did it, it was hard to say.

One of the Hotel employees came in, "Pardon me, sir, but the guest you put up in the Emperor Napoleon Suite has a note for you."

Acier lit up, striding over and snatching the note. Acier thinned his lips as he read.

"Oh... oh no, dinner tonight? No, that won't do..." Acier groaned a bit, his timid nature crippling him again. "Just, uhm... Just tell him room service is free..." Acier thought on it a moment, "No. Surprise him with our buffet selection."

"Sir?" The employee arched an eyebrow.

"Yes- three entrées, two appetizers, two desserts. We usually offer those for the suites."

"Sir... I find that might be a bit of a waste. It's only the one guest... that's usually reserved for parties of five or more people."

"I'm aware."

The Hotel Employee bit his lip, "Alright, Mr. Krieger, I'll pass that along to the Kitchen."

"Oh, do let me know... I'll want to inspect it personally."

"Of course, sir."

Acier grinned before moving to a locker where he kept his things. The large lucario frowned, taking in a deep breath which made his chest expand, pressing up against the strands of his muscle shirt. "Hm." He looks over his wide and bulging shoulder, "Has anyone seen my EV Vitamins?"

An hour had passed, only for Acier to remove himself from another, compulsory workout. The lucario was a bit smitten by his handsome arcanine guest, and he had worked his hardest to clear his mind. His tailored suit was cut to compliment his vast V-shaped upper body, but now felt exceptionally tight- Acier loosened his tie to give his thick neck some room, as it was slowly being eaten up by his encroaching traps. Acier frowned at the thought of having to let out his jackets another two or three inches around the chest.

He strode into the kitchen, where Cen's meal was waiting on three carts, receiving the final touches. Acier was a frequent visitor to the Hotel's kitchens, as he had a certain flair for the

culinary arts. The Poffin House Special, with their signature glaze, was his invention. The Kitchen staff made way for the Hotel owner, as he leaned down to take a critical look at the food.

“Hm... good presentation, men.” He congratulated his staff. “Delectable smell... it’s missing something, a certain... je ne sais pas.” Acier approached a mixing bowl, where a batch of house sauce sat. “May I?” He asked of one of the chefs, a large charizard who was himself no stranger to the odd taste test, judging by how his white uniform grew exceptionally taut and round around his middle.

“Of course, Mr. Krieger, of course.” The chef said, moving out of Acier’s way.

Acier removed a small bottle, “Little secret ingredient,” he explained to the staff, “A little drop of this goes into the glaze for the Poffins gives it a nice little vigorous kick, not unlike cinnamon in taste. Just a drop, mind. It’ll over power the rest of the glaze’s taste otherwise, but this sauce needs a bit more, mm, liberal dosage.” Acier poured about three tablespoons worth, vigorously mixing it into the sauce, calculating how much he could get away without sacrificing the taste. The lucario took a small taste of the altered sauce, and nodded his approval. He moved to one of the entrees of the meal, a mouth-watering pork loin, and poured generous amounts of the sauce on the dish.

“Have this poured into a gravy boat, and set on the side.” Acier directed to his staff about the sauce. “I want to add a note of personal thanks to our guest, and then it will be free to go.” Acier stepped aside as the last preparations were made, quickly scribbling a note.

“Dear Cen,

Your kind words only embarrass me further. I cannot summon up my courage to come dine with you, for I fear I may be quite a disappointment. So, please, for now, I wish to leave you a token of my affection. This, I can personally assure you, is the best the Rochambeau Hotel has to offer from its menu. Please, enjoy at your leisure. I can personally recommend the pork loin with house sauce and the Snover Berry Cobbler- it goes excellent with vanilla bean Ice Cream, which you can call Room Service for. The fee has already been waived from your room and placed on my account.

Sincerely,

-Your Secret Admirer”

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Cen was stretched out on the couch, rubbing his hand over his taut belly. The arcanine was groaning contentedly, a half-eaten Poffin in his limp hand. He’d already had to move his belt back a notch, then take the belt off entirely and unbutton his shorts for comfort’s sake. He lazily raised his head, looking at the mountainous gift baskets that dotted the room. He’d barely made a dent in them.

The suite was massive- so far, Cen had seen two bathrooms and three bedrooms as well as a separate sitting room besides the main one leading back out to the Hotel's hallway, and he was still certain he'd not seen everything. The arcanine sat up, his distended middle pooching in his lap. He looked at the half-eaten Poffin, and, after some deliberation, popped the rest of the treat into his mouth, savoring the sweet flavor before forcing it down. He patted his belly, taking a deep breath before meandering around the place, taking in the rich luxury of the suite. Cen was a wanderer at heart, and this was by far the best place he'd ever gotten lost in. Some nagging thoughts kept him wondering about this Secret Admirer, but who was he to deny generosity?

He went to the door when he heard a knock, "Room Service!"

"Sorry, there's gotta be a mistake, I didn't order any- oh, wow." Cen's mouth dropped as he saw the spread; Pork loin, Taurus steak au gratin, Farfetch'd breast with leek, a rich, creamy looking soup next to a tray of fine bread, snover berry cobbler, and a tray of Cream Pokepuffs.

The Hotel staff manning the carts rolled them into the suite.

"Guys, I didn't order anything!"

"Pardon me sir, but you're Cen? Emperor Napoleon Suite?" asked one of the servers.

"Yes, but-"

"This is for you, sir, already paid in advance. Have a pleasant evening, sir." The servers quickly left, leaving Cen with the feast before him.

The arcanine puffed out his cheeks, running his hand through his unkempt, bushy hair. He looked the food over; it smelled heavenly, but it was impossible for him to eat it all, right? He soon found what he was looking for- another note. Cen finished reading and bit his lip, thinking over the note left by his Secret Admirer.

He left the food for a moment, stepping into the Master Bedroom, dominated by a richly plush, oversized bed. Cen found his lone bag, and rifled through it for a moment before finding what he was looking for. In his hands was a red, metallic bracer. A power bracer, it was the only thing he had come across in his travels he wasn't particularly attached to. The pokemon set it down on a side table, quickly scrawling out his response.

"To my Secret Admirer-

I'm really flattered, but I can't accept these gifts, not without giving you something back. I know it's not much, but a lot of people seem to like them. I hope you do, too. And I really would like to see you before my vacation's over. I promise, you won't disappoint me.

-Cen"

Cen wrapped up the note and bracer, leaving the note outside his door for the staff. He turned back, and looked back at the food.

“Geez...” he looked over the buffet. He wasn’t really hungry- not at all, in fact- but everything looked so good. A little sampling would suffice, then the rest could be put in the fridge. Per his secret admirer’s note, he moved to the Pork loin, first. The meat was drenched in a thick sauce of some sort that Cen couldn’t quite place. He dabbed his finger at it, tasting it.

Cen’s eyes went wide. “Wow... wow!” he murmured, trying it again. The sauce had a surprising kick to it, it had just a touch of spices, while maintaining a smooth texture and buttery taste. Cen grabbed a piece of bread to mop more of the excess sauce, savoring the taste. Next came a slice of the Pork loin, Cen quick to douse it in the sauce. The meat practically melted in his mouth- it was just perfectly tender. The arcanine experimented more with the sauce, trying bits of everything with it. He was glad for the extra sauce the Staff had provided, as the arcanine dare not take any more from the dishes that had been practically bathed in the sauce. Even though the sauce always tasted the same, it seemed to simply enhance whatever it was paired with.

Surveying the buffet, Cen looked for something new to try, and then spotted the gift baskets. A small grin came to Cen’s face as he took a few steps forward, only to feel a pinching sensation mixed with a small strain around his waist. Cen looked down, frowning at his shorts. They were old, anyways. He tugged the shorts off, giving his engorged belly, which noticeably wobbled as he moved around, some much needed breathing room. He soon changed the shorts out for a roomy pair of sweatpants, grinning a bit as he stretched out his legs before heading back to the buffet. He grabbed a Poffin, and doused it in the sauce, his mouth anticipating the latest combination.

“Oh...” Cen grinned wide as he took the first bite.

“Oh, that’s fantastic.”

Cen’s free hand idly ran over his belly, as he filled a plate with samples of the food, and flopping down on the couch. As he indulged, he leaned over, spotting the snover berry cobbler. Maybe he’d take his mystery suitor up on the ice cream, too...

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“Mr. Krieger!” The raichu Concierge wasn’t used to being in Acier’s personal gym, the stiff-necked raichu sticking out considerably in his freshly pressed suit. “I think we need to talk about the guest you put up in the Emperor Napoleon Suite.”

Acier grunted, finishing his set. Yesterday and today had been very good workouts for the lucario- the red bracer gripping tight on his thick wrist may have had something to do with it. Acier thought that perhaps Cen didn’t quite realize what he had given the lucario. He felt a surge of strength and power since he wore it, and it even showed- as he lifted the barbell for his last rep, his pecs practically eclipsed his face, tensed as his over-developed arms pressed against

them, hard and solid as a rock as they hefted the weights up. He set the barbell down with great satisfaction, sitting up, as his massive shadow completely enveloped the concierge.

“Oh? What seems to be the problem Mr. Archer?”

“Mr. Krieger, for the past day, enough food to feed a party of twenty has gone into that suite, and the trays come back *empty*.”

Acier smiled wide, clapping his hands together, “Well, that’s fantastic!” He stood up from the bench, dwarfing the raichu. He rolled his great, stone shoulders, his mountainous traps rising up to swallow his neck entirely. Acier’s stretched his arms over his head, swollen biceps pressing up against his face, his slab-like pecs rising up with them, straining the thin bands that held his muscle shirt together, drawing them more and more taut, until finally the snap of cloth robbed the massive pokemon of his grin. He frowned, fingering the torn strand of cloth that now revealed his right pec. “Blast. Another one.” He muttered.

“Mr. Krieger, I hardly see how this is good. It’s clear the guest, whom we can’t even find a last name to match to, mind, is trying to swindle us. There’s no way there’s only one mouth in that suite.” The raichu bristled, a lone spark flying off his tail. “And since we’ve been waiving his fees, he’s doing this not even at a discounted fee, but robbing us blind. Mr. Krieger, I insist we kick him out.”

Acier chuckled, lumbering towards the raichu and patting him on the shoulder, his half-bare, bulging chest hovering mere inches from the concierge’s face. “Mr. Archer, I assure you, Cen is a completely innocent, legitimate guest, just like anyone else in our fine hotel.”

“Well, sir, if you’re that sure, may I suggest you go and see for yourself? He never leaves the suite. If you go there now, I’m sure you’re bound to catch him.”

Acier fought hard to hide his anxiousness at the thought, “Oh, believe me, Mr. Archer, I am very intrigued by our guest, but I don’t know if it’s necessary to disturb him.”

The Concierge sighed, “As you say, sir. But I really think you ought to investigate for yourself.” The raichu collected himself and left the lucario to himself.

Acier breathed deeply, his great chest expanding, threatening the integrity of the rest of his shirt. He dug into his duffel bag, pulling out Cen’s last note, which he had received shortly before his workout.

“To my Secret Admirer-

I’m so glad you liked the bracer! I’m so touched by all the food and gifts you’ve given me. My last night is tonight, though, and I’m starting to think I might be a disappointment to you, instead of the other way around. Just know I’m very thankful for the kindness you’ve shown me.

-Cen”

Acier rubbed the back of his head. If he was going to act, it had to be now. A faint smile came to his face as he looked down at his own clefted pecs. The muscle had grown considerably, encroaching on the stump where his spike once was, even growing past it. Cen had inadvertently helped Acier get over what he was most mortified by. He really didn’t want it to end like this.

It had been a while since Acier had walked down the corridors of his own hotel. His suit was uncomfortably tight, although that could’ve been his nerves. Then he heard a ripping noise.

Nope. Nope, that was definitely not nerves.

Acier frowned darkly as he removed his tailored suit jacket, as he found the wide gash riding up the back of it. He sighed, draping it over his arm. As he bent down, the bulging tendons of his neck caught against his tie. Acier ripped it off, but with such force, he heard another ripping noise. Muttering darkly, he lifted his arm to see the tear in his shirt. Rolling his eyes, Acier removed the shirt, his upper body now bare. He stretched his back, feeling some degree of relief to be rid of the too-small clothes confining him, feeling his enlarged lats flare out, the bulges, hills and valleys of muscle on his back finally able to be at their full size without fighting against cloth. Then he realized he was standing right in front of the Emperor Napoleon suite. As the concierge had said, a small mountain of polished off plates and trays were stacked up beside the doors.

He almost lost his nerve, his hand shaking as he moved to knock. No. No, he had to do this. Acier knocked on the door, his knuckles making the door rattle and shake violently.

“Uhm... who’s there?” came a voice from behind the door. “I don’t think I ordered anymore room service... did I?”

“No, no sir. Is this Cen? I’m Mr. Acier Krieger, the owner of this Hotel.”

“Oh! Is there a problem, Mr. Krieger?” Cen’s voice came from behind the door.

“Not at all, Cen, not at all. Quite the opposite. May I come in?”

Cen hesitated, “I’m, uh. I’m not at all decent... I was just about to lie down and rest, I thought I’d put the Do Not Disturb sign on the door handle.”

Acier frowned, thumbing the sign. “Please, Mr. Cen, it’s rather important. I wanted to thank, you actually...” Acier gulped before mustering up the courage, “I wanted to thank you for the bracer you gave me.”

There was silence.

“Cen?”

The electric lock buzzed, the light turning green. Acier pushed open the door, “Cen?” He saw the flash of a striped tail disappear into the Suite’s main bedroom.

“Come in, Mr. Krieger- Acier.” Cen’s voice called, sounding unsure.

Acier looked around the room, all his gift baskets emptied of their contents, neatly stacked on one of the tables. The lucario whistled low. He lumbered into the bedroom, and his mouth dropped when he saw Cen.

A considerable amount of weight had gathered around the arcanine’s lower body. Sitting on the bed, his thick flanks and meaty thighs rubbed up against one another, completely filling the legs of a pair of loud, Hawaiian trunks, the remainder of the trunks filled out by his wide bottom.

“I ordered it from your gift shop...” Cen muttered, blushing heavily, “...it was the largest they had.”

His belly wobbled with the slightest movement; it smothered the thunder thighs beneath it, the great cauldron like mass somewhat firm and round. Cen rested his thick arm atop it, his other arm leaning against the bed and propping him up. His well-developed chest had grown softer, but still retained its shape. What fat had gone into his face, besides an impressive double chin, soon to be sprouting a third, simply filled out the arcanine’s face, his round, doughy cheeks almost cherubic in their plump handsomeness.

“You ate *everything*?” Acier asked in amazement.

Cen’s tail curled as he blushed, “I’m afraid so, yes... it was all really good. I’m... I’m sorry you have to see me like this.”

“No! No, no.” Acier moved over, kneeling down in front of Cen. The lucario pressed his thick meaty chest against the arcanine’s belly, his thick hands cupping the bottom of that round gut. “There’s nothing to be sorry about at all.”

“Y-you’re bigger than I imagined...” Cen stammered, still blushing.

“So are you.” Acier’s pecs pushed up against the arcanine’s fat, making it bulge out at the sides as the lucario rested his chin on the fleshy shelf.

“I’m so embarrassed... the food I ate alone...”

Acier grinned, “Cen, I wouldn’t have given you that much food if I was going to be disgusted by you eating it all. You have nothing to worry about, at all.” He ran his hands over the arcanine’s fat, squeezing at his flanks. “I see you, and I see what I saw when I wrote you my first note- one of the handsomest people I’ve ever seen.”

Cen’s full cheeks were entirely red now. “I-I think you’re good-looking, too.” He gulped, “Sorry, uh, talking isn’t my strongest talent.”

“That’s fine. I understand this may be... a unique situation for you. And regardless of your exact size, I think you are a very, very special person. If you’re truly uncomfortable, I could help you exercise and lose some of this, loathe as I am to see it go.” Acier said, kneading the doughy folds of the arcanine’s wide body. “But I’d do it... after dessert, of course. I’ve got a special batch of poffins, just for you.”

Cen murmured incoherently, leaning in to the lucario’s strong hands massaging his massive front. “Could... could you get that special sauce to go with them?”

Acier grinned, kissing the crest of Cen’s belly. “Why, Cen,” Acier placed his hands on the foot of the bed, his heaving pecs and bulging arms pressing down on the arcanine’s chest, as Cen’s belly pressed up against Acier’s stone-like abs. Leaning closer, and making the bed groan ominously, he gave the arcanine a gentle kiss on the mouth, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”