

A wondering circle of purple flames wobbled around inside a dark tower situated in the middle of a forest, its light hardly illuminating nearby objects. Every now and then the flame would dull and then burn hot, as if it were struggling to stay lit. The figure eventually showed itself as a Chandelure, its expressionless face masked a Pokemon that was weakened and getting weaker. It consumed many souls in an attempt to keep itself stable, but over time it got less and less effective. It needed a soul, a soul that had lots of life, it needed to be hearty; if it could get one that is. It didn't know where to look and more importantly it didn't know how to obtain one. It wasn't until a plot was hatched in order to obtain such a soul. With its friends, the pre-evolution Litwicks, they managed to guide a sacrificial Pokemon into coming and ascending to the top of the tower. The Chandelure hovered over to the Pokemon in question, it wasn't easy luring it up so many floors. There was a violent wind outside and was the only place to seek shelter.

The Litwicks in the tower acted as a dim light source, "guiding" the Pokemon through the dark up the steps. Their source of light flickering around each floor with a male Lucario, following alongside them or face getting lost in the dark. And so it went each floor, trying to follow closely to the light source, with each floor growing tired, already tired from fighting the strong gusts only added to his fatigue. When the Lucario finally reached the top of the tower, they no longer heard the cry of the wind, and for once there was peaceful. Lucario decided to take the opportunity and rest against a nearby flat surface, mistaking it for a wall when really it was a tombstone. When signs of life were gone, the Chandelure and its Litwik buddies moved in.

When movement started to come from Lucario it stretched high and yawned before coming to a resting position. He opened his eyes to reveal that it was still rather dark inside the top floor of the tower, having briefly forgotten how he wound up inside this place. Using his

ability to use an Aura, he briefly glanced around the dark room but found nothing unusual. Lowering his guard Lucario was greeted with a familiar purple light. Trying to reach out for it but before he could it had floated off, even if he could the Pokemon found himself mysteriously content sitting on the floor. For a moment it wondered what the place was, before the purple flames revealed themselves in full as a group of Litwick; appearing while carrying bars of...chocolate.

Lucario cocked his head in a curious manner as he looked at the chocolate, the sweet scent from a foot and a half away from his muzzle. Two hovered near him both offering the chocolate, he grabbed one while the other Litwick waited patiently floating in place. He began eating it while thinking of how rough it was outside. A furious wind blowing outside in the dead of night, the lone Lucario fought merely inching its way forward; determined to beat the wind. Every few steps it took it was pushed back several more nonetheless continuing until he could feel his strength fading as the wind battered his body; there was no end in sight he thought. Off in the distance could a tower be seen, he didn't know what kind of tower it was but it was better than trying to fight his way forward. Gathering the strength Lucario pushed his way through the wind and upon entering the large tower everything else seemed like a blur to him, he was so in thought that he absentmindedly ate the chocolate offered to him and then some having ate half of a piece of pie that seemingly appeared in his paw.

A gurgle escaped his stomach when the Lucario looked down, he didn't realize that he was so hungry and chalked it up to his hunger that was the result of having fought with the wind and shove the rest of the slice into his mouth to build up his strength eating to build up his strength.

Litwicks floated over with more food and placed it in-between his legs. Going back and forth, food was eaten at the same pace that the candle Pokemon were bringing it. Unfortunately the feeling of fullness had set in, causing Lucario to slow his eating down. Chandelure, who had been

watching from afar, saw that the Aura Pokemon had slowed down his consumption, but looking further showed that its soul had strengthened after eating. Using the chance, Chandelure used its move Pain Split.

This caused discomfort and some pain for Lucario who looked in the direction he thought the source was coming from. The exchange had already happened before he realized it and Chandelure regained some of its strength while Lucario lost his and gained a potbelly in the process; due to the energy being taken but not the empty calories from the food. Feeling the hunger set back in, Lucario resumed eating a tad faster than when he started. Feeding himself whatever came its way mainly in the form of sweets that the Litwick gave him, his belly expanding out from the intake of food; never realizing that he was gaining weight.

The intake of food eventually slowed down and once again did Chandelure use Pain Split on the Aura Pokemon. From the increased food and energy, the ghost Pokemon gained more of his strength while the Lucario not only gained more weight; by expanding over all causing his belly to blimp out again, this also had the effect of weakening his muscles from the weight he was gaining. Lucario winced and looked around the room to find the source of where he thought the pain was coming from only to turn the attention onto himself as he grabbed his stomach as if in pain. Judging by the expression on his face, before looking at the food and eating it faster; practically shoveling food into his maw.

The Chandelure couldn't help but be amused as the Lucario was none the wiser, strengthening his soul from the all of the food he was pigging out on. It was regaining some of its former strength as it slowly approached to get a better look at the "container".

The Lucario was sitting with his legs spread out, the food being between two plump pieces of thigh that connected to a butt that was pushing heavily against the tombstone; bringing great shame to whomever tombstone belong to. Thick arms went well together with his thighs,

while the roll of love handles connected to a rather fat belly sat distended, happily in the lap of the Aura Pokemon that slowly pushed out as he crammed more food into his gullet with a pair of developing moobs that squished the sides of his horn.

Chandelure was so far enjoying how useless the Pokemon was becoming. When Lucario finished the ghost Pokemon made the mistake of using Pain Split in close proximity, as when the energy was sapped from the Lucario it turned and was mere inches away from the ghost Pokemon who was taking its energy. The fattened Pokemon tried to muster as much strength as it could but the muscles had were all but either melted or buried underneath flab. Litwicks watched as the flabby Aura Pokemon struggled to get to its feet finding his predicament quite humorous. Without anything to stop them, they proceeded to grab food and cram his muzzle full of food.

Lucario tried to push them away but their small bodies made it nigh impossible for him to do so. His jiggling body moved around as he tried to escape from the clutches of the ghost pokemon but to no avail as they stuffed whole foods into his maw. Gasping for air in between swallows but that quickly failed, nearly choking on the food in the process. It wasn't long until he not only reached fullness but surpassed the feeling, it wasn't until the last bit of food was gone did the Litwicks go and fetch something else rather than food. With only two of them it made dragging an unusually large quite a large task with their small bodies and strength, getting around this problem the Chandelure summoned more Litwick in assisting the two in dragging not only one but 4 individual jugs. The Lucario looked on as the light from the ghost Pokemon faintly illuminated the jugs, noting that their must've been at least a dozen or so carrying an object larger than themselves. With the jugs in place the Litwicks vanished for a moment thus leaving the round Pokemon by himself in the dark. Lucario decided to take the opportunity and examine his body.

He felt heavy everywhere, his belly felt uncomfortable and full as its mass alone was enough to spread his thighs apart giving space that his belly drooped down onto his crotch area near the floor. Even moving his arms was a chore with his muscles buried beneath flab. The jackals pudgy hands moved upward towards his face, feeling the sacks of lard he assumed where his cheeks with his snout being smooched between his cheeks and a large second chin. Lucario couldn't believe how big he got in such a short amount of time, attempting to try and stand on his feet was quickly stopped when a dozen of Litwick showing up, several of them all carrying one object; a funnel connected to a tube. The candle Pokemon floated over to his face and plunged the tube into his mouth, briefly setting the funnel side on top of the Aura Pokemons expansive belly. Lucario looked as they grabbed the jug and floated it over to him while trying as he might to spit out the tube, his flabby cheeks and chin all but cemented it firmly into his mouth.

With the ghost Pokemon working as a team, with some hovering the funnel in place high into the air, the others held onto the jug tight and began pouring it in. From what the Jackal could see was a dim white liquid going down, when the taste hit his tongue it tasted of pure sugar. He couldn't have a proper taste of it before the liquid came quickly and nearly drowning him if he did not drink it, with no choice the Lucario chugged the contents to keep from drowning.

Tossing the now empty jug the jackal Pokemon was given only the briefest of rest to catch his breath while the Litwicks floated over and grabbed the second jug. A strange and tingling feeling began to wash over his body as it got to work on absorbing the sweet liquid. A second jug had begun pouring in between the Aura Pokemons breathing, some of it flowing out of his mouth in the process and down his fat chin, accidentally sending some of the liquid down his airway and drank the liquid down forcibly.

With the second jug empty did the effects of the sweet liquid begin to take effect, the Lucario could feel himself expanding out in all directions, his belly pushing out and forcing his legs further apart than they had previously been. Moobs being perched on his expanding belly also expanded out, becoming flabbier and flabbier. Something came of shock to the jackel as he only felt, but heard a loud pop followed by a thud, but being as fat as he was he couldn't turn to see; a tombstone being broken in half by his large butt. Accompanied by his ever growing hips with blubbery cheeks and gaining a third chin. The Litwicks retrieved the third chug and with his inability to fight nor given time to catch his breath, a strong fear drove the Lucario to chug the sugary liquid or drown in it. Chandelure watched on and got some amusement from watching the Pokemon struggle; its movements being nothing more than jiggles and wobbles. He could utterly feel himself expand as the liquid hit his system and felt the sting where the tombstone dug into his ass.

Tossing the third jug the ghost Pokemon without skipping a beat were quick to retrieve the last one barely giving enough time for the immobile jackal to squeeze in a few breathes before the contents of the jug were dumped into the funnel. Noises from the Lucarios stomach steadily filled the air with churning and groaning as his body tried all it could to absorb and break down the liquid, his body growing larger with each gulp. Pain surging through his body, mainly around his stomach, made the jackal pokemon wince hard. His gaze went over to the Chandelure that had been floating, watching the entire time. Lucario looked at it with pleading eyes and fear filling his mind at the thought that he could burst and any moment, but the face that stared back was one of without emotion. In truth it was getting pleasure from the obviously worried Aura Pokemon and his fattening struggle to draw a single breath. His expanding frame growing enough to the point that his ass destroyed a few more tombstones and smothering them and legs being engulfed in a mound of belly.

Eventually with the liquid all gone and no more food to give to the blubbery Fighting type, the Litwick removed the funnel and hose and tossed them to the side and breathed a sigh of relief. Lucario couldn't believe how full it was, coughing and gasping for air, bits of saliva and liquid escaping his mouth and running down his many chins, he didn't know if he was going to explode at any minute and could hardly muster movement; only wobbles and grunts. Chandelure floated around the immobile Pokemon, more importantly looked at the container of the soul, and was very pleased with how the soul not only by its strengthening but having increased the strength tenfold. Behind the expressionless mask it became joyous with how the events turned out, with a gesture it allowed the dozen Litwick to take some of the soul to replenish themselves which they were more than happy to do. Like scooping off the top, the Litwick gathered around and started taking bits and pieces of the jackal's soul, a sharp pain shot through every fiber and flab of the helpless Fighting type. He eyed the Ghost type as best he could but his cheeks blocked most of his vision. Hoped that they would at least let him go, Lucario looked at all of them with pleading; on the verge of tears.

The time had come, Chandelure focused before starting. The candle-lit flames on its body started to brighten, before one started to become progressively dimmer. Lucario's vision blurred, his heartbeat fluttered unevenly as the Ghost Pokemon tore his soul away from his body. One light went out, fear became increasingly heavy in his mind as his eyes widened as far as they could, he once again looked at all of the ghost Pokemon present with pleading eyes, practically begging them not to go through with this. Everything fell on deaf ears as an unsettling silence crept into the room, a second one went out as the feeling of light-headedness hit him. As pain pulsed all throughout his large body, a wave of numbness and weakness that followed quickly after, his mind dulling and his senses shutting down. When the final light Chandelure possessed

went out the last of his soul was gone, the light from his eyes vanished and he moved no longer.

The room became thick with darkness, save for a few straggling light sources of the Litwick; silence permeated the tower. For a brief moment a light shone all throughout the room, Chandelure was back at its full strength. It couldn't have been happier, breaking into a floating dance in the air along with the Litwick accompanying. Combining the light sources filled the room with plenty of light, the ghost Pokemon had filled themselves happy, leaving the thanks to the unfortunate Lucario.

---

The following morning came Lucarios Trainer felt a sense of dread when his beloved Pokemon didn't return and felt that it was up to him to find where he went. He looked through the forest and didn't find any trace that he had been there, until he saw the tower that broke through the trees and stood high, higher than the trees themselves. Entering the tower proved easy, no one was around, not even anything wild. Searching proved that nothing was there except a staircase, to which he climbed to the next floor, and the next. Each floor he spent looking doubled his efforts in trying to find something that would point him in the right direction, but nothing was found. That is, until he reached the final floor of the tower. It was there that he learned the fate of his companion.

When his view could finally see everything in the room, the trainer was met with one thing; his Lucario. Taking a look around the room he found empty jugs, the funnel, and many crumbs. Mind racing as the image became ingrained into his mind one that he couldn't bare. What sat before him was his beloved Lucario, having been petrified from the soul extraction. The Trainer dropped onto his hands and knees, having a very difficult time wrapping his mind as to how this happened; only a monument of the cruelty that Chandelure did that terrible night.