

Today's the day.

The thought crossed my mind as I leaned against my living cushion, feeling my weight settle into the warm, dark-violet scales beneath me. Smiling softly to myself, I let my eyes wander along the curve of the plush torso below, following hilly rolls of flesh that lead up the sides of a curvaceous figure coated in dark gray scales, lingering at the tires of flab that ringed what had once been a long, sinuous neck. Those flabby folds rested upon a set of soft, plush shoulders, my gaze traveling down the length of a plump arm and settling momentarily upon the pudgy, four-clawed hand that rested on the surface of my "pillow".

Seeing those chubby claws idly sinking into the massive, malleable belly I used as my personal beanbag, I could feel the corners of my mouth tugging upwards all the more. It truly was lovely how, even asleep, she found comfort in her own form. Chuckling softly at the thought, I leaned back ever so slightly to get a look at the magnificent paunch that sprawled out across the head of my bed, an orb of purple flesh that settled over and between a pair of thick, bulging thighs. Every inch, every curve tempted my gaze to slip to the next fold, following the dark-pink markings that curled like smoke up the sides of that incredible midsection, ending in mirrored spirals that framed an ample, reptilian bosom. And resting atop that plump chest, using their own supple bosom as a scaly pillow, a long, slender muzzle curved out into a pair of adorably round cheeks, the chubby domes pressing up against a pair of peacefully-closed eyes. That face, so content and comfortable, brought another fond smile to my features as I watched those feminine features rise and fall with every breath, simply enjoying the sight of the well-fed being before me. My heart fluttered in adoration of the creature's beauty, continually drawing my eyes across her expanse while she leaned back against a hill of pillows braced against our shared headboard, her incredibly well-fed state only adding to her majesty, in my eyes.

Only able to merely observe for so long, I found myself reaching out with one hand to lightly cup one of those silky cheeks, thumb tenderly brushing the pebbly scales as the flesh yielded like fresh dough. To the side, a gentle thumping started up with the wagging of a long, fattened tail against the sheets, the reptile's breath coming in shorter huffs while she let out a light, quiet hum of pleasure. Grinning, I placed my other hand atop one of the scaled limbs resting upon the creature's abundant paunch, gently clasping the claws as she returned the grasp, one set of their owner's eyelids parting just enough for a single, dark-purple eye to glance out towards me.

"Mmm, I suppose I was done resting for the moment," the reptile crooned in a light, airy voice that brought another bright smile to my face. As she woke, I leaned in and gently placed a kiss on her nose, stroking the underside of her jaw tenderly.

"Sorry, I just couldn't resist any longer," I hummed apologetically, getting a groggy, yet loving titter as a long, pointed tongue caressed my neck.

"Such is the burden of a beauty like my own," the plump creature purred, nuzzling up against the underside of my chin while she gave my hand a light squeeze, "Whatever shall I do with someone who wakes me so rudely?"

Chuckling, I grinned once more as I gently pressed my forehead to her own, the hand on her cheek feeling a dimple form when she smiled at the contact. "Your words say 'rude'," I replied with a playful squeeze of her cheek, before leaning back and nodding to the reptile's side, "Yet your tail says 'pleasant'." Indeed, the lengthy limb had yet to stop its delighted swaying even with my playful comments, rippling with excess momentum carried through its abundant hide as two smaller, coattail-like limbs twined around the fat-caked tail.

The reptile's soft cheeks reddened just slightly when she gave her tail a sideways glance, tutting at the limb and shaking her head slowly. "Alas, betrayed by my own body," she sighed, before smiling when I gave a light giggle, lifting her hooded eyes to me and raising a doughy arm to touch my chest with a loving smile. "Good morning, my sweet," came the tender greeting as I leaned in once more, nuzzling her yielding collar with a sigh of contentment.

"Good morning, my beautiful Belinda," I greeted in turn, meeting the hand that lifted from her middle with my own and weaving our digits together in a delicate grasp, "Sleep well?"

"M'hm," Belinda hummed, trailing her free hand up my chest and brushing my cheek while I leaned into the contact, holding her gaze with as much passion as I held her small hand. "At least until someone decided to intrude on my□" she started to playfully tease once more, yet her words were abandoned when I brushed my lips down the side of her muzzle, another delicate kiss given just above the two black fangs that curved up from her lower jaw, my free hand pressing into the supple scales of her flank. Shivering in pleasure, the lizard huffed and trilled at the feeling of my fingers sliding into the flabby folds of her side, lifting and kneading the fat between my digits.

"You were saying something?" I whispered between another kiss on her lips and a nuzzle up the reptile's snout, grinning when the corpulent lizard gave a little moan of acknowledgment.

"Hmm, was I?" Belinda practically purred, her muzzle sliding up along my cheek as she spoke, the scent of her breath both sharp and sweet, like a fine perfume. "Curious, I can only imagine a single statement at the moment," she cooed, her long tongue caressing my ear while she leaned up just slightly, sighing softly, "I love you."

Those three words summoned a flushed grin to my cheeks, my eyes closing as I savored the sweetness of her breath and the softness of her hide, sliding my hands up her neck and gently embracing her head against my chest. "I love you, too, my sensuous salazzle," the words were natural, practiced, yet sincere as ever, as comforting to us both as the tender embrace we shared.

The moment could only last for so long, however, and soon I felt the salazzle softly pulling away to look up at me with her jagged, adoring smile. "Since you've been kind enough as to rouse me from peaceful slumber," Belinda began as she lifted a hand to stroke my cheek, the other giving her monumental middle a few hinting pats, "Would you be a dear and fetch us both some breakfast? I'm positively famished."

Chuckling at the blatant exaggeration, I made to oblige out of habit, only to pause when I remembered my plans. "Actually, sweetheart, I was wondering if you'd mind having a light breakfast this morning," I replied, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice.

The reptile blinked, before squinting while she tilted her head this way and that, making those plump cheeks squish against her eyes. It would have been so very endearing, if the motions weren't followed by the hand on my cheek giving a short, sharp pinch, eliciting a startled yelp as I pulled back reflexively. "Hmm, it feels real enough," Belinda hummed while I soothed my stinging cheek, giving the Pokemon a confused glance as she looked me up and down, "Forgive me, dear, for a moment I was convinced a zoroark had come in and stolen you away to be replaced by some illusion. Now, what in the world has gotten into my feverishly fervent feeder?"

I couldn't help flushing slightly at the fire-type's teasing, my smile turning sheepish as I idly continued to rub my squeezed cheek. "I may or may not have a special something planned for today," I hinted, watching with subdued satisfaction when the Pokemon's eyes glittered with immediate interest.

"A 'special something', you say?" Belinda hummed inquisitively, huffing as she shifted her bulk enough to lean forward attentively, rolling her impressive middle further down her legs, "Do tell, my sweet."

My head shook to the negative at the request, flashing a cheeky grin. "That's a surprise, love," I replied while I leaned in as well, resting a hand on the lizard's corpulent gut and rubbing in slow, tender circles. The plush paunch's owner quirked her brow at my words, yet my gentle touch soothed her enough that she allowed me to continue, "I will say, however, that it does require that you spare quite a bit of room within this gorgeous orb of yours. That is, if you don't mind a smaller breakfast than usual?"

I gave the Pokemon the most pleading, puppy-dog like pout that I could, getting an amused scoff and titter. "Oh, I'm not quite certain," Belinda trilled, leaning back as her palms drew sensually up the sides of her belly, my eyes going wide with sheer admiration while I watched her purple flesh lifting ever so slightly from the mattress, "It does take quite a considerable amount to maintain such an abundant figure, you know. A 'light breakfast' might just see your love withering away by the end of the day."

It was my turn to give an incredulous snort, chuckling as I gave the pudgy poison-type's paunch a playful pat. "I think I might have a little leeway before you're skin and bones, sweetheart," I pointed out the obvious, getting another titter from my reptilian lover.

"Oh, very well," the salazle sighed dramatically, leaning back into her myriad pillows while she gave me a hooded-eyed smirk, her claws drawing in exaggerated circles across her abdomen and pulling my fascinated gaze along for the ride, "I suppose I can endure the ravages of malnutrition until such a time as my beloved's 'special something' is ready to be revealed. Extra tea then, if you would, my love, to tide this poor, starving Pokemon over 'til then?"

Snorting at the hyperbole, I gave the salamander's stomach a light pat as I straightened myself. "As you command, my liege," I promised, lifting one of those pudgy hands up for one last kiss, before turning and slipping from the bed.

When I reached the door, however, I paused to steal a look back, taking in the full glory of my beautiful, bountiful lover. The way her middle cascaded down almost the full length of her legs even with the limbs stretched out before her, the heft of her love handles resting upon her plump thighs. There was just so, so much of her to admire, and the ogling didn't go unnoticed, Belinda giving a chuckle as she waved me off with an eager glimmer in her half-lidded eyes.

'Ah, yes, today is the day,' I thought to myself while I turned, grinning in anticipation, 'And what a day it will be.'

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It was a few short minutes later when I returned with a tray in my hands, a plate with a full serving of waffles, eggs with ham, bacon, and a steaming pot of aromatic tea. It was quite the hearty breakfast for a grown person, yet in spite of being half my height, Belinda regarded the meal with a certain subdued disappointment, brushing the sides of her considerable stomach almost reassuringly.

I felt the corners of my mouth lifting into an endeared smile at the sight, chuckling as I took a seat on the bed beside my lover. "Believe me, dear," I hummed, getting a curious look from the fire-type while I cut a piece out from the stack of waffles, "This evening, you'll be glad for the room you spare in here now."

As I spoke, I lifted a forkful of syrup-drenched pastry, my other hand patting the reptile's plump midsection lightly. Belinda gave me a side-eyed glance at the assurance, though I could clearly see the hint of a smile that she was trying to conceal in her attempt to play hard-to-get. "Evening?" the Pokemon reiterated with exaggerated dismay, bringing a hand up to her forehead dramatically, "Goodness me, my lover truly is seeking to starve me! Naught but a light breakfast to carry me through the da□"

The word was interrupted when I inserted the bite of waffles in the poison-type's open muzzle, getting a surprised yip and giggling as she glared at me, though she chewed her mouthful with a wag of her tail regardless. "You won't go hungry, sweetheart," my reassurance came while I leaned in to kiss Belinda's rotund cheek, rubbing her middle lightly with one hand while the other prepared another portion of pastry, "I've made some thorough preparations for the day. Trust me, you're going to love it."

"Hmm, whatever 'it' may be, you seem quite convinced," Belinda remarked after swallowing her mouthful, huffing as she started to shift her bulk. Raising a brow, I felt a grin come over my features while the reptile slowly turned her back to me, dutifully spreading my legs and scooting forward, before reaching out to brace her shoulders. Feeling the scales yielding under my digits, I gave the Pokemon's plump limbs a delicate squeeze as I helped her ease closer until she was

resting her back against me, her chubby figure conforming to my torso and her doughy tail draping over my leg. A cheeky smile crossed her crocodilian muzzle when she tilted her head up to look up to me, one of her hands taking my own and giving a loving squeeze.

Returning the gentle grasp, I brought another forkful of feed to my lover's muzzle, the reptile parting her maw and accepting the offering like some great empress, her majesty certainly matching such a lofty title from the decadent way she indulgently savored the sweet pastry. With the sort of relish I'd grown to adore endlessly, the pokemon's free hand stroked the side of her curvaceous midsection, giving a sensual hum while revelling in her own unabashed hedonism. Every round surface her palm met was lavished with self-affection, the salazzle's breath quickening while she veritably fondled her own overhang or lovehandles, before caressing up the middle of her broad bosom to probe the depths of her rolled collar as though assessing whether she could discern any additional give to her flesh from the previous days' gorging. The sight filled my cheeks with warmth while I fed my lover bite after bite, my own free hand stroking her wide, rounded collar with every offering.

Arceus, I could have done this all day, providing ever more food for that bottomless pit behind Belinda's beautiful muzzle. Eyeing the breakfast I'd prepared, I couldn't help the temptation to go right back out to the kitchen and double, if not triple the portion I'd prepared. She'd proven before she could stomach such an amount with ease, yet as much as I wanted to do just that, I refrained from the desire to test the limits of my beloved's stomach yet again. We would get to that, yes... but later.

With my practiced motions and Belinda's boundless appetite, the meal vanished in what felt like mere moments, especially compared to the great deal of time we usually spent on the Pokemon's indulgence. I found myself smiling at how it took my beautiful companion a few moments to recognize that her open muzzle wasn't going to receive another mouthful, those lavender eyes fluttering open with evident confusion, only for her expression to fall slightly when she seemed to recall that her breakfast was to be smaller this morning. Tongue clicking subtly, the poison-type let out a disappointed sigh, though she quickly subdued it to smile up at me with a tilt of her head.

"That's it for breakfast, then?" Belinda crooned questioningly, her claws sliding tenderly over her midsection as though to soothe the lingering hunger within, purring while she brought her other hand up to touch mine where I stroked her collar, "I can't even plead for just a morsel more?"

Normally such a plea would have been enough to get me hopping gleefully up to prepare the next feast, and indeed I briefly felt my conviction waver with the temptation, yet I managed to curb my feeding enthusiasm. "Believe me, you'll be thankful for the extra room later," I reiterated, caressing the salazzle's neck while she gave an exaggerated pout, though the expression didn't last once my hand slipped to her middle, kneading in deeply to soothe her lingering cravings while I continued, "Do make sure to keep the flames of your peerless appetite stoked, however. You'll need it for the dinner I have planned."

Intrigue steadily overwhelmed the disappointment the Pokemon had been attempting to conceal, her head cocking to the other side. "Well, you've certainly piqued my interest," Belinda crooned thoughtfully, her cheeks lifting into a smile when I leaned in to embrace around her supple bosom.

"Forgive the mystery, I don't want to spoil the surprise," I cooed quietly into her ear, before kissing the side of her neck, warmth fluttering in my heart at how my lips sank so easily into her fattened nape, continuing as I felt the lizard's muzzle stroking my brow with reciprocal affection, "If it will ease your wait, I will say this; this evening has taken months of planning and preparation, and by the end of the day, you will have experienced the greatest indulgence of your life, and that's a promise."

I could feel the fire-type perk up against me at those words, the subtle motion rippling through the fat that I nuzzled into. "My goodness, even moreso than the time we got kicked out of that buffet?" Belinda purred eagerly, not the slightest hint of shame in her voice at recalling the incident. If anything, her breast swelled with pride at the recollection, causing me to chuckle with fond approval.

"Trust me, dear, tonight will make that meal seem like a light appetizer by comparison," I insisted, deep satisfaction rising in my chest when my words caused the salazle's eyes to widen with incredulity, though the expression was quick to turn eager at the thought.

"My... such big plans you have," Belinda crooned, my hints seeming to quell her doubts significantly, judging by the hefty thumps of the Pokemon's tail over my leg. "Now you have me all curious," she added, huffing with exertion when she shifted her bulk, and I was quick to assist the voluptuous reptile in her effort to turn around. Belinda gave an approving smirk my speedy support, tittering while my palms sank into the plush fat under her arms, an involuntary grunt leaving my lips as I hefted the obese fire-type enough for her to adjust herself, settling with her paunch pressing pleasantly against my middle.

"Ssssoooo," the salazle breathed while leaning in to nuzzle up my chest, my cheeks flushing at the touch and lifting into a jovial grin as she continued, gazing up at me from half-lidded eyes, "This evening, you said? And just what are we going to do until then?"

The question made me grin all the more. "Oh, I had some things in mind," I replied, my palms sliding sensually down the rotund reptilian's sides, caressing the many rolls the limbs passed over, each stroke eliciting pleased hums and subtle shudders that rippled through the fat pressed against me. "In fact, the first surprise is something I could bring to you right now," I stated, the lizard's eyes taking on a curious glimmer that made me chuckle, "Assuming, of course, that you'll allow me to stand to fetch it." I winked as I patted the gut pushing between my thighs, its owner laughing once more, her mirth rocking all that heft oh so wonderfully.

"Oh, is dainty little me pinning my lover?" Belinda cooed as she leaned in to roll her considerable belly over my thighs all the more, making my face heat up as a shudder of pleasure wracked my body. Beaming all too proudly at my obvious delight in the pinning of my legs,

Belinda gave my chest one more nuzzle, before leaning back and drawing her palms slowly down her tubby torso. Grasping her lovehandles, the Pokemon leisurely lifted the doughy orb from my lap, though it took me a few seconds of boggled staring at the alluring sight before I realized I was supposed to be fetching her gift.

Nearly stumbling over my own feet from my flustered state, I stood with my eyes glued to the lizard's supple abdomen, unable to look away while she eased the plush flesh back down onto her own thighs, that satisfied smirk on her features only adding to my blush. "Much as I appreciate your salacious ogling, dear, it's far from surprising," Belinda prompted in her teasing, amused tone, chuckling when I quickly turned to hustle over toward the closet.

I could feel the Pokemon's inquisitive gaze on me as I rifled through hanging shirts and folded pants to reveal a box I'd hidden among the clothing days prior. Beaming bright, I turned with the parcel in my grasp, moving to the bed and setting the gift-wrapped package in front of my lover, her eyes glittering the moment she caught sight of the gift. "Well now, I'm starting to get the inkling that this is quite the special occasion you're building up to," Belinda remarked, my grin only broadening at her words, eagerly urging her to open the present.

Tittering yet again, the salazle leaned forward until the fore of her belly conformed to the edge of the box, though my eyes only lingered on the appealing sight briefly before focusing on her features. Watching her expression with giddy anticipation, I waited as the lizard drew a claw along the length of the package, severing decorative tape with ease and lifting the freed lid. The salazle blinked and tilted her head at the sight of red silk, taking the cloth in her hands in lifting it from the box, her eyes widening when she recognized the garment in her grasp.

"Oh... oh sweetheart, it's lovely!" Belinda declared, holding the silk dress out at arms' length to look it over, taking in the v-neck and decorative trim with glimmering appreciation in her gaze. That expression soon turned to one of uncertainty, however, and she turned her gaze to me as her head cocked once more. "It's beautiful, love, but... you realize of course that this won't fit me for long, don't you?" the reptile pointed out with a hint of sympathy in her tone.

I couldn't help laughing, giving a grin while took her hands in my own. "Oh, I'm aware," I replied, gently taking the dress from her grasp and giving another toward the Pokemon's figure, "Nobody is more keenly aware of your growing beauty than I am, dear. I got this dress for tonight specifically; you needn't worry about fitting in it more than once."

Belinda chuckled softly, looking up to me while sitting back once more. "You make it sound like I'm going to outgrow the dress overnight," she crooned, only to quirk her brow when she caught the slight shift in my expression that I couldn't quite subdue fully. "Well now... that is a thought, isn't it?" the poison-type purred, and I could see growing hints of excitement in her own eyes when she began to grasp the scope of the coming dinner.

Rubbing my neck sheepishly at having given away part of my plans, I cleared my throat and smiled as I lifted the dress. "Shall we try it on?" I invited, the lizard's tail wagging again at the proposal while her head nodded affirmatively.

Without needing prompted, I set the dress aside and stepped around to Belinda's side of the bed, reaching out and taking the small hands that extended toward me. It occurred to me as I pulled the obese reptile's arms that it had been quite a while since I'd helped her to her feet like this. I'm quite sure she'd gained at least forty pounds since then, at least it sure felt that way from how incredibly hefty she was in my grasp, yet the realization only made me grin all the more, in spite of the strained puffs and groans we both let out while the salazzle steadily shifted. First dangling her thick calves off the edge of the bed, I leaned in and wrapped my arms under Belinda's own, the Pokemon taking the opportunity to steal a kiss, before curling her arms around my shoulders, whispering in my ear teasingly, "Try not to strain anything, you're about to lift quite the load."

My cheeks reddened predictably, causing the fire-type to giggle while she clung to me. I took a moment to enjoy the rippling of her mirth against me, gathering my strength, before huffing as I heaved the blubbery reptile. Arceus above, Belinda must have weighed nearly as much as I did, and she's half my height!

Stumbling slightly under the load, I nonetheless managed to step back and carefully lower the lizard to the floor, an involuntary grunt loosed from my lips when her feet touched down. I didn't let go, however, kneeling while I supported the fattened reptilian, letting her find her footing as I slowly eased her weight downward. I could feel her fat rippling subtly against me from her legs shaking under her own heft, unused to carrying the incredible bulk of her own body. "G-gracious... it has been quite a while since I stood on my own two feet," Belinda realized aloud, her plump cheeks reddening subtly at comprehending the extent of her obesity.

"I've got you," I cooed reassuringly to my companion, smiling when she gave me a nuzzle of appreciation. Carefully, I eased back from the Pokemon once her full weight was on her own feet, watching with a fond smile as she found her balance. Standing, it was even more clear how astonishingly flabby my lover had become, her middle sagging low enough to brush the floor with each breath she took, her fattened tail fortunately acting as a counterweight to the profound bulk of her torso.

My hands remained under Belinda's shoulders, holding her steady until she touched my arm, looking up to me with a more confident smile once she'd gotten accustomed to her newfound weight. "You've fed me better than I realized, dearest," she commented playfully, making me chuckle while I cautiously slid my hands downward, caressing the malleable handles that settled on my beloved's wide hips.

"You wear it all beautifully," I assured the Pokemon, nuzzling her head lovingly while she returned the contact with tender licks. Once I was sure she wouldn't fall over, I forced myself to lift my hands from Belinda's enticing form, sitting back and grinning down to her as I checked, "You got it?"

The salazzle took a moment to test her footing, one of her little hands braced against the bed frame while she took an experimental step, and I could see the delight glittering in her eyes at the



way her plump thigh lifted her dangling paunch with the motion. An involuntary huff of pleasure came when she felt her excess flesh erupt into cascading ripples the moment her foot heavily hit the floor, having to steady herself against the bed to keep from being pulled forward by her incredible momentum. "A-ah! I didn't... truly appreciate how... bountiful I've become," the lizard panted, her usual poise faltering from the sheer positive stimuli rushing through her from the jostling of her figure, though she managed to collect herself somewhat and lift her gaze to meet mine, grinning euphorically, "Color me, whew, impressed that you can still lift me from the bed."

I grinned again, stroking my companion's cheek while she composed herself. "Not as impressive as you being able to stand," I teased in return, receiving a playful nip to the fingers for the jest. Chuckling softly, I still found myself glad that I hadn't waited longer than today. It was clear that Belinda was just barely able to hold herself upright on her own, though she certainly appeared to be enjoying this fact.

While the lizard got acquainted with her new center of gravity, I reached up and pulled the dress from the bed, holding it out to her with a bright grin. "Aren't we eager?" Belinda giggled, though she obligingly straightened herself, cautiously lifting her hand from the bed and holding her arms upward over her head, winking while she cocked her hips to one side to make that grand paunch sway pendulously, my gaze pulled right along with the hypnotic movement.

Once I'd gathered my wits from the seductive pose, having to shake my head to regain my composure, I gathered up the dress and slid the garment over Belinda's arms. The hem bunched up atop the upper shelf of the lizard's midsection, the sight making me grin while I helped my lover slide her plump arms through the straps of the dress, smiling when I felt her hands coming to rest on my hips once the garment was over her head. Leaning in, I gripped the hem and slowly slid the fabric downward, unsurprised to find the dress was a little snug on the corpulent reptile's frame, having to press my hands against her supple scales as I slipped the gown into place. Yet the form-fitting apparel only accentuated the enticing curves of Belinda's figure, a fact that had me grinning in approval when I sat back to take in the sight.

Looking herself over as well, Belinda grinned brightly at the way her rippling folds pressed out against the glittering fabric, the doughy undulations of her plump body causing the dress to shimmer with each motion she made. Swaying her broad hips side to side, the Pokemon giggled in pure delight at how the dress accentuated her movements. "Oh darling, I love it!" Belinda declared, only to chuckle while she rested her palms on her sides, brushing the silky cloth and feeling how the fabric already felt subtly stretched, looking up to me with her trademark smirk, "It's a shame this isn't likely to fit me again, it's beautiful."

I giggled along, my smile broadening while my eyes slid down the reptile's physique, lingering at the lower reaches of the dress, where I couldn't help noticing that her purple paunch peeked its sagging heft out below the hem. "Though I am quite curious," Belinda added, my eyes lifting to meet her own inquisitive gaze, "When did you get my measurements without me noticing?"

The question made me laugh again, getting my own amused smirk. "It was easy, I just had to wait for a particular deep food coma," I teased, rewarded with a rosy blush and a halfhearted swat that only made me giggle all the more.

After we ensured the dress fit properly, I helped her doff the article, before assisting the plush Pokemon back into bed. Joining her side, we passed the hours holding one another close, watching our favorite shows from my phone or simply enjoying lighthearted banter. As the day passed, though, I could tell Belinda was trying to ignore her rising hunger. After years of hearty meals with constant treats and snacking between each feast, having only a light breakfast to hold her over through the day was obviously not sitting well with her insatiable stomach. The organ let out subtle rumble and groans, growing with intensity and frequency as the hours passed.

Bless her heart, she tried not to voice the complaints of her empty gut, yet I could tell the reptile was having trouble thinking of anything aside from food once noon had come and gone. Her trains of thought would derail when another grumble rose from her paunch, the salazze stroking her middle reassuringly, my hands joining her own when I'd notice the gesture. More promises of an unforgettable feast coming in the evening helped soothe her discomfort, yet I could feel the Pokemon's patience thinning.

Once the afternoon sun began to dip, I finally sat myself up, taking Belinda's hand in my own. "Time to get going," I announced, the Pokemon tilting her head, before perking up visibly.

"Ah, we're heading out for your surprise?" the Pokemon asked, her wagging tail an indication of her eagerness to get started.

"We are!" I confirmed, gathering up the dress in its box, before standing and moving to the dresser opposite the bed. At the back of the top drawer, a fine layer of dust covering its surface, I retrieved a polished black sphere from its resting place, taking a moment to blow the dust off of the orb and revealing the orange and yellow stripes that circled the top and bottom.

"And here I was hoping you'd carry me in your arms like a proper gentleman," Belinda hummed playfully when I turned to face her with the ball in hand, pressing a button on the surface that caused it to grow from marble-sized to the size of a fist.

"I'd be spent before we made it to the door!" I laughed back, stepping over to Belinda's side and resting my free hand on her belly while I leaned in to peck the lizard's lips. "Thank you for being patient, sweetheart," I said gratefully, getting a scoff and a gentle tap on my nose from a scaly finger.

"This had better be as wonderful as advertised, for the wait you put me through," Belinda chided, though her tone was more playful than chastising.

Not wanting to keep the hungry salazze waiting, I held the ball out to her, and the Pokemon touched her palm to the surface. In a flash, Belinda's body transformed into red light, before

being drawn into the luxury ball. "And no eating while you're in there!" I called out while clicking the Poké Ball's shrinking button again, stowing the orb in a satchel at my waist.

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The trip had taken around half an hour, the rental truck rumbling over roads that had gone from paved to packed dirt, civilization left behind and the wild forest now surrounding the vehicle. I kept glancing up to the rearview mirror, checking on the tarp-covered barrel to ensure I hadn't lost my cargo on the way. It was silly, I knew, but I couldn't help the antsy feeling of anticipation at my plans coming together.

Gliding down the earthy path, I eventually turned when I spotted what I was looking for, passing by the camping sign with an eager grin glued to my face. With summer at an end and fall taking over, the camp was practically free of other goers, with only a sparse few others spotted while I drove through the woods. Wild Pokemon scurried amid the foliage, the rising song of bug-types beginning to fill the air with the lowering of the sun. Everything was coming together perfectly.

It took a few minutes to find just the right spot, yet I knew it as soon as I saw it. One more turn of the wheel, and I was slowing the truck to a stop in a wide, grassy clearing. Throwing the brake on excitedly, I fumbled the door latch in my giddy anticipation, stumbling out onto the grass when the door gave way suddenly. With a quick recovery, I turned and moved to the truck bed, once more checking that the containers were all accounted for, before turning and retrieving the luxury ball from my pack.

Another bright red flash, and Belinda appeared from the orb, the salazle giving a soft gasp at the data stream depositing her on her feet. I had to step in hastily and catch the stumbling poison-type before her heavy gut dragged her forward off her feet, both of us laughing in each other's arms. "Camping?" Belinda asked incredulously, looking up to me with a quirked brow, "That's your big surprise, dear?"

"Not quite!" I chuckled back, supporting my lover while she eased down onto her cushioned rear, before straightening myself and starting to remove the straps holding the tarp in place. "I just needed a big, open space, away from prying eyes," I continued, smiling to the Pokemon that sat in the grass with her elbows propped up on her gut to support her chin atop her woven digits, watching me with keen interest. "The real surprise," I said, letting the words hang in the air for dramatic effect as I gripped the tarp, before giving a sharp tug and pulling the cover free from the truck bed while I declared, "Is this!"

Belinda's head cocked at the reveal, confusion clouding her expression at the sight of a large barrel on the truck's bed, the container practically as tall and broad as she was. "Dear, what..." the salazle started, her tone a blend of amused and exasperated, only to trail off when she read the logo on the side of the wooden barrel, her eyes going wide as saucers. "Oh my... is that...?" Belinda breathed with disbelief, her gaze lingering on a bold-lettered Rare Candy label across its

side, her expression wavering between uncertainty and hope as a low, rumbling growl rose up from her stomach.

Laughing, I rested my hand on the side of the barrel. "Oh, it's even better than you think!" I insisted, giving the wood a knock, "This isn't just rare candy; this barrel is fire stone heated, it's full to the brim with rare candy syrup!"

The Pokemon could hardly contain herself, her normally dignified composure faltering into a salivating eagerness for a moment as she tried to get to her feet, though the weight of her gut had her falling back onto her rear with an undignified yelp. Giggling softly, I moved to my companion's side, kneeling down and taking Belinda's hands in my own, the salazzle blushing at her momentary loss of poise. "Hold your Rapidashes, that's not all," I stated, squeezing the lizard's digits gently while she met my gaze, clearly doubting I had anything that could top what I'd already shown.

Smiling, I sat in front of the fire-type while holding her hands, scooting in until I could feel her belly pressing into my own. "I'm sure you've realized by now," I started, leaning in to nuzzle the top of Belinda's head, the Pokemon smiling at the touch and nuzzling my chin in return, "With how big you've gotten, it won't be long before you won't be able to walk. I mean, it's already getting difficult, isn't it?"

The observation was received with both a slight blush and a pleased smile, a hint of pride glittering in Belinda's eyes. "Love, we both know I don't mind the prospect of losing my independence when I have you to care for me," she replied insistently, returning the gentle grasp of my digits, "And I'm quite sure we both knew my days of walking were limited."

I gave a nod, though I still continued. "Well, I got to thinking about it," I said, my hands releasing the lizard's to slide across her middle, gliding in slow, indulgent circles that had her shuddering in pleasure while I spoke, "You could take your last steps some day without even realizing they were your last. They'd just be forgotten, and one day we'd realize that you've grown beyond mobility. And while the idea of you growing to such an incredible degree is frankly delightful, I couldn't help the thought that, perhaps we could make your last steps a little more... memorable."

Pausing, I reached into my satchel, lifting a polished, porous stone on a silvery chain from the bag. Tilting her head at the necklace, Belinda glanced to my face quizzically, receiving a grin as I reached out and slid the accessory over her head. The salazzle gasped when she felt as though a weight had suddenly been lifted from her entire body, blinking and looking down while she touched the stone resting on her bosom, only for her features to light up with recognition.

"A float stone?" Belinda asked, lifting her eyes to me again, finding me standing over her with my hand held out to her.

"I don't want your last steps to be ones we simply forget," I replied, smiling lovingly down to my lover, "I want your last steps to be something truly memorable." My other hand slipped into

my satchel, and with a click of a hidden remote, slow, soft music began to play from the device I'd set up on the passenger seat of the truck.

"So... Belinda, would you grant me the honor of joining you for your last dance?"

The salazle stared up at me for a moment, her eyes shimmering as a soft smile touched her plump cheeks. "I'm... impressed," she remarked, my expression falling slightly as I tilted my head in confusion. Giggling, Belinda grinned up to me, "I was sure you couldn't possibly top a feast of rare candy. And yet here you are, stoking my heart even more than you've enticed my appetite."

That response had my features lighting up once more, a grin tugging my cheeks upward as I knelt down, taking the salazle's comparatively diminutive hands in my own once more, giving them a gentle squeeze as I ask eagerly, "Is that a yes?"

The salazle's laugh set her torso bouncing and rippling, chins bobbing in time with her nods of affirmation. "I imagine this is when you help me into my new dress, yes?" Belinda crooned, her tail swaying behind her as her gut let out another hungry groan. Slipping one hand free of my grasp, the Pokemon rubbed her belly soothingly as she fluttered her eyes up at me, "Not to rush you, dear, but do remember that I've barely eaten today. I'm quite famished already, I can only imagine the sort of appetite I'll work up while dancing."

Chuckling at the repressed urgency in the salazle's tone, I gave the pokemon's hand one more squeeze as I stood, nodding affirmatively. "I'll be quick, then," I assured as I turned, eagerly stepping back to the cabin of the truck. While I lean in to retrieve the dress from its box, the sound of shuffling meets my ears, head tilting as I straighten myself and nudge the truck door closed with a hip.

When I turn back around, I find myself faltering at the sight I'm greeted by, only for a grin to slowly cross my features as I watch Belinda in motion. With her weight halved by the float stone necklace, the salazle seemed to be curious whether she could stand on her own, judging by the way she was swaying herself back and forth, building momentum with every sloshing wobble of her blubbery frame. A curiosity I found myself sharing, tucking the dress under my arm and leaning against the vehicle door to watch the spectacle unfold.

It was a hell of an impressive sight, to say the least. Even if the mass weighing down on her had been halved, the salazle's girth remained entirely unchanged, her bulk making every movement take visible effort. It took some effort of my own to tear my gaze away from the rippling, jiggling, swaying movements of my love's grand paunch to check on her expression, and I felt my smile widening further at the all-too-evident pleasure that colored the straining fluster that reddened the salazle's features.

Arms streeetching forth as far as she could manage, the reptile groaned as she rolled forth one more time, momentum pulling her up from her rear onto her paws. A sharp gasp heaved out of the salazle's jagged muzzle as she found her footing, broad tail pushing hard against the ground

behind her just to keep her from falling back again as she slowly, shakily straightened herself, feeling her gut go from squashing out against the grass to steadily rising upward. A shudder of euphoria jiggled through the fire-type's body as she stood, presumably from the feeling of her doughy form rubbing and gliding against itself from all that movement, bosom heaving visibly as her body rocked and swayed with the leftover momentum of getting herself upright.

I couldn't resist giving a round of applause after that performance, tittering in delight when Belinda threw a worn, halfhearted glare in my direction. "Not even one offer of... whew, assistance during that effort?" she huffed, though the lingering delight in her tone dashed any hope she might have had at convincing me of any offense.

"You looked like you were having fun," I answered with a cheeky grin, chuckling more when Belinda blushed slightly at that particular observation. Stepping over and kneeling down, I placed the box on the ground beside the pokemon, flipping it open as I met the lizard's gaze with an eager smile. That expression turned to wide-eyed surprise when the pokemon's gut let out another, even more insistent grumble in the wake of so much exercise, glancing down to that visibly-rippling midsection as Belinda brushed a soothing palm over its surface.

Not wanting to keep the hungry reptile waiting, I quickly slipped the dress up from its box, smiling when the salazle promptly lifted her arms up over her head. Withholding my teasing comments about the endearing posture, I simply helped my mate into her new gown, gently pulling the garment down over her arms and head, tugging the snug-fitting dress down until it was level with the salazle's knees. Which left a good deal of the lower reaches of the pokemon's grass-brushing tummy all too visible, much to my delight.

"Theeere, now," I hummed as I got to my feet, dusting off my hands, before holding them out to the salazle with another delighted grin, "Shall we?"

The pokemon's previous lingering impatience and fatigue was quickly replaced by excitement once she had her crimson raiment on. Veritably giddy, the pudgy reptile nodded as she raised her hands, taking my own while stepping forward. A titter emerged from that pointed snout when we both glanced downward at the feeling of the salazle's belly pressing up against my shins and knees, yet neither of us pulled away to give that gut any more room. It might make things a bit awkward, but there was definitely an appeal to having that paunch pressed up against me while we danced.

An opinion that Belinda seemed to share, as with one more breath of anticipation, she looked up into my eyes, humming out, "Ready for you to lead, my love."

Picking a slower song had proven to be a good idea, as there was no chance either of us were going to get Belinda moving with any sort of expeditiousness, even with her float-stone accessory. Yet that suited us just fine; pressed together, stepping slowly, we danced in leisurely circles through the grass of the clearing, the moon shining down on us illuminating the pokemon's scales oh so charmingly. That scaly hide glittered as it jiggled and bounced with every step, glistening with the natural beauty of a pristine pond rippling in the breeze, accentuated by

the nearly fluid billowing of the pokemon's silken dress around her. Every step of our dance had the pokemon's gut rubbing against my legs, the silky fabric of her ensemble making that doughy flesh glide smoothly around the limbs, much to my visible pleasure.

There were some stumbles, of course. It had been a long, long time since the last occasion Belinda had taken more than a handful of steps, and the awkwardness of her extra bulk had her nearly losing her footing a few times. Yet with me there to catch her, those stumbles only had us both laughing in joy as we briefly embraced, nuzzling one another while I waited for her to get back to a steady footing, before we picked our slow dance up right where we left off.

Broad steps taken together, every stride parted my legs enough for more belly to press between them, before the closing of those limbs would squeeze that paunch back toward its owner, our dance proving to be quite the massage for my partner's midsection. An experience that had her huffing and purring, even as she puffed and panted with the effort of keeping in motion. Pressed up to that gut as I was, I could feel each time it loosed a low grumble, those hungry growls growing more frequent with every moment that passed, the dance working up quite the appetite, if I had to guess.

And yet, the pokemon continued to follow my lead as we stepped in our lazy circle, even when her panting began to grow more intense. Concern briefly crossed my mind, yet I quickly pushed it back; Belinda would let me know if I was pushing her too hard. Though judging by the way her pace was slowing, I knew it was time to bring things to a close.

Pulling the salazzle in close, the pokemon gave a little gasp when she felt herself pressing against me all the more, before chuckling while I slipped a palm to the small of her back. Sensing the intention, Belinda grinned all too happily while she loosed her grasp on my hand, lifting her flabby arm up over her head as she found herself leaning back, performing quite the dramatic dip. Rather than pulling her back up from that posture, though, I continued lowering the salazzle further back, getting a little gasp of surprise from the pokemon when she realized what was happening, only for her to giggle as I gave an audible strain while laying her on her back.

It was impressive just how heavy she was even with the float stone; I had to catch myself from falling on top of the pokemon in the lowest point of that prolonged dip, letting out a sharp huff once I felt the ground taking that weight for me. With a sigh of relief, I knelt down as I closed in on the supine salazzle, a hum of comfort loosing from my lips when I felt her paunch taking the weight of my chest. Grinning wide, I plant both palms on either side of the reptile, meeting her gaze as she panted up at me, the joy glimmering in her eyes filling my heart to bursting with affection.

Shifting my weight, I lift a hand to cup my lover's cheek, noses touching together, my torso sinking into the salazzle's gut making it squash out to our sides, that flab creating its own sort of embrace. I find the pokemon's own small hand on my cheek as well, looking into one another's eyes for a brief moment, before Belinda lifts her head the scant distance needed for our lips to meet.

For a moment, stillness settled over the clearing as we kissed, the soft music fading into the background for us while we simply savored one another's touch. That was, until a sharp, loud growl cut through the quiet, and we both laughed as we pulled back to regard the salazzele's demanding gut in tandem, that doughy dome wobbling against me with our mirth.

"Something tells me," I start, grinning as I draw back with teasing slowness, resting my palms on the lower reaches of Belinda's gut to draw slow, indulgent strokes over its surface, making her shudder yet again in pleasure while I teased, "That dance got you a little peckish, dear?"

Huffing hard, the pokemon squirmed on her back as she rested her palms on her upper gut. "A-Arceus, love, get that barrel over here!" Belinda half-demanded, half-pleaded as she lifted her head to meet my eyes over the horizon of her gut, earning another laugh while I got hastily to my feet.

Heavy as Belinda was, she wasn't nearly as hefty as that barrel of liquid candy. It took a good deal of effort to haul the wooden container down from the truck bed, especially with how worn I felt after helping my massive mate keep upright for such a prolonged period. Not bothering to try carrying the barrel the whole distance, I carefully set it down on its side, before rolling it the short distance over to the resting reptile.

The pokemon's fatigue once more seemed to disappear as that barrel rolled closer, her tail swaying excitedly beneath the lower curve of her gut, making her whole body jiggle yet again. Tittering at that eagerness once more, I took a moment to get the barrel in position next to Belinda's head, angling it so the attached spigot is in easy reach for her to simply wrap her muzzle around. She almost went right to doing just that, before I gently set a hand on her snout to catch it.

"Let me get that dress off of you, first," I insisted at the pointed glare I received for the interruption, though the pokemon's eyes lit up in realization at the reminder of her already-snug dress.

"Quickly, now," Belinda urged while raising her arms, getting another chuckle from me as I obey that order. Hastily, though not so much so as to risk tearing the dress, I step around and roll the pokemon forward enough to get the dress off of her. Though not without giving a few teasing prods and squeezes here and there, much to the squeaking and grumbling of the hungry salazzele.

"You're lucky you're cute!" she started to mumble, only to gasp when she found herself being laid back again once her dress and necklace were removed, returning her to her bare beauty.

"Y'know, the dress is lovely," I hummed as I gently eased Belinda onto her back once more, leaning over to peck her lips when she was returned to a supine position, before continuing, "But I think you're even more beautiful... au naturel."



Rolling her eyes at the cheesy line, Belinda still smiled as she returned the kiss, before patting my cheek with a tilt of her head. "Yes, yes, you are just as lovely," she remarked, a hint of growing impatience in her tone, "Now would you be a dear and let me at that barrel?"

The question got me laughing once more, nodding as I scooted out of the way, once more pulling and rolling the end of the barrel into position. The moment that spigot was in reach, Belinda reached a hand up as she wrapped her muzzle around it, before giving the attached flow lever a mighty pull.

The moment that the flow of liquefied sugar began, Belinda's entire face lit up in pleasure. For a moment, the pokemon's lavender eyes glittered in elation, before rolling back as they lidded closed, taking deep, hearty quaffs of the melted candy. Relief flooded that expression the moment that candy hit her stomach, starting to finally take the edge off of the hunger that had been building up the entire day, urging her to gulp even faster at the whetting of her appetite.

Smiling at the sight, I scooted around until I was laying beside my lover, gently slipping an arm under her head to support it as she drank, my other hand moving to join her own on the surface of her paunch. Together, we gave that doughy gut gentle, indulgent strokes while she guzzled from the barrel, my head resting over her shoulder so I could nuzzle at her neck with every gulp she took.

"You're going to be enormous after tonight, you know," I hummed against the pokemon's neck, giving the pulsing surface a gentle kiss while I rubbed at her soft midsection, "Just one candy is supposed to be enough nutrition for a whole day. That barrel must have at least a thousand of those candies melted down inside it; and I bet you're not going to stop drinking until the whole thing is empty, are you?"

Belinda squirmed as I teased and caressed her, another grin crossing my features as I pushed buttons I'd grown all too familiar with. Snuggling in close, I gently curled my arm over the pokemon's bosom, embracing her as I let the tips of my digits explore the creases and rolls of her far side. I let my eyes close, allowing touch to guide my movements, drawing my palm up and down the pokemon's flank, before kneading over into her gut, pressing in and rubbing in circles yet again. All the while, Belinda drank and drank, gulp after gulp filling her gut, each swallow more eager than the last, pushing more and more of those hyper-caloric quaffs into her stomach.

Opening my eyes, my chest filled with warmth as I watched my lover's face while she chugged away, her throat bobbing with every hurried guzzle. Leaning in, I gently pressed my lips into the side of Belinda's neck, kissing up and down each roll I found. And, to my delight, those rolls already felt noticeably softer, excitement filling my chest as I withdrew enough to take in the sight of the pokemon.

Massive as her gut already was, it had taken quite a bit before all that chugging started to have a visible effect, yet now I could see Belinda's belly rising ever so slightly with every swallow. And that wasn't all, either; with Rare Candy designed with quick-digestion in mind, thousands of calories were being processed by that swelling paunch, redistributing through the rest of the

salazle's body in brand new layers of adipose. My heart fluttered with joy at seeing the pokemon's hips slowly, yet visibly broadening, her thighs softening, rump rounding out beneath her, spreading at a glacial pace that nonetheless had my breath quickening.

It was right out of a fantasy, getting to watch my love fattening up before my eyes. Face flushing slightly, I let my gaze wander over the pear-shaped figure of my mate, watching entranced as her whole body filled out more and more. I couldn't resist for long, pressing myself up against her once more, gently burying my face into the side of Belinda's swelling neck, while I let my hand wander from the apex of her rising belly to the lower reaches of that paunch. Slipping the limb beneath her overhang, I caressed the buried curves of her thighs, earning shudders and huffs between greedy quaffs, yet the salazle didn't pause her feasting for even a moment.

Far from it; titillated by the caressing, the pokemon only chugged faster, pulling at the spigot's lever until it would flex no further, veritably forcing herself to keep drinking. The fluid confection was flowing faster than it was being digested, now, the pokemon's gut filling and growing more than the rest of her, yet if there was any discomfort to be found at stuffing herself like this, Belinda wasn't showing it.

No, when I looked to her face, I found pure, euphoric bliss in those features. Broadening cheeks dimpled by the grin of ecstasy that was glued to her muzzle, the gluttonous lizard relished the sensation of swelling like a balloon at the end of a garden hose. A fact that had me all the more entranced, my hand sliding out from beneath her gut to rub upward, gently lacing my digits with her own rubbing hand.

Cracking open an eye at that, the salazle met my gaze as she glugged herself, the love and joy in that lavender orb filling me with matching elation. "You're so beautiful," I hummed as I leaned in to press my lips against the side of her muzzle, kissing down the length of that slender snout until I reached her fattening cheek, rubbing it with my own, "My wonderful, gorgeous mountain. I could never get enough of you, no matter how much of you there is."

The praise had Belinda giggling between gulps, squeezing my hand as she continued her self-induced force-feeding. She could barely keep up with the rate at which the candy flowed into her maw, and that was just the way she liked it, letting out euphoric moans and breathy huffs as her stomach rose higher and spread wider over her. I could tell fullness was starting to hit, just by the feel of rising turgidity beneath the blubber of the lizard's belly, yet Belinda didn't allow herself to slow down.

Not even when she was starting to give soft, audible grunts of effort with every swallow, the pressure within her overfilled stomach rising and resisting the addition of more volume. Yet my gluttonous lover was determined, and she wouldn't let a silly thing like satiation stop her from consuming as much as she desired. And judging by the glimmer in the pokemon's eyes, she wanted to drain the entire barrel in one go.

Grinning in both admiration and approval, I loosed Belinda's hand to give her middle soothing rubs, helping the overtaxed organ relax to allow it to fill further. "You could eat a snorlax under the table," I crooned encouragingly to my mate as I nuzzled at her cheek again, giving the corner of her mouth another kiss before humming, "You won't be defeated by a barrel, will you? Even if that barrel is nearly as big as you were just a few moments ago."

Shivering in overstimulated delight, Belinda gave another moan as she pressed her muzzle more eagerly against the spigot, practically suckling at it in an effort to make it go faster, even if she was already struggling to keep up with the flow. All the while, the pokemon grew ever more obese; her belly was threatening to completely bury her legs, even with as wide as those limbs had become, and I could no longer see her tail or talons from my position snuggled up to her side. I could definitely feel those limbs moving, however; toes curling, legs squirming, tail practically beating the ground with its heavy wagging, every motion conveyed the aroused excitement my lover felt.

A sudden, objecting growl came from Belinda while I was watching her gut rise like dough over her, jerking at the sound and looking back to her face in bewilderment. It took me a moment to realize what the problem was, giving a laugh when I glanced to the barrel, taking note of the airy spluttering coming from the spigot. With an eager grin, I pushed myself upright, striding over to the barrel and kneeling down beside it.

"Ready?" I asked, earning a hurried nod from the pokemon. Carefully, I grasped the sides of the barrel, lifting it up and tilting it so the final dregs of liquid Rare Candy could drain into the spout, allowing Belinda to gulp down every last drop.

Finally, the pokemon gasped as she released the nozzle, letting out a low, pleased groan the moment her muzzle was clear. "O-oh, Arceus... I feel..." she started, before her voice was cut off by a deep, airy belch that tore out into the air.

Briefly stunned by the volume of that burp, I blinked a few times as I regarded the salazzele, before my grin returned as I set the now-empty barrel aside. "Massive?" I offered, shifting to settle down in a seated position, before scooting forward and gently slipping my hands under Belinda's shoulders. "Enormous? Immense? An absolute blob?" I gave a few more descriptors, before grunting as I lifted my mate's shoulders enough to slide my legs beneath them, letting her lay back and rest her head in my lap.

Panting from the effort of glutting herself so much, the pokemon wore a euphoric smile on her muzzle regardless of her fatigue. "All that and more," she purred as she lifted a still-fattening arm upward, taking my hand in her own while she tipped her head back to meet my eyes, "I feel... immobile. Blissfully, wonderfully, finally immobile."

The warmth that filled my chest was indescribable, and I leaned down to gently peck my lover's lips while she soothed her belly. Her midsection was steadily going from looking inflated to increasingly more flabby, while the rest of her body continued to pile on weight, ensuring that those dancing steps that we'd taken would be Belinda's last.

"That, my dear, sounds like it's worth celebrating," I hummed in response after admiring the growing adiposity for a moment, looking down to meet Belinda's eyes once more and giving a broad smile, "What do you say, love? Any room for a festive buffet raid?"

Belinda laughed brightly, sending her broadening belly swaying atop her. "You know me, dearest," the salazzle tittered, flashing a grin that dimpled her growing cheeks, "I always have room for dessert."