

Starswollen Supernova
By Angelus

This year's World Eating Contest championship was being held in the Galar region, and Dokei couldn't have been more excited to compete against one of his idols. The ashen gray Zacian was proud of having made it this far. Dokei had crushed all competition in the Galar regionals, and then blazed his way through the World Championship, quickly becoming a rookie fan favorite for his bubbling enthusiasm and seemingly bottomless appetite.

Dokei was checked into the contest hall and made sure to leave his lance at the check-in desk, as trying to hold the weapon in his mouth while eating slowed him down. His grey fur coat was thick and ruffled, and he stood out among the better-groomed show Pokemon that were around. He was still able to take pride in his charcoal black braids though, which had been neatly woven and then tied together across his back. His tail whipped back and forth, and he bounced on all fours, doing nothing to hide how excited he was to be here.

He was wandering around the backstage area, passing by Pokemon from every region, all of whom were here to compete in the contest. The World Cup brought all kinds to Galar, and Dokei nosed around, marveling at some of the more rare pokemon that people had brought in, like a hefty and towering Tropius from Hoenn, and a lithe but deceptively hungry Lycanroc from Alola. They were all in various sizes too. Some were quite fit, while others were bulging with muscle or sagging with fat, but none of them stood out the same way the reigning champion did, and Dokei picked him out of the crowd the moment his eyes brushed over him.

Milkbone was world-renowned, the current and longest-standing Eating Contest Champion. He was a normal-looking Mightyena, aside from a black nose and tongue, and the fact that he was so overweight his stomach dragged along the floor wherever he went. A fiery Focus Band was tied around his front leg, something of a signature accessory for the oversized dog. He was in the middle of having his black mane combed, but Dokei couldn't contain his excitement, and approached while barking a greeting.

"Whoa, Milkbone! It's really you! Oh geeze wow, I-I'm such a big fan! I got into Eating Contests after watching you on TV!" Dokei said, tail wagging faster than ever. He stood over twice Milkbone's height, but less than a third of his weight.

Milkbone's ears perked up, and his eyes opened, as though he had been sleeping standing up. He turned his head to look up at Dokei, tilting it to one side as he took in the grey Zacian that had bounded up to him. There was a flicker of recognition in his red eyes, and the corners of his muzzle lifted into a lazy smile. "Oh, you're Dokei! I saw you in the qualifiers!" he said. His tail started to wag, sending gentle ripples over his fat stomach.

Dokei's eyes followed those wobbles, back to front, back to front... Milkbone looked even fatter in person. "You know me? Me! Whooooa gosh, I'm honored! I mean, it's an honor, sir!" Dokei bounced on his front paws, doing a little dance in place. He couldn't believe it, his idol knew who HE was? Dokei was about ready to pass out from excitement.

"Well yeah! I need to keep an eye on promising competition!" Milkbone's smile widened a bit to show his teeth, and he winked at Dokei as the groomers started to brush down his belly fur. "Really though, I'm impressed! We're gonna have a good match, I can already tell."

"I'm gonna give it all I've got! I hope I can give you a good match, I feel like I'm hardly getting started by the time my opponent gives in or time is called," Dokei said, chattering on, talking faster to try and get their muzzle to keep up with their thoughts.

"Oh yeah? I feel the same way! I haven't had a good challenge from anyone in a while..." Milkbone spaced out for a moment, then shook his head as he came back to the present. "Woof! I hope we can give the audience a good show then! Some people pay good money for seats in the Squish Zone after all, and I never want to disappoint them!"

"Squish Zone?" Dokei's head tilted this time. He tried and failed to imagine what the Squish Zone was.

"Yeah! It's like, the front few rows of seating in the contest halls! The ones most likely to get squished under my gut if the contest gets fierce enough," Milkbone explained, beaming with pride.

Dokei's eyes went wide as he tried to visualize what that meant. The distance from the center of most contest halls to the stands was several yards, and on top of that, they were elevated enough that even a tall person taking a running leap wouldn't be able to grab the top of the ledge. Dokei's eyes moved from Milkbone's face to his belly, and he tried to imagine the mass of grey-furred gut it would take to fill and overflow all of that space. "O-oh, that would take a lot of food." He nearly forgot that he had seen Milkbone pull that off before, and regularly, but that was before Dokei had started doing contests himself.

Milkbone seemed amused by Dokei's comment. "A lot of food? Not really. Maybe like a snack? Or a warm up for a snack? I only miss the Squish Zone if my opponent gives up too quickly and the refs call the round." Milkbone spoke so casually that Dokei had trouble figuring out if he was bluffing, bragging, or making a joke.

The Zacian put the thoughts out of his head. He would see soon enough if Milkbone could put his money where his mouth was. Champion or no, he wasn't going to psyche out Dokei, if that's even what he was trying to do! "W-well, I meant a lot for like, other Poekmon, or a trainer to try and eat of course!" Dokei said, saving face.

Milkbone let out a snorting chuckle. "Well that goes without saying!"

As their conversation drew to a close, a soft chime sang out over the loudspeakers backstage. "The next round will begin in ten minutes. Contestants, please make your way to the stage." The message repeated, but the two dogs heard it loud and clear.

"Well, hope to see you out there! Don't lose before we face each other!" Milkbone barked with a big, toothy grin.

"Don't worry, I won't! I'll definitely see you out there!" Dokei trotted off, feeling inspired after meeting his eating contest idol. The excitement had him feeling peckish... but he knew to hold off on snacking on contest day. Saving his appetite was a challenge. As the contest got under way and round after round passed, he thought about all the food the other contestants were eating, and he drooled. He was relieved when his turn came up, and he bounded out to the stage.

The announcer gave him a rousing introduction. "First to the stage this round is none other than the rising star, Dokei!" There was a roar of cheering and applause as Dokei stepped out onto the walkway to the stage, illuminated by an attention-grabbing spotlight. He was walking through the middle of the huge Pokemon battle arena in Hammerlocke, which had a stage and walkways set up in the middle to make it more suitable for Galar's first hosting of the

World Eating Contest. The gleeful Dokei trotted to the stage, bouncing and swishing his tail with every step, enjoying all of the cheering he was getting. "Dokei is a literal local legend, a Zacian right from out of Galar mythology! Don't worry folks, his trusty sword is stowed away safely for after the contest. It's hard to eat when your mouth is occupied with a blade handle after all!"

That was true! Dokei felt a bit incomplete without his lance, but he was eager to replace that feeling with mouthful after mouthful of food. He made it to the center stage, which sported a huge metal table covered in heaps of food which each looked to be about Dokei's weight. His stomach growled, but he held himself back. He didn't want to be disqualified for something silly like starting before the buzzer.

The announcer boomed over the loudspeaker again, and spotlights lit up the far entrance, the one across from where Dokei had entered. "And now everyone, it's what you've all been waiting for, the dog that needs no introduction: Milkbone!" The cheering almost shook the stadium. Milkbone emerged from the curtain on the other side of the stage and held his head high as he waddled to the center, belly dragging with every step he took. He wasn't slowed down by his size at all, and Dokei found himself staring in awe as Milkbone approached.

"W-wow! It's you! I can't believe we're already going to face each other!" Dokei said once he was sure Milkbone was within earshot.

Milkbone shot him a big grin. "I'm actually glad we didn't have to wait until the finals! I've been so eager to face you I nearly swallowed my last opponent, woof!" Milkbone's stomach let out an audible gurgle. "I hope you're ready! I don't plan to hold back!"

"You better not, I want to go all out for once!" Dokei stepped up to the table, already deciding on what he would start with.

All lights focused down on the stage, pulling everyone's attention to the two dogs facing off in the middle. The area quieted down in anticipation of the contest beginning. The announcer started the countdown. "Alright mutts, start your eating in three! Two! One! FEAST!" A loud horn blared and Dokei and Milkbone began.

Dokei dunked his whole head into a pile of savory meats, filling his mouth as juices from the meat soaked into his fur and dripped down his face. Milkbone took a different approach, whipping his open jaws through a pile of fresh greens, taking half of it into his mouth in a single, neat bite that didn't leave a single leafy shred unswallowed.

With their opening bites, it was clear that Milkbone had more experience, but Dokei had enough enthusiasm to make up for what he lacked. The ashen Zacian plunged his head into every pile of food, gobbling it up from within so that it would collapse into his mouth with little effort. His jaws chomped and crunched, his throat bulged with huge swallows, and his slender belly bulged into a firm, food-filled ball after the first couple of platters. Crumbs from meat pies were sticking to his meat-soaked fur, and his half of the stage was getting splattered with food from how recklessly he was eating.

Milkbone on the other hand was devouring one plate after another with a professional expertise. He didn't lack speed, but made sure that every bite was clean so that nothing was wasted. His efficiency inched him ahead of Dokei in the opening seconds, and the stocked table was quickly depleted between the appetites of the two ravenous mutts.

Every plate that was emptied was cleared away and replaced with utmost speed so as not to slow down the contestants. Milkbone's fat stomach started to bulge as his belly fat was stretched by the growing balloon of food that was his stomach, while Dokei's stomach obviously

swelled with every bite, rounding and inching toward the floor and brushing the inside of his legs. He swayed in place, feeling the weight of his stomach rocking underneath him. It was a good feeling, but he wasn't close to satisfied. Panting through his nose to keep his mouth focused on food, he watched the way Milkbone ate and tried to match his blubbery opponent mouthful for mouthful, straining his jaws to keep up. Despite his size advantage over his shorter and fatter opponent, Dokei could tell he was falling behind little by little.

The combination of Milkbone's greater speed and lesser height meant that his paws were leaving the ground first. His grey belly hit the floor and spread between his legs, spreading and then lifting his legs in short order. This left him effectively immobilized, but if you were only watching his jaws you'd never be able to tell that he lost his mobility. He rolled forward on his stomach to keep his head level with the table and maintained his pace, lifting his body inch by inch, bite by bite.

Dokei's belly was hanging halfway to the ground as though it was trying to reach the floor. The ground around him was littered with missed scraps of food, and his grey face was now thoroughly discolored with food stains. He couldn't help but eye Milkbone across from him. His similarly grey opponent was rising up to Dokei's eye level on top of a ballooning grey gut, and the sight of it made Dokei want to be beached on his gut all the more. Her fervent jaws made a mess of everything that got near his mouth, and meat sauce and berry juice dripped down the fluff on his chest and rolled down the curve of his belly.

"Come on skinny dog, eat up! I can still see your legs, and they're all bone!" Milkbone taunted, tail wagging as he gave Dokei a doofy but confident smile. Talking took time away from eating, which showed that Milkbone wasn't too worried about his competition.

"!! Am! Eating!" Dokei said between gulps. He didn't want to slow down, but he couldn't let Milkbone get away with teasing him like that.

"Reaaaally? Looks like you're just grazing to me! Come on, you can do better, I've seen you do better!" the Mightyena leaned towards Dokei, grinning wide and showing off those bone-crushing jaws his species was known for. The Bite Pokemon indeed.

"Yeah well it's really exciting to be here and that's making it hard to focus especially when you're getting so big!" Dokei spit out the sentence as fast as possible. Milkbone was speaking casually, and was losing ground as a result. Dokei was catching up! His stomach hit the ground with a thud and the stage groaned as it shifted under the increasing weight of the canine competitors.

Milkbone's eyes gleamed. "You like seeing me get bigger eh? You haven't seen anything yet! You know we're just getting started!" He dug back in, inching back into the lead after Dokei had almost caught up.

Dokei huffed as he started to trail behind again, but he wasn't going to be discouraged. If Milkbone started to slow down, he knew he could take the lead. He was still ravenous! The food-splattered mutt took a few steps closer to the table before losing his mobility as his own middle lifted his front paws off the ground, followed by the back paws.

The two ate and ate, consuming an absurd amount of food between the two of them. Platter after platter was devastated, stripped bare and licked clean in service of the contest. The crowd was cheering, shouting for Milkbone and Dokei alike, though being the local rising star, Dokei was getting a louder fanfare than the challenger.

Their stomachs billowed out under them, taking up more of the stage as they stuffed themselves silly. Grey fur stretched and creaked as stomachs ballooned under the skin. As their guts became their most prominent features, it became more difficult to tell the two grey butterballs apart... aside from the fact that Dokei's front was a technicolor food-splatter disaster.

The food table was pinched between their stomachs as the stage began to run short on space. The growing dog orbs teetered on the edge of the raised platform, and outgrew the radius of the spotlights that were shining on their bodies. None of this was a problem of course! With extensive records of both Milkbone and Dokei's contests so far, it was anticipated that they would outgrow the stage and then some. Hydraulic lifts disengaged and allowed the stage to lower to almost ground level, and the two dogs could feel the dirt against the underside of their guts.

They started to spread over what was usually the battlefield, growing over the packed dirt that had been host to countless gym battles prior to this contest. Now, the storied earth was getting a taste of a whole new type of battle as two bulky bodies smothered it under two hills of grey.

The table between them was crushed between their guts, giving out under the pressure of both of them pressing against it. This was planned for as well, and just before the table was crushed, two big chutes unfurled from the ceiling of the arena and dangled over the mouths of Milkbone and Dokei. Without missing a gulp, food started to pour out of them and into those waiting jaws to keep the two mutts going.

The announcer roared over the loudspeakers as the contest shifted. "And there you have it folks, it looks like things are finally getting started! Any longtime fans of either of these two monster eaters knows that things don't really get started until they outgrow the stage! You'll even notice that we were prepared for this, so that there doesn't need to be even a moment's pause for these two indomitable eating machines!"

A few spare spotlights swung over the lowest rows of seating to draw people's eyes to them. "And don't worry, for those of you in Squish Zone seating, it won't be long before you're swimming in more dog blubber than you can handle!" he said, referring to the seating zones that were most likely to get buried under Milkbone's gut over the course of the contest. People paid extra to get those special front row seats, as it afforded them a chance to pet, rub, squeeze, and be totally smothered by the famous world champion. Of course, Dokei's side also had a Squish Zone, and his most adoring fans had piled into it in the hopes of getting to pet the legendary glutton as he did what he did best.

The audience started making dog calls, chants of "Here boy!" and "Good dog!" echoing in the stadium as the audience tried to coax those dog bellies closer. People reached over the rails as rising walls of mutt gut inched into arms reach. Milkbone and Dokei were so large now that their bodies were casting stark shadows against the spotlights, and they were lifted over a dozen feet into the air atop food-packed stomachs.

Each dog felt their stomach hit the stands, with Milkbone making contact first, and Dokei not long after. The enraptured cheering from the crowd was muffled by belly as they were squished beneath tons of fat and fur. They flooded up the stands, far surpassing the marked Squish Zone, until their masses started to pile up against the walls of the arena and slam into one another.

Dokei took a second to catch his breath and let out a huge belch. Usually when he pushed himself like this, he had a huge lead over his opponent, but Milkbone was still in the lead and showed no signs of slowing down. He couldn't help but feel admiration for what he was seeing. When he tried to imagine what Milkbone had said earlier about the Squish Zone, he had a good idea, but seeing it himself, and being a part of it, was a totally different experience. Until MB had said anything, Dokei hadn't thought that people might WANT to get squished under him. Now it made sense why people always seemed to pack into the front rows when he was out on stage.

Dokei was starting to pant and sweat from the effort, and his own enormity, but he wasn't one to back down. Sweat and food stains dripped down his chest and over the engorged curve of his belly as he watched Milkbone grow like a blimp. "I can see why *uhhrrpp* you're the champ *BUWwarrpP!*" Dokei gasped between mouthfuls of food and huge burps. "Usually by now *huuUURRpp* my opponent has given up, or at least slowed down!"

"And I can see why *yooouurpp* are so popular! You're doing great for a first-timer!" Milkbone burped mid-sentence, but talked straight through it. "I can tell you're trying hard but don't give *uuurrpp* yet!" His tail wagged; he was too excited at the prospect of a respectable rival! He could tell how hard Dokei was trying to keep up. The legendary dog's bulk was warm against his own, and a bit damp with sweat, but it was nothing he hadn't encountered from opponents before.

Up until now, the stadium-filling dogs were all gut, but enough time had passed that the first few dozen rounds of food had digested. Their formerly lithe limbs started to fatten up, growing thicker where they were splayed across a canvas of belly. Their rumps rounded with fat that buried muscle tone as each cheek blew up to the size of basketballs, then yoga balls, dwarfing their wagging tails.

Neck rolls started to sag against their chests, and their cheeks puffed up along the sides of their muzzles, resting on those growing neck rolls as fat practically pumped in under their skin, making them look even more bulky and massive. Their taut but heavy forms started to sag with the soft fat that was stretching around the huge food balloons that their stomachs were. Weight increased, and their fresh, thick fat started to bulge out of the large arena exits.

The foundation of the arena shifted and sank under them with a loud CRACK. The walls split in places, starting to crumble from the weight pressing out against them. The scaffolding that had held the spotlights and other audio-visual equipment had been lifted up on Dokei and Milkbone's backs and was getting lost in their increasingly large rolls. Milkbone's black mane was mostly invisible at any distance that one could view his whole body from, which was relevant as he and Dokei both rose from the top of the arena's open roof like a pair of muffins. They bulged over the sides in true muffin-top fashion and sent another wave of cracks streaking through the stone walls.

At this point they had grown so large and smothered so much that the food supply they were enjoying stopped. Milkbone huffed, annoyed, and Dokei whined for more, though the Zacian was happy for a moment to catch his breath. Milkbone was still in the lead, towering a couple dozen feet over his opponent, as well as being wider in all directions.

"Are we done already...?" Dokei pondered, speaking over the sound of crumbling stone.

"Hardly! Unless you give up!" Milkbone barked, making his growing cheeks wobble.

"Never!" Dokei huffed. Speaking was becoming an effort as his enlarging chin rolls pushed up against his lower jaw. Sweat was starting to pool in his rolls from how overheated he was becoming, and food and rubble was splashed across most of the front quarter of his body. Some of the earliest stains were stretched across his cheeks, partially faded from being drawn long and wide over expanding flesh.

"In that case, let's keep going!" Milkbone's tail swished, though it was hard to see against his immense rump.

"More? H-how? *Uhrrrpp...*"

"Easy!" Milkbone kicked the damaged walls of the area with one blobby leg, and the whole thing came apart, crumbling and letting two blobs of dog pour out into the city. Their mass settled with a THUD as they wobbled against one another. The contents of their guts sloshed. All of that food was half-digested and turned to fat, and their stomachs were noisy as they worked on the rest. Nearby buildings were shoved until they leaned at precarious angles, unable to stand up against so much weight. The sweat pouring off of Dokei soaked into the ground as it ran down his form.

Now that they were free, Milkbone rolled his building-sized body sideways so that his head was near the ground. The buildings on that side of him were all turned to rubble as he flattened them under his immense weight, and Dokei winced at the screech of bending steel and the cracking of stone and glass.

"Wh-what do you mean 'easy?' What are you doing?" Dokei asked, finally having caught his breath.

"Oh? There's a ton of rubble around here, were you not gonna eat it?" Milkbone asked. "I thought you wanted to keep going, and there's still a whole planet we could devour!" He kicked a fat leg, sending a lazy wobble over his ballooned gut.

"P-planet?!" Dokei wheezed, so caught off-guard by that statement it was like he had been punched in his big, sweaty stomach. "You're not serious about that, a-are you?"

That question was met with the sound of brickwork being chomped up by Milkbone's powerful jaws. "Why do you think they call me the WORLD Eating Champion? *Uhhrrpppp!*" He winked out of habit, even though Dokei couldn't see his face.

"Because you're the best in the world?" Dokei ventured.

"Maayyybe~" Milkbone teased the Zacian while continuing to snack on toppled buildings, occasionally digging into the earth itself. His jaws dredged up large swaths of grass and dirt like a backhoe. His stomach rumbled, growing steadily and pushing against Dokei, tipping the big Zacian blob over.

"H-hey, you have to tell me if you're serious or, aaaahhh!" Dokei fell over, and his side hit the ground with a boom that echoed out to the edge of the city. The earth compacted, making a blob-dog-shaped indentation under Dokei. He was left breathing heavily from the brief panic of falling over, and his fat stomach and huge rump wobbled for minutes after the impact as he collected himself.

"F... Fine then! I WILL eat the planet! No way I'm letting you have all of it, woof!" Dokei's tail wagged furiously, and he took a few cautious bites of the rubble around him. The chunks of building that filled his mouth tasted bland, and he frowned at how boring it was, but it did have a nice crunch. It was only as he pondered this that he realized that he was rather effortlessly eating solid stone. It wasn't any tougher on his carnivorous teeth than a steak.

The overblown dog shrugged it off, there were more important things to think about, like winning the championship title! He picked up the pace, crunching chunks of buildings in his jaws and littering his splattered cheeks and bulging rolls with demolition debris. He pushed his fat cheeks against the ground and felt several huge neck rolls wobble every time he moved. His sweaty rolls splashed together as he shifted around and started taking bites out of the ground itself. He wasn't even hungry anymore, and the rather dry taste of rubble and dirt didn't inspire him to keep going... But the sounds of Milkbone stuffing his face, swelling ever larger, the knowledge that he was on stage with the biggest eater in the world and still holding his own... Dokei was inspired to keep eating. Besides, not being hungry didn't mean he was full, and Dokei was certain he had a ton of room to spare!

He ate and ate, speeding up as he got back into the rhythm of it. His body billowed out as those countless calories turned to fat and pushed his body to grander scales. His head sunk deeper into his neck rolls, and his snout threatened to be swallowed by his cheeks. He panted through his nose, breath hot from his body heat. He was sweating so much that some of the food mess that had gathered in his fur was washing out. He could barely see past his own bulk with his one good eye, but he didn't dare stop. He could feel Milkbone's gut wobbling against his own and could guess that the Mightyena was still going strong.

Each of them carved a furrow into the ground, eating into the city's buried infrastructure. Power lines were exposed and slurped up like rubbery noodles. Electrical sockets were ripped from walls, and outdoor lighting sparked and fell over as the wires attached to them were yanked from their base and devoured. Water lines exploded as sharp teeth ripped into them, filling the craters they had carved out with water for the dogs to guzzle.

Dokei was grateful for the refreshment and stuck his face directly into the water line after taking a deep breath. Water blasted into him, ballooning his stomach with a groan and a slosh. His thick, wobbly rolls smoothed out halfway as his guts filled up. The water was cold, and he could feel his core cooling as the icy water filled him. He was so relieved he almost didn't notice the moment in which one of his belly rolls flopped over the top of Milkbone's gut, signaling that he had taken a lead.

"Mrp?" Milkbone pulled his head away from the water he was guzzling as he felt Dokei's white stomach flop over the top of his own. "Whoa, wow! You must really be going for it to take the lead! I'm so happy!" He barked gleefully and his tail made his rump wobble as it wagged between two mountains of butt cheek. "Keep going, there's still some city left, and after that we can eat up the whole country!"

Milkbone's encouraging words were almost annoying coming from an opponent. Almost. Dokei had won every previous eating match without being given any real challenge. He was finally up against an opponent who was forcing him to new limits, and he was loving it. Dokei's tail was wagging, and if he had been mobile, he would have been bouncing on his feet. He could certainly understand Milkbone's enthusiasm to meet a worthy challenger, so he couldn't blame the Mightyblob for trying to encourage him.

Dokei kept his face pressed to the water main and let it blast into him, filling him like a water balloon. It didn't matter that water had no calories, all that mattered in an eating contest was weighing more than your opponent in the end, and water worked as well as any food! The water pressure really was a boon for the one-eyed Zacian, as it helped him bridge the gap

between his eating speed and Milkbone's. He could tell he was keeping a lead as his body kept a couple rolls sloshed over the top of Milkbone's huge body.

His insides sloshed like so many waves against a cliff face as the water flooded up through the dirt and debris and food in his stomach. He was even feeling cooler from the water, and he was panting and sweating less. He also looked less fat, as the no-calorie water filled him up without fattening him out, taking his many MANY thick fat rolls and stretching them over his reservoir gut.

Dokei drank, drank, and drank some more until the water was spent and the pressure was no more. He didn't waste a moment though, knowing his lead was precarious at best. He took a deep breath to refill his lungs, then ate all the ground and pipes that his mouth could reach, digging a crater out in front of his body.

Every motion made him slosh, and his freshly-stretched body creaked as water and half-digested material shifted from one side of his stomach to the other. He ignored the creaking and kept going, gorging as recklessly as he could manage, filling his face and his neck rolls with dirt, grass, rocks and more.

As he ate away the ground in front of him it started to give way under his weight, and his heavy, sloshing body slid forward. Dokei didn't notice it at first, not that he could have done anything to stop it. He yelped as his water balloon body tipped forward into the crater, smashing his face against the ground as the rest of his body fell on top of him, sloshing over the sides of the crater.

His immense cheeks protected his muzzle from the impact, but there was no way for him to get upright. He grunted and nuzzled his cheeks out of the way so that he could press his muzzle to the dirt beneath him and start to eat it. It was the only option he had.

Meanwhile, Milkbone was devouring as much as he could. The fact that Dokei had briefly surpassed him in size had really fired him up, and he was doing everything he could to take back the lead. His rolls were shaking from Dokei's thunderous fall, and the ground around them had cracked open in places from the dog-quake.

He dug his face into the cracks and dredged the dirt into his mouth as quickly as he could, determined to push Dokei back. The upstart Zacian had managed to get a few bloated rolls over the top of the champ, but that only made Milkbone's tail wag harder. He had beaten dozens of opponents and was always left feeling like he'd barely warmed up, but Dokei, now THIS was a contest! As he dug his jaws into the Earth itself, he drooled at the idea of continuing this contest until they'd eaten the planet to the core.

The city was mostly buried now, and what was left was less than ruins. Their grey-furred bodies spread out to the city walls. Fatty rolls bulged over the top of the stone walls, pushing them out and making them crumble with each rolling jiggle of their massive bodies. Within the crumbling walls, Milkbone and Dokei's bodies rose like a pair of smokey grey mountains. Their rolls sloped into many crevices and cliff faces that would make climbing their bodies a daunting task for anyone, even putting the constant quaking aside.

They ate and ate, consuming the surface and eating through the crust of the planet. Neither of them dared to stop even long enough to see how the other was doing. Every moment was crucial to ensure victory! They grew from mountains to mountain ranges, from mountain ranges to continents! There was no clear lead anymore as they guzzled the Earth's liquid

insides, both of them growing hot and glowing through their stomachs as they chugged magma in a vicious attempt to keep their lead.

Their growth and gorging was nearly obscene as they devoured the planet to its core, only meeting face-to-face again as they bit the metal core in half between themselves.

The two planetary blubbermutts blinked in surprise as they felt huge cheeks collide with huge cheeks, and after swallowing their metal mouthfuls and belching out superheated gas, they barked a greeting to each other.

"Wow Dokei, you're still in this! I'm impressed!" Milkbone said with a toothy smirk. "You even had a lead for a bit, but it looks like we're about even now~"

Dokei snorted. All of the magma he swallowed was making him sweat again, and the half of the atmosphere he had inherited from earth was becoming as hot and sweaty as he was. Lava dripped down his continental chins, and rock was caked onto his big dog cheeks. "You *uhhHRRpp!*" Dokei was cut off mid-sentence by a huge belch. "Urgh, *huoorrpp...*" The planetoid of Zacian was as gassy as he was huge, making it difficult to speak, in stark contrast to his veteran competition. "*BuuRRAAP..!*"

"You sound a bit full there, are you sure you can keep going? I mean, if you ask me you're still looking awfully slim, *uuurrrpp~*" Milkbone forced a burp for emphasis, teasing Dokei about his gaseous state. "We haven't even gotten to eating the real gasballs of space and you're already a windbag! Sure you can handle more?" He gave Dokei a cheeky smile from behind his mountainous cheeks.

"M-more? *MORRrraaap!* Y-yeah I want *houuURRAP* more!" Dokei had eaten so much so fast he could no longer tell if he was hungry, full, or somewhere between. He couldn't stop belching and all that escaped air meant he had to have at least SOME room left, right? That's what Dokei thought, as he tried to come to grips with his current reality.

"Oh good! Because we still haven't decided on a winner yet, and it's not like we're being timed anymore!" Milkbone hip-checked Dokei with the force of a cataclysmic meteor impact, making Dokei's surface wobble and ripple like tidal waves on an ocean planet.

Dokei's huge cheeks slapped and smothered his muzzle, muffling his belches under cheek fat and knocking free some of the cooled lava rock that had accumulated in his rolls. Sweat splashed off of Dokei's overheated body and vaporized into steamy clouds in the Zacian's atmosphere. The huge planet Pokemon's orbit around the Sun was upset by Milkbone's intentional collision, and he began to fall towards the Sun, pulled in by its gravity.

Dokei could feel the increasing heat battering his body. He panted as hard as he could, but there was little he could do at this point to prevent himself from being a total sweatball of dog. He was just too fat for that. He WAS slightly concerned about hurtling towards that huge ball of stellar plasma, until he heard Milkbone bark just behind him.

"Woof! That's our next target right there!" Milkbone tried to gesture, but his legs were long lost in fat, and he could barely move his muzzle enough to gesture with it. "Er, I mean we're gonna eat the Sun!"

"We'd better!" Dokei wheezed as his body let out a creak, adjusting to his mass and the increasing heat. His eyes were open wide and vibrating with excitement. His stomach rumbled. He wanted more. Stopping now wasn't an option!

The Sun filled Dokei's vision. It was bigger than a mountain, bigger than the sea, stretching to a horizon beyond the horizon. He couldn't even wrap his doggie brain around how

utterly massive it was, but Milkbone was saying they were going to eat it, as though it was something commonplace! “Hey I know we *urrrppp* just ate the whole planet and *huff* a lot of molten rock but are you *buwwwaarrp* sure we can eat the Sun?” Dokei wheezed, his body creaking as he strained to move his jaws.

“Hmmm, I guess ‘eat’ isn’t really correct. It’s more like drink? Or even inhale? It’s a big ball of gas. Like you!” Milkbone snorted and chuckled, sending a ripple across his cheeks.

“I’m not *UHArrRRUUP?! ...N-nevermind.*” Dokei wasn’t even going to try and argue that one. He could feel those belches building more and more as his body grew hotter from the Sun’s heat. The gas inside him was expanding, and he could feel his guts bloating even though he hadn’t stuffed anything down his throat in several minutes. His insides churned and bubbled, and his fat body slowly ballooned with trapped air that he couldn’t expel quite fast enough despite the constant belching.

“My point exactly! I hope you’re not too much of a belch balloon to continue~” Milkbone teased as the pair of them landed on the Sun’s surface. Milkbone landed rather neatly, his body squashing against the surface and holding thanks to the massive gravity.

Dokei was more clumsy. He impacted the surface and squashed into a fat pancake before bouncing away like a rubber ball. He yelped as he rolled across the surface, feeling the intense heat move across him, and causing an intensifying round of explosive belches. He could barely catch his breath from burping so much, and the pressure blasting up his throat made his eyes water, though the tears instantly evaporated in the liquifying heat.

Dokei panted when he could try and cool off and catch his breath, but it was a useless effort. Past the mountaintops of his cheeks, he could see Milkbone was just about to start gorging again, and he wasn’t gonna let that Mightyena win without giving him the fight of his life. The fat balloon of Zacian rolled himself face-down, pressing his cheeks against the plasma flames before opening his mouth and inhaling as hard as he could.

A substance that wasn’t quite a liquid or a gas poured into him, ballooning his cheeks and throat. It was hot, unbelievably so, and he could feel his body temperature spike as solar flames filled him. His body creaked as it was forced to expand again, taking in more air, more heat, growing bigger and rounder. His rolls spread thin again as his body inflated, smoothing him out. His face was stuck with a permanent blush, and it took every ounce of willpower he had to guzzle plasma without pausing to belch.

His guts rumbled with expansion, the buildup of hot air and plasma stretching him like the hottest air balloon imaginable. He was expanding, growing, he could feel his body reaching new heights with every gulp, every breath. He had to be in the lead. He knew it! There was no way Milkbone was more of a blimp than he was!

Dokei’s thoughts were partly true! He WAS a bigger blimp than Milkbone, but in an eating contest, what mattered was being heavier, not larger. So while Dokei was bloating into a planetary sphere of hot belches, Milkbone was busy gulping down plasma and swallowing his burps to retain as much mass as he could. Both of them looked like growing sunspots as they slurped up the star, blotting out the light with their huge, spherical bodies and making the heat and energy their own with every gulp. A dim glow started to shine through Dokei’s thinning skin and fur as the sweatball dog continued to push his limits, growing bigger, tighter, and brighter. The solar winds from the Sun pushed the sweat away from Dokei’s body in huge clouds of salty steam, scattering it to the emptiness of space.

Milkbone couldn't help but pause his consumption to rib Dokei once he saw how star-like the Zacian had grown. "Wow, you keep this up and people might mistake you for a Solgaleo!" he barked with a belch like a solar flare. The heat and gas of that belch arced around Dokei's spherical body, making his glow brighter.

Dokei could feel the tingle of that belch as it rolled over him, and he couldn't resist responding in kind. "Yeah well youuu~~URRPP~~ could be mistaken for a *GhhuUUURrrz*lord with the way you eat even before we started *brreellch* eating the city!"

"Considering eating is my job, I'll take that as a compliment, you solar sphere you!" Milkbone lounged, lazily guzzling the Sun's plasma as he teased Dokei. The star was shrinking, and the two bottomless dogs were growing and glowing. "Though looking at you now, maybe you're more of a Drifblim with how round and gaseous you are!" he snickered, wobbling his immense form.

"H-HEY! I'm not a blimp! *HOOUURRAAAPP..!*" Dokei protested the title, even though it was undeniably true. The huge dog orb was as ballooned as one could get, and he was still forcing himself bigger as he guzzled and chugged, forcing his body to contain ever more plasma and heat. He was having trouble making time to eat and speak with all of the burps erupting from his jaws in geysers of flame. His creaking body was stretching in bounds as each city-sized swallow decompressed in his guts.

Dokei's paws, once lost in mountainous rolls of ash-grey fat, were now sucked deep into puffy innertubes of ballooned skin and thin fur. Tiny dimples at the apex of those blimped rings were the only indication of where the Zacian's paws had disappeared to. At his current size, diving in to find his paws would be like trying to spelunk to the center of the Earth.

Cheeks as big as continents swallowed his face, and he had to fight them to get his snout free enough to speak and eat. The force of his constant burping was enough to part the pale-furred orbs and let him poke his nose out, but he would quickly get buried again if he didn't keep the belches coming.

Luckily for him, it was easier to let the pressure out than hold it back.

His dog brain had given up on making sense of the situation a while ago. He knew that ultimately, all he had to do was keep eating until Milkbone gave up. Milkbone was of the same mind, but he was more accustomed to things getting out of hand like this. He wasn't going to stop eating until he burst, or Dokei threw in the towel. This was no place for restraint, and he wasn't holding back. Still, he had plenty of room, and Dokei was looking mighty full with the way his body was bloated, round, and taut, so Milkbone figured he had a good chance of coming away with the win on this one. He gave his stomach as much of a pat as he could manage and felt the ripple roll across his body over the course of a couple of minutes. He still had plenty of room if he was still doughy and fat.

The reigning champion grinned as he and Dokei depleted the Sun. He already had plans for how to ramp things up for Dokei and test just how far the Zacian could follow. He did have to admit that he was impressed. Maybe it had to do with Dokei being a legendary Pokemon, but he'd kept up much better than Milkbone expected of a first-timer. He thought about how Dokei's reckless eating and willingness to push himself could be cultivated into real Champion material... if Dokei didn't blow up in his first championship match, that is~

And boy did Dokei look volatile. They were glowing like a star, sweating like a sauna, and belching like the most overworked smokestack imaginable. It was amazing he was still able

to eat and get bigger with how much hot air he was expelling, but he was pushing his limits to do so. He couldn't stop. He had been eating so much for so long, he wasn't sure he remembered *how* to stop. Eating was becoming as second nature as breathing, even though he had to fight back his own burps to get anything down his throat.

He was fighting his body to stuff more into it. He could hardly even think about Milkbone being his opponent when he was struggling so much against his own body just to keep in the game. His tail and paws were feeling itchy as he grew ever more swollen. He was a great burning sphere, more red and orange light than grey fur at this point. But he couldn't stop. He just kept eating.

The two dogs depleted the sun, leaving only themselves as a barking binary star system that orbited a point between them. Milkbone's planetary cheek fat pressed against Dokei's blimped cheeks. Dokei's out-of-control burping was making Milkbone's fat body wobble from one side of his solar-sized mass to the other, with each ripple taking hours to cross the surface of his body.

"Well... That's that for the Sun! Good thing we already ate Earth or I might be worried about the effect this might have." Milkbone was speaking, but mostly to himself, since Dokei was drowning him out with the solar flares he was belching up. The flames dissipated harmlessly against Milkbone's blubbery face, not even singeing the fur. "Can you even still talk, belch bag? You haven't stopped for a minute!"

Milkbone's questioning was met with nothing but a "UOORRRRAAAAPP!" from Dokei.

"I'll take that as a resounding 'no'~" Milkbone pressed forward, squashing huge cheeks against huge cheeks. "Not throwing the towel in yet though are you? There's more than one star in the sky after all! There's a whole galaxy to start with!"

"YoooUURRRR-OOHRRrron!" Dokei belched something that might've been words. It was good enough for Milkbone.

"Glad to hear you're still in it to win it my fireball-shaped friend! Let's go eat stars until we're belching up galaxies!" Milkbone stuck his tongue out and then shoved Dokei away, making the star-sized Zacian zoom away like a meteor. Milkbone watched the light of Dokei's body shrink into a pinpoint before becoming lost in the sea of stars. "Alright, let's eat~"

Dokei had no real control over where he was going, and his nearly nonstop belching was propelling him in random directions like a haywire propulsion jet. It was dizzying, and his eyes swirled in his head. He still wasn't used to being his own center of gravity, nor accustomed to his core having the heat output of the Sun, and now he was careening through space with a series of belches that only he could even hear.

Thankfully, or perhaps unluckily for the solar dog, his gravity and the gravity of other stars attracted each other, and without even trying, he soon found himself falling towards another burning orb. He slammed into it face-first, and the impact forced out a belch so massive that it blasted through the core of the star, reducing it to a ring of plasma with Dokei at the center.

The dazed dog was swimming in his head as he recovered from the impact, but before he could even get a grasp on his situation, he had started eating. He was chugging down plasma and inhaling flames, pushing his body to ever larger and more absurd sizes without even realizing it. His internal pressure increased with a perpetual hiss as he forced his hide to stretch.

That was two stars down. Then another. And another! Despite the lightyears-long distances between stars, Dokei was traveling across them in minutes, as though his cosmic whale of a body was moving faster than light. Every star that fell into his mouth strained his body, making it creak and groan, especially around his sunken paws. His paw pads were extra itchy now, and his tail swished frantically as it too experienced the same tense, itchy sensation. The pressure in his gut was looking to expand to anywhere it could to make more room inside the unrelenting Zacian, and it was pressing HARD against his paws and tail.

Pwssshhhh... PWOP! There was a sound like a rubber seal bursting, and Dokei felt one of his toes suddenly balloon, taking on a HUGE volume of the superheated air he was ballooned with. It relieved the itching sensation in that toe, but he realized what that meant for all his other itchy extremities.

Fwssshhh Pwop! Pop! Another series of pops, like little bursting balloons, and his paws puffed up in uneven surges. He could feel one pad blow up, with the toes following one after another. On another paw, his toes inflated in a nonsensical order before the heel took on any air. His tail became stiff as it too started to swell into a pale, almost snow-colored blimp that glowed brightly with internal fire.

His paws hissed bigger and bigger. His body was desperate to pump air into these as-yet uninflated appendages, and he could feel his ballooned limbs getting jostled and shoved as his buried paws fought for more space to expand into. His whole body was rumbling, but he kept going, kept eating, one star after another falling to his senseless appetite. His body was using all the space it could to handle the pressure, but he just kept filling it up, more and more and more again.

Dokei didn't think about the implications of even his paws inflating. He couldn't! He could only eat and grow, he had fixated on the task. The indentations where his paws had sunken into his limbs widened, and his paws emerged, looking cartoonishly ballooned against his star-swallowing body. His heels and toes had become a bouquet of balloons, and as more pressure filled them, the shape grew more exaggerated and extreme.

His white paw pads puffed out from his already blimped toes, becoming oblong spheres attached to the paw. His paws were too full to wiggle, and he could feel his paw pads pressing against each other as they inflated. They thinned, growing transparent like the rest of him, letting the glow of dozens of stars shine through.

His tail was a complete sphere topping his rump, and it had quickly filled to creaking. It was inflated to such rigid fullness that he couldn't bend or wag it no matter how much he tried. It had been reduced to an auxiliary pressure container, just like his paws.

The creaking of every inch of him was almost as deafening as the burps that exploded from his jaws between swallows. His tight hide groaned like a submarine past its safe depth, with the force on his body pressing out from within. He was well past the maximum pressure threshold for a Zacian and was holding on through sheer force of will.

His thoughts were consumed with consumption, a need to get bigger, bigger, by any means and at any cost! He had nearly forgotten the point of getting so big in the first place. The cosmic-level consumption he was engaging in had taken over his mind. There were still more stars to eat, and he couldn't bring himself to stop, not until there wasn't a single one left. Stars winked out as they were eaten. The Zacian grew, bigger, brighter, tighter, more comically

ballooned through every inch. He was thinking in belches and pressurized groans, his head was swimming with creaking.

Even his ears couldn't stand up to the onslaught. With a loud hiss and a drawn-out creak, his floppy grey ears puffed up, standing tall and rigid and rapidly filling out into an odd pair of balloons on the side of his head. Now he *truly* couldn't hear anything other than the hissing of air and creaking of his skin. He was a dog filled with stellar heat and solar winds, a galaxy unto himself, but even more grand than the largest galaxy there was.

Dokei was only pulled out of his feeding frenzy when he felt something massive and soft bump into him. Despite the almost incomprehensible massiveness of the wobbling, furred mass, he immediately knew what it was, as there was only one thing it **COULD** be. Milkbone.

"Well hey there *uhrrrpp* Dokei! I think our contest has just about come to an end!" Milkbone said from somewhere across a starscape of fat cheeks and gut. Dokei was uncertain if he or Milkbone was bigger at this point. He couldn't see the entirety of the Mightyna nor himself, making it impossible to judge. What he was sure of was that Milkbone was as much of a blubbery whaledog as ever, while Dokei himself was a struggling bubble of dog stretched around galaxies of bloat.

Dokei couldn't even respond to Milkbone. The moment he opened his mouth he belched out enough stardust to recreate a galaxy. He expelled enough force that he disrupted the pattern of wobbling that was cresting over Milkbone's near-universal form. Despite all the pressure he belched out, he felt closer to exploding than ever.

"Pretty sure we got every star in the universe, which means there's nothing left to eat! Who do you think won, huh? Who consumed the most mass?" Milkbone belched and barked and pressed against Dokei, drawing an ominous groan from the dog bubble.

Dokei felt himself squished between Milkbone's tremendous mass and what he could only assume was the edge barrier of the universe. His body squished, and pressure shifted, forcing another galaxy-spawning belch from his jaws. He thought to push Milkbone away, only to remember that his paws were puffed up bigger than stars, with translucent paw pads spanning galaxies.

"Hey, I can't hear you past those belches! You'll have to speak up!" Milkbone's universe-sized body pressed against Dokei more. The Zacian's skin creaked like bending steel, and more air was pushed into his paws, tail, and ears. He wanted so badly to tell Milkbone to back off, but every attempt was replaced with "UHHRRRRP BWHAAARRPPP BRRREELLCCHH!"

"Sheesh, you became such a gasbag! Well don't worry, I've got something for you~" Milkbone's voice sounded somehow... playful, in a devious way. Dokei felt himself being rolled around until he was face to face (more like cheeks to cheeks) with Milkbone. "You can hold a little more, right~?" Milkbone shoved his snout past the galactic stretches of their combined cheeks and pressed his muzzle to Dokei's, locking in before letting out a supernova of a belch into Dokei's mouth and down his throat. The rumble of the belch shook Dokei's entire body, and the Zacian's eyes went wide from the forced influx of pressure.

"There! That should do, don't you think?" Milkbone winked and backed off, grinning and chuckling to himself.

Dokei wasn't doing well. That extra pressure had made him feel **REALLY** funny. All the gas in his body was madly shifting, the creaking of his body was louder than ever, and he could

feel a sensation like straps snapping all across his skin, even though there were no straps to be found.

Ccrrrrkkk... PFWIISSHH! Dokei yelled mentally as he felt his rear right paw inflate to double its size, making it almost half the size of his stomach. *Grrnnnn... FWOOMPH!* One ear doubled in size, and then his tail swelled to nearly match the grandness of his gut. He could feel that each of those segments was past their limit. Tiny holes popped open across the surface, mere pinpricks compared to his size, but air hissed out all the same, threatening to tear those tiny leaks open wider.

Dokei tried to focus and keep himself together, but the pressure exceeded his willpower. Another one of his paws took a huge brunt of air, stretching almost completely transparent and leaking cosmic gasses to the surrounding vacuum. His body was rumbling and trembling as he expanded in uncontrolled surges, ballooning bigger before Milkbone's eyes.

"Whoops, did I do that? My bad~ but if you hold together you *might* be massive enough to win!" Milkbone teased as one of Dokei's cheeks inflated, pushing him back.

Dokei winced, and his stomach surged out before all of his limbs had evened out, and the smallest of his paws were sucked back into his body as it shot up enough sizes to squash Milkbone against the edge of the universe.

"Ghh, oof! Watch it!" Milkbone shoved Dokei ineffectually as he was pressed against by a cosmic wall of transparent, star-filled Zacian. The universe ripped around Dokei's body as one of his paws caught up, groaning tremendously as it was inflated to the point it no longer looked like a paw at all. All semblance of shape was gone, it was just a straining collection of fused blimps, transparent and burning inside.

Dokei would have been twitching from the strain if he could even move that much, but he was too pressurized. All he could do was blink. His unevenly ballooning cheeks pressed his muzzle shut in spite of the force of his belches, and that only made his bloating worse as he could no longer release any of the building cosmic gasses.

A glowing halo of hot plasma and space dust collected around his incredible gravity as it leaked from the numerous punctures across his skin. It wasn't enough to meaningfully decrease his pressure, but enough that the hiss could be heard the universe over.

His body trembled and rumbled and expanded explosively; one body part after another swelling to ever more absurd proportions. His ears would dwarf his cheeks, then paws would outsize his body. His volume increased, bigger and bigger, growing until he couldn't even feel Milkbone pressing against his body anymore, or rather, he was so big, Milkbone was smaller than a bug in comparison.

His paws pushed through reality, escaping into the void. His tail stretched so far that it looked for a moment like it might exceed the size of the rest of him combined. But not moments later, he was almost comically all ears, two once-floppy grey ears swollen into two universe-sized spheres stuck to either side of his head, dwarfing even his cheeks and shoving them all the more firmly against his muzzle.

Dokei was distended every which way. His stomach would even swell unevenly, growing bigger at the back before air surged into the front, evening out for only a moment before yet more gas would flood his tail and push his paws apart. He knew, conceptually, that he must have been several universes massive. He knew that Milkbone was somewhere, but he was so huge he couldn't tell where the relative speck of a dog had gone to. He was so terribly bloated

that he wasn't even certain what his own shape was. He was completely transparent now though, stretched so fine and thin that unless you were pressed against him you'd only see the swallowed stars, not the thin layer of legendary mutt that was containing it all.

His paws swelled to the point where his body was trapped and compressed between them, making him feel like he was trying to squeeze and burst himself like a balloon. His eyes squeezed shut from the strain as his paws grew bigger. His beans swelled into starry bombs ready to detonate and set the rest of him off. His already multiversal pressurized form was compressed between his own paws and tail, worsening the creaking and groaning of his stomach.

He couldn't keep up. He tried to force his stomach bigger to escape his paws, but each surge of his stomach was followed by an even bigger bloat to his paws. He was rumbling like a collision of earthquakes as his own paws crushed him down into a stellar bomb. His legendary durability couldn't take any further punishment.

There was a final surge of growth as Dokei's body gave up on the illusion of containment. Every bit of him filled well beyond their already beyond-maximum limit, and for a split second, he held, creaking, straining, trembling on the edge... and then he exploded in the brightest flash of light.

It was an explosion grander than the Big Bang. It was so loud that it was deafening and silent, so bright it was blinding and dark. Every scrap of Dokei was launched across the multiverse on a shockwave of light and force. What was left of the universe (not much admittedly) was blown away into the void. It took minutes for the initial shockwave to disperse itself across the multiverse, and even after that, the mass at Dokei's detonation epicenter kept together, burning as a bright protostar.

Milkbone was impacted by the shockwave, and he braced himself against it as it tossed him across the void and sent him bouncing like a pinball between a few universes. When he finally settled in place, he was illuminated by the glow from Dokei's protostar. "Oohf, phew... Now THAT was a contest, good job Dokei!" Milkbone grinned in the general direction of where Dokei had been. "Couldn't quite win, but you gave me a better fight than anyone has in a long time! I feel like I REALLY earned this trophy!" the fatball of Mightyena let himself sink into his rolls now that the competition was truly over. Another well-earned victory!

Dokei had a bit of a different perspective on things. After he had been blasted into a few new universes, he found himself back at the contest hall, just before he was about to register for the contest. His lance was in his mouth, and he was the next Pokemon up for registration. He could still feel how humongous he had grown, how much he had consumed, and his legs were wobbling from how much effort it all had been.

He had already experienced the outcome of this contest once, and he didn't need to go through it again. He stumbled out of line, lance in mouth and tail wagging as he recalled the multiverse-spanning contest he had been able to enjoy. He knew that walking away meant Milkbone would get an easy victory, but the Mightyena had more than earned it after eating half the universe.

Dokei picked up his head and warmed his muzzle in the sun that shone down between the buildings of Hammerlocke. He was happy to have met and competed with his idol, and

figured that someday he'd take another shot at challenging him. He had a lot of training to do until then, and he was ready to get started! ...After a long, relaxing break.