

Waves crashed against the small motorboat as it docked on the island. The sand was glimmering in the last lights of the days sun, and the land seemed the lushest greens. Every tree in sight was saturated with fruit, and ripe. Although it was only three square miles big, the amount of freedom one could have living here seemed unparalleled. The islands only potential blemish was the building right in its middle, but it hardly took that much space, and one simply must expect the worlds most comfortable resort to provide protection from the elements.

There weren't many people on the boat, no more than the quiet purugly guide and his single passenger. Just off the coast of the mainland, the trip took little more than an hour to make, the quiet time being the islands first promise of relaxation. The passenger stepping off was a twenty-four year old growlthe standing five feet tall and 110 lbs. He had side combed short hair and trimmed down wrist and ankle fur; just enough to be nice. He wore black pants and his "special occasion" shirt, which is really just a black polo shirt. To him, this was professional, as he wanted to look good for his reception. Once he was situated in his room, he would be free to do and wear whatever he wanted. He was on vacation.

Right off the boat, he found that even more of the transportation would be done for him, as a long black limousine was waiting for him just off the beach, and an embarrassingly taller than himself five foot eight braixen just beside it. They were wearing a standard staffing outfit, which charmingly didn't cover their fur skirt from showing.

"Mr. ... Damian, sir? Is that your last name?"

He was surprised to hear his first name sounded off with "mister", but he had switched his first and last names around to throw his parents off his tail. Such paranoid worriers they were! If they had their way, he would never have taken the risks that got him his inventing job. Yes, there was an explosion, but that was before college and nobody got hurt. He had been with the firm for three years hard now and this was the first vacation he got, he even left his phone behind on the chance they would give him an unwelcome call. Damian Pyrce just wanted to spend his vacation relaxing.

"No, that's Pyrce! But please keep calling me Damian. I'm not here to be formal. Can you get me checked in?"

His room was enormous. His bed looked like it would fit two beds inside it; the television stretched ten feet; the ceiling was hopelessly unreachable and there was enough space in the room to run for a good five seconds in any direction unhindered. It was almost too big for such a small guy! He did not resent his height, but the feeling that he was wasting space here was definitely on his mind.

"Excuse me while I go fetch your host," the braixen let themselves out.

Damian went straight to the bed, and he couldn't help but test himself on it. He jumped right on his side and found that he nearly sank a fourth of himself down. It was the most comfortable bed he'd ever lain in, and it had been such an exciting day already, that he just wanted to rest his eyes for a little bit...

"Sir? Sir? Damian Sir!"

Damian bolted back to reality, surprised to see a taller orange fox than before in his

room, though with no outfit to speak of.

“Wagh! You evolved!”, he sputtered absentmindedly.

“... yes, a long time ago. You are confusing me with my associate. I am your host for your stay here, and the one your business is so generously paying me to give you the most relaxing month this side of the planet. I hear you earned it.”

The delphox's womanly voice was smooth as butter, as if to validate everything one had ever did in their lives, and to encourage anyone that they would always deserve more.

“So please, stress over nothing. For this month, I want you to let yourself relax everything about you. There is nothing that you should concern yourself over while you are living here. Any time you want something, just hit the red button on the buzzer that we left on the coffee table. Feel free to keep that on you, if you wish. If you press it by accident, don't worry, we'll always find something that we can do for you.”

“We will be preparing you at least four meals a day, as three is simply not enough, and dessert. No matter where you are on the island, we will bring the food to you, so do not worry about being anywhere. This does mean that we will be tracking your location, are you fine with this?”

The growlithe sat up in his bed, “Yes, I'm fine with it. My parents did that when I was a kid anyway. I think they'd still do it if they could,”.

“Well, here it is meant for your convenience. It's so we can provide you with the greatest, fastest service there is. Let us be an extension of yourself, so the yourself will never need to extend. That is how we provide you with the ultimate service. I am going to leave you now, Mr. Pyrce, but should you need anything, press the buzzer and my associate will be right on it. And remember, this is the most important thing, you can never call too much.”

As the delphox was leaving, they stopped short just before exiting the door, “One more thing... it's dinner time.”

Damian was initially reserved to call, as he did not actually want to bother them that much. For a few days he tried exploring the island. It was a very quiet land, very peaceful, but as an Inventor he wasn't sure what he could be doing outside. To him, his options were to jog, or to swim. Damian had no real inclination to jog, so he tried to swim along the beach. But alone with no friends to spend time with here, he found that letting the waves push him was losing its charm, and dangerous at worst.

What was there to do on this island?

He got out of the water and pressed his button. He was going to leave it behind, but it doubled as his room key, so he may as well use it. The braixen arrived in the same limousine as before, as that seemed to be the only vehicle on the island and the fastest way around. They brought several towels and a battery hairdryer, as if they had known he would be soaking wet. Damian relaxed as the braixen blew the hot air all over his fur, between the fire types this was understood to be extremely relaxing.

They took Damian back to his room, before letting him know that he had not been calling very much and should feel free to do so more often. Damian however, was beginning to feel a bit odd about his stay.

“Hey, what is there to do around here?”

The braixen seemed surprised by the question, but an answer was prepared, almost calculated.

“Don't be silly! You don't need to do anything at all, the point is for you to relax and relax and relax. If you want to go somewhere on the island, don't walk, let me drive! If you need to do any laundry, we'll take care of it! If you want to play any games, call and we'll bring them to you, and play them with you. Our focus is a relaxation resort where you simply must forget all your stress, you are on vacation! You are free to do nothing, isn't that the point?”

Damian pondered this. He really had a full workload at home, he did so much more than everyone else. He wondered if they ever really tried. This would be the first time in years that he could feel free to do absolutely nothing, and maybe he'd do just that.

“You're right, I was still a little stressed by my work. I guess I'm not used to doing nothing at all. I'll try,” he responded with timidity that seemed to border guilt at the thought.

The braixen could tell that he was still worried it wasn't okay to enjoy himself.

Over the next days, Damian tried really hard to not try really hard. He tried pressing the button more often, first for basic things, but each time he did he was told that he should be calling more often. It was a positive feedback loop where calling beget more calling. If he needed or wanted anything, they would come right to his room, and he realized that he might just spend his entire time there.

The calls were all petty requests, but as he was encouraged to make them, Damian felt no shame in doing so.

“Would you like me take care of this mess?”

“While I'm here, can I make your bed?”

“Here's the food you wanted sir,”

But as he kept making them, they always seemed to ask him to take it further. As though he was only accessing 1% of everything he could be accessing. Damian had never felt such sloth in his life.

Food was the biggest reason he would call the braixen, and he was seeing what the delphox meant by three meals not being enough. When you aren't doing much, all the doing is eating. And there was this horrible empty space between lunch and dinner, and between dessert and sleeping. He knew that this eating would have to harm his figure, but he vowed not to care. He earned this vacation, and he was going to take it to its limit.

Every meal he was served was three course, and the braixen would always stay to encourage him to finish it. What a shame it would be if all this food I prepared goes to waste! Damian understood, but he could swear that he could feel each meal stick to his body. From strawberry pancakes to french toasts on breakfast and from prime steaks and deep dish pizzas in his dinners, he could tell that he was not being served healthy food, and a lot of it.

By only the fourth day, his pants would no longer button, and his shirt started to rise up his midriff. But he had never been so comfortable in his life. He was sure he had only outgrown his current clothes, which he always thought were too small anyway. He wasn't worried about his body quite yet. And more than that, he didn't want to. He sent the braixen to get him more fitting clothes, and that would be the end of his concern.

Yet he only got lazier and hungrier, as his body became accustomed to a near constant state of eating. And he got more and more comfortable with letting the braixen to do everything they could to send him in bliss.

“Would you like a massage sir?”

“May I groom your fur?”

“What I just feed your food to you so you don't need to use your arms?”

Yes, yes, and oh yes. Damian was living it up, but he didn't consider that at this rate he would be living it large. The bathroom had no mirrors, as mirrors “Stress people out about their looks” according to the delphox. “Let my associate take care of your looks for you,”. And there were no scales around either, for a quite similar reason. By the end of the first week his thighs would rub together if he walked and his hips swung out. By the second, he had replaced his newer clothes with a third pair, and he could not deny that he had gotten fat.

It was this second week that he finally decided to take a good look at himself, he took off his shirt, and found that he was a lot chubbier than he had realized. He grabbed a handful of flab in both arms, and found that he could hoist his belly up before releasing it in a jiggle, and his hips were just as wide. It was going to be pretty embarrassing to explain once he got back from vacation, and he still had three weeks to go. He called for the braixen again before putting his shirt back on.

When she arrived, he said this “Can we cut back on the food a little? I think it's probably not good for my health to be eating so much,” but it almost hurt him to do it, and with such ill timing his stomach growled a growl worthy of his species name.

“Oh nonsense! I can hear your stomach from the door. If you are hungry then you should eat! We absolutely cannot have you being uncomfortable. Please, do not cause yourself pain. It would blemish our motto of absolute comfort!”

Damian began to think his waist doomed.

“Okay, okay, I really need to stop now...”

It was the end of the third week, and Damian felt like he was in heaven. But it was a heaven that was overbearing and addictive. A heaven that he never wanted to leave but couldn't trust himself to stay in. A heaven that might have him trapped.

Damian had barely gotten out of bed for a few days now, the only reason being relief. He had started to attempt exercising, but he found that when he did the braixen would only bring him more and more comfort food, always surpassing the amount of work he did, and his new out of form self could not do much work.

It was true that nobody was making him eat. Sure, there was pressure to eat, but he could refuse if he really wanted, or maybe if he was of stronger will. He was starting to think that his weight problem was unstoppable, but at least he didn't think he could get too much bigger than he was. He was now the owner of a proud overhang, and he found that to get the most comfortable he had to sleep on his sides and feel his belly rest beside him. His hips supported his love handles and his tail began to ride along the top of his rear. His squishy arms had no definition when flexed and he could swear he felt his neck swelling up too.

But despite his words, he didn't, couldn't stop eating all of the decadent food brought out to him. As much as he protested to be eating less, he felt hungrier and the braixen would

always bring out more. Six meals a day became seven, then eight, then ten just in the first few days of the fourth week. It was getting ridiculous, and now he could tell that he was visibly fatter every single day. He had to escape.

Damian sluggishly rolled out of bed, landing on the floor with quite the noise. It had been getting harder for him to walk far without the braixens help. He could have sworn that he had seen people much larger than him get around just fine, so what was the big deal with him now? Did he put the weight on too fast, without exercising to build the muscles to support himself? Ugh, movement was really a drag.

... really a drag.

Great.

On the floor, Damian realized he couldn't get back up on his feet. There was nothing in his way. His belly wasn't stopping his feet from getting into position, and his arms could touch the floor just fine. No, he was simply too heavy for him to lift himself.

"That... no way! I'm not that big! People way larger than me can get around just fine, athletes even! And I can't even get up? There's no way!"

Panicking, Damian began to hit the button on his buzzer over and over, as he always did for every other problem. He managed to get in a sitting position before he waited for his attendant. But this time, the delphox showed up.

"Yes, how may I improve your experience today? I must apologize, but my associate needs a break of their own, as I had them pull all the islands weeds yesterday. So I will be taking care of you today," the buttery voice was no less nice, but the tone was ever different. Instead of a friendly braixen, this was a business delphox.

"I... I can't get back up," Damian had not been expecting his host to see him this way. They had been so invisible that he nearly forgot they were on the island too. And the very last time they had met, he was thin as a twig.

On the ground, he realized just how tall his host was. They were taller than him before, but now they looked like they towered him utterly. Not able to stand, he felt like his height dropped drastically. Damian had never been so huge in his life, but he had never felt so small.

He had also never felt so intimidated before except by his father. He could have sworn that he called for help, but the figure before him seemed like they were helping themselves most of all. Perhaps as the one running the place, they were truly the ones responsible for his current state, and from just one meeting, that power over him was intimidating.

"I see. Unfortunately I do not have the physical strength to help you return to your bed, however there is a side bed hidden underneath the floorboards. I will remove them and you can rest there from now on. It will be much easier than trying to climb up and down that behemoth of a bed you fell down from, and much easier on my floors." the delphox's cool words were calculated to be as helpful as they needed to be without solving Damian's real problem, and he knew it.

"What, you're prepared for a scenario where I'm too fat to get up, and all you do to help me is give me an easy-access bed? I need to lose weight!" he yelled in distress.

The host seemed taken aback, "Well, then do it! We are not making you eat anything. We heavily encourage you to optimize your experience as you see fit. However, we cannot be held responsible for your own decisions. We can only relieve you of outer stress, for all we try

it is difficult to treat your inner stress. I am offering you everything I possibly can, so graciously accept it, and please enjoy the rest of your stay. Now please, take my hand and try to walk with me for a bit.”

“Of course, he can't do much anymore.”

“No, I was noticing that he was getting heavier. Won't he get too big for the boat at this rate?”

“Yes, I suppose he will.”

“How will he be leaving? Though I don't really want to see him go...”

“He won't be leaving soon, I'll tell you that. The contract I got his firm to sign means they'll pay as for as long as he stays! So we're gonna keep him here.”

“Is the firm okay with that? Won't they just fire him?”

“They can't fire him without breaking our contract. Make sure he keeps eating, by the way, can't have him moving around any time soon.”

“Do you plan on keeping him here forever?”

“Well, maybe just until I find a new business opportunity!”

“I do like him, though... I don't think I'd mind taking care of him forever,”

Eleven meals a day, twelve, thirteen, what was going on here? Damian didn't want to eat this much but now he just compulsively pressed the button every time he was hungry, which was basically always. As he ate on his floor-bed, he had long outgrown his previous clothes and they had to order in just his size. Though, by executive decision, they instead went with clothes for him to grow into.

Between day and night, he could see his weight increasing, day after day just a little bit more weight adding on to his belly until his legs started to sprawl apart. His legs and butt fattening until he felt squishy just sitting. His arm fat increasing until it rubbed against his enlarged chest. And soon he began to feel like his neck was climbing up his head.

The braixen was now constantly needed for any movement, and was always as happy as ever to help Damian out with whatever he asked. They could hardly believe the growl it he before him was the same pokemon they had greeted to the island five weeks ago.

Damian had given up mobility. It was obvious that they weren't going to let him be in an environment that would let him lose weight, though he couldn't tell if they planned this happening to him or if he only took their ultimate comfort too far. The fifth week had just started and he was in no mood to fight or resist; it was exhausting.

Reaching a ludicrous twenty-four meals, one for every hour, Damian could barely care anymore. He still wanted his body back, but every minute not eating was now pain from food withdrawal, and he couldn't stand it. His belly stretched further out than he could hope to reach, and his rump and legs became uselessly swollen as if to rival it. He could now feel his tail resting up against his rear, and his arms were constantly propped up by his sides if they had no where better to be. His face had the strange appearance of being half swallowed up by his neck, and he was still getting heavier. Yet for all his mass, he was no taller, towered

over and looked down on by the braixen and delphox alike.

When his clothes arrived, he was shocked to find the designs were fancy and frilly, almost dress like. "I picked them out!" the braixen exclaimed eagerly, "Aren't they pretty?". Braixen fashion was lost on Damian, but it was better than going naked. The braixen had to help him get the pants on.

"Oh, it fits a little loose... thanks though, I'm glad to have clothes that can fit me again," Damian was earnest.

Damian's vacation was supposed to end here, but several problems were encountered in his retrieval. The first problem being, that he could no longer walk, even with the assistance of both his host and attendant, as his legs had nearly overtaken his paws in fat. And were he to manage to stand, his belly would still rest on the floor, dragging in front of him, to be pushed step after step. Should he be able to do that, he would also have to fit through his door, or through the halls, or into the limousine again, all of which were simply impossible. Even if they rolled him through all the walls, and down the island, doing everything they could to move him... he would still sink the boat.

Damian pondered if he was more lard than growlithe. It was a strange transformation he went through, he thought, for everything around him to seem so much larger when he was so much bigger himself. But it's all a matter of perspective, he guessed. As weight padded his rear, at least he got some height back, though not enough to make the world seem its normal size again.

His host came in and told him the news, that he was simply too fat to be escorted off the island, and that he would have to stay for an extended time. Damian didn't like hearing it, but there was nothing he could do. He had more than his fill of doting already, but the braixen, jumping and excited that they got to continue taking care of him, looked like they hadn't even begun to enjoy themselves.