

Wishing Big

By: RaddaRaem

“I never said I don’t believe in gods.”

“Then what were you getting at just now?” Slithering along the poorly marked dirt path on her thick purple tummy, the Arbok gal’s gaze lingered on the back of her fuzzy friend’s head.

“I’m just saying that whole ‘mysterious ways’ mysticism to them is a load of crock. Look at Zapdos, for example. God of thunder... who occasionally moonlights as a rather kick ass rock and roller holy shit he can tear up the bass... Dammit. Ignore that.” Barking at himself, the Growlithe’s orange fur did little to mask the red flaring up on his cheeks.

Stifling her laughter, the Arbok circled around him. “You gush over him more than I do!”

“Shut up, that’s not the point.” Swishing his fluffy cream colored tail angrily, he dragged the conversation back on track. “You know how he’s able to summon roiling clouds of lightning at a moment’s whim?”

“Mmhmm.”

“Whatever it is within him that lets him do that, okay, I’ll admit, no one has quite found a way to explain that yet. Be it magic or whatever the hell you want to chalk it up to. The how behind it though, there’s nothing mystifying about that. All of that lightning doesn’t just magically appear. Zapdos is somehow able to generate and condense a great deal of moisture in the air along while simultaneously changing the ionic charge of the air and the ground. The clouds in the air take on an insanely negative charge while the ground is overflowing with positive ions. The atmosphere wants to balance out those charges and lightning is its way of making that happen.” Patches of grass shooting out of the path long forgotten were trampled underfoot as he padded by. “All I’m saying is that while they may be impressive and even awe inspiring beings, they’re still well within our realm of understanding.”

“Fair enough. So what does that have to do with dragging us out into the middle of creation?” Raising her hands high into the air, the Arbok twirled about in place. Swatting at a Beedrill lazily buzzing by, it circled the duo twice before drifting off deeper into the forest. Coiling her tail around a young oak tree shooting out of the middle of the overgrown path, a glint of her fangs poked out from between her purple lips.

“Easy, easy.” Leaning forward, the Growlithe gently tapped a finger against her chin and pushed up, sheathing those pointy teeth of hers back inside her maw. “The whole ‘how’ behind the magic of most gods has already been viciously scrutinized and logged. Articuno, Groudon, Latios, the list goes on and on.” Pursing his lips, he arched his brows and bobbed his head side to side. “Ehhh... Celebi’s been a particularly tricky nut to crack, what with the time travel and all. Some physicists out in Castelia have put forth some convincing theories about the plausibility of moving forwards and backwards in time though, so that’s progress at least. Anyway, why we’re out here is to try and find ourselves one of the more reclusive gods that no one has had a chance to explain away yet. Can you imagine what something like that would do for us?”

“Roy.”

“I’ll be able to commit to university full time, not just settle for night classes!”

“Roy.”

“Actually, screw night classes! I can just commit to my job at the Seven Stars Restaurant full time and you can go to grad school! Gonna move on up from working the grill to head chef an-”

“ROY.” Perking up to attention, the snakey tilted her head down and poked her nose into the five foot six Growlithe’s forehead. “If what we’re looking for is so reclusive, don’t you think maybe it’s remained that way for a reason?”

“We are not about to become some tried horror trope, relax. We’re looking for Regigigas. The reason he’s so darn reclusive is because he sleeps for millennia at a time, not because he’s ornery or shy.” Standing on his tiptoes, Roy gave her a peck on the lips. Looming over him at six feet tall, Raja was a whole heck of a lot of snakey. That wasn’t even including the other six feet of her that was nothing but tail! “I know what I’m doing.”

Rolling her eyes, Raja let out an annoyed sigh. Coiling her tail around him, the rather thick Arbok snuggled him tight. No, wait, strangled is the word. There we go. “Any reason why you waited until now to tell me this?”

“Any reason why you waited until now to ask?” Smiling warmly at her, the Growlithe wheezed after every other word.

“...You’re lucky you’re so damn cute.” Sighing in frustration, Raja eased up on the pressure applied.

Mooshing his face into her soft and pudgy form, Roy nuzzled her belly liberally.

Hissing shyly in response, she wrapped her arms around her favorite little fuzzy suck up. “S-s-ssso what makes you think we’ll have any luck if he’s sleeping away the rise and fall of entire civilizations?”

“Because there have been a lot of tremors around these parts lately. Nothing newsworthy mind you, but more than enough to register as something unusual on the Richter scale if you pay attention to it. I mean, legend has it this big guy moved freaking continents with his bare hands! I’m willing to bet these small scale quakes are from something as simple as him rustling awake!”

“Okay. So what do we do if we find him?” Setting her hands on her broad hips, Raja’s voice took on a mocking tone. “Just walk up and ask ‘Excuse me Mr. Regi, could you please take time out of your busy day and explain to us how you’re able to rearrange entire freaking landmasses?’”

“Hey, don’t go knocking the direct approach.” Sliding free from her entrapment, he grabbed her by the hand and led her further forward. Roy could barely contain himself when he felt her thick fingers curl around his. Ducking to avoid some low hanging Kakuna and Metapods, the couple slowly made their way deeper into the woods. Packed to the brim with leaves, the canopy blotted out most of the sun’s shine. Clusters of Sunkern napped in the in the patches of light where the sun was able to break through the foliage. “You didn’t seem to mind it when I took that approach when I started cooking for you.” Sporting a toothy grin, the Growlithe smirked.

Flattening her brows, the Arbok hissed in annoyance.

“You never said you weren’t against the idea,” Roy giggled.

“You asked me if I wouldn’t mind being fattened up while you practiced your cooking. I’m supposed to dignify that with a response?” Spreading her hood wide, Raja scrunched up her nose. “Mmph?!”

Somehow, Roy had managed to shove a warm pastry between her pursed lips while she continued scowling down at him.

Oh Arceus was that a red velvet cookie? It was absolutely heavenly. Swallowing it in a single gulp, Raja licked her lips contentedly. “...Even so, you could have worded your request a bit more tactfully.”

Slowing down to a trot, Roy fished out another pastry from his pocket and gently pressed it between his gal pal's lips.

Hmmming in delight, she devoured it whole. "Okay, now I know you're sucking up." Another quip elicited another pastry. "And you always make too much damn food! Sure it's decadent, but we throw away more than we eat. That's waste-" Yet another pastry somehow found itself lodged between her lips. "...Got anymore?" Chuckling happily, she grabbed hold of Roy's outstretched hand and gobbled up another half dozen. Sliding her scaly nose up his arm, it traced a line along his neck, before finally pressing firmly against his lips. "Like I said, it's a good thing you're so cute."

Patting a furred hand against her scaly belly, Raja's purple cheeks took on a crimson flush. That Growlithe had made no effort in keeping it a secret that he enjoyed seeing her form fill out. The reptile had been much more hesitant to admit the same. "Come on, this a way! Far as I can tell, the epicenter of those small quakes is centered just a mile or so ahead." Dragging his reluctant gal pal through the forest, the thick clusters of trees slowly tapered off. With fewer trees hogging all the nutrients and greater amounts of sunlight able to pierce through the canopy, tall patches of grass began popping up all around them.

Swatting her tail at the feral Rattatas that leapt out at them every other... slither... sure, yeah, let's go with that. Anyway, swatting her thick purple club of a tail at the Rattatas every time they leapt out from the tall grass, Raja mumbled and grumbled about why a certain someone hadn't thought to pack any Repels.

"Ahhh, I knew it!" Roy could hardly contain his excitement as licks of flames danced across his puffy tail. Nestled amongst a particularly thick cluster of trees stood a drab stone temple. Squat and square in its construction, crumbling pillars lined all four sides of the structure. The weathered bricks comprising the temple had been worn smooth a millennia ago. Any carvings or hints as to why this temple had been created had been lost to history long ago. "This is it! This totally has to be it! Heh, to think it would be Snowpoint Temple of all places."

Curling her broad tail around one of Roy's fuzzy legs, the Arbok's face remained expressionless. Raja could already tell he was getting way too excited by this. Barking happily, the Growlithe tried bounding forward on all fours. Yanking back ever so violently, Raja let her blank gaze settle upon Roy sliding face first along the ground. "We are not about to rush headlong into some ruins that have stood since time immemorial." Dragging the whimpering canine towards her, Raja draped him upside down before her and shook him gently. "Try being just a teensy bit less stupid about this."

“I said I know what I’m doing!” Roy arfed feebly. Rubbing at the dirt and grass blades matting his fuzzy cheeks, he growled irritably.

“What was the plan then?”

“Run inside and ask Regigigas straight up how he does his thing.” Smiling feebly, the Growlithe poured on all the charm he could manage.

“...I seriously wish I had a rolled up newspaper right now.”

POOF. Accompanied by the aforementioned stock sound effect and a flash of smoke, a rolled up evening edition of the Celadon Times plopped down into Raja’s hand. It smelled strongly of ink and was warm to the touch.

“That was...eerily convenient.” Eyes darting back and forth between the periodical and Roy, the Arbok bit her lips. Roy widened his eyes and shrugged his shoulders. As well as he could while being dangled upside-down anyway.

“That is what you wished for, isn’t it?” A chiming sing-song voice inquired. Leaving a trail of sparkling light as it zipped through the air, a diminutive Jirachi flew out from the temple to greet the couple.

...Oh what the hell. Who was she to look a Psychic and Steel type gift horse in the mouth? Wrapping her fingers around the freshly printed newspaper, Raja whapped Roy in the muzzle.

Failing to stifle a giggle, Jirachi swayed to and fro in the air. The tags on its golden headdress danced in the breeze. “Aside from absentmindedly making wishes out loud, might I ask what you two are doing all the way out here?”

“We’re looking for Regigigas!” Roy piped up. Wriggling in place, Raja took that as her cue to finally let the poor guy go. Collapsing to the ground in a heap, the Growlithe effortlessly bounced back on his feet. “I was hoping to ask him to explain the means through which he goes about moving entire continents! Provided the legends are true of course.”

“Hmmm... well that might be kind of sort of impossible since I just lulled him back to sleep.”

Ears drooped down sadly, Roy's lips quivered. Adopting the most pathetic set of puppy eyes he could manage, the Growlithe directed the full force of their powers of persuasion towards the god.

Rubbing a hand along an arm, Jirachi clenched its teeth and bobbed its head back and forth. Roy's display just wasn't up to snuff. "Sorry to say, but poor ol' Regi is just too strong for his own good! The guy causes tectonic plates to shift just by walking around and the whole reshaping the face of the planet thing was a one-time deal. No one is really clamoring for an encore performance."

"I am!" All too eager to see Regigigas in action, Roy was quick to disagree.

"No you're not. Anyway, since Regi is so gosh darned strong, the other gods and I decided long ago that it would be for the best if the fella stayed konked out most of the time. We talked it over with him and fortunately we were able to come to an agreement. Every couple millennia when he wakes up from another one of his legendary naps, someone gives him a brief history lesson on what all he missed. We chat a bit over some snacks and then we shoosh and pap him back to sleep."

"So is that why you were in Snowpoint temple?"

"You got it!" Snapping his fingers, Jirachi winked at the Arbok. "Hehe, it was a toughie trying to explain the whole concept of the internet to the poor guy. Last time he was up and at em' was wayyyyyyyyy back in the Bronze Age."

"Awww crud. So we missed our chance to speak with him, didn't we?" Barking softly, Roy crossed his arms and commenced pouting.

Floating towards Roy, Jirachi took on a sympathetic tone. "Oh don't be like that you grumpy orange fluffbutt. How about I grant you a wish for your trouble?" Wagging a finger at the Growlithe, twinkles of light danced across its fingertips.

Bouncing up and down in place, Roy's tail wagged excitedly. Kicking up a gust of wind, Raja's outspread hood flapped in the breeze. "Hmmm... can I wish for you wake Regigigas up so I can chat with him?"

"What? No. Okay, time to lay down some restrictions. So long as it's a reasonable wish that doesn't involve undoing what needed to be done, I shall grant it."

“Can you take me back in time to when you were putting Regigas to sleep so I can ask him then?”

“No, knock that off. Look, you can just ask me whatever it was that you wanted to ask ol’ Regi. I won’t even count it as a wish!” Spreading out its stubby arms, Jirachi tried to be as accommodating as possible. “Perhaps you’d like to evolve into an Arcanine?” POOF. With another flash of smoke, a fire stone appeared in Jirachi’s left hand.

Shaking his head from side to side, Roy was having none of it. “Can I wish for two wishes instead?”

“...Why?” Curling his lips down into a frown, the god’s patience was wearing thin.

“Well... with the first one I was gonna wish you would let me wish to talk to Regigigas. And then I’d use the second to actually go and talk to him. Sneaky, huh?”

Furrowing his brows, Jirachi shot a glance towards Raja. “Could you pass me that newspaper? Thanks.” Curling up the evening gossip and advertising space even tighter, Jirachi smacked the paperkind weapon against the palm of its left hand. With a flick of the god’s wrist, Roy arfed as Jirachi’s papery assault landed one soft blow after another upon his poor muzzle. “Welp, looks like you lost your wish privileges.” Lobbing the newspaper back to Raja, Jirachi swiveled around in the air to face her. “This normally isn’t the way I do things, but looks like you get a second wish!”

“Huh?” Letting her forked tongue drape out of her mouth, Raja was caught off guard by the offer.

“Since your dim witted friend here can’t quite seem to grasp the grave danger of letting Regigigas remain awake longer than absolutely necessary, I’m giving you his wish!”

“I-I... huh.” Tapping at her chin, Raja was at a loss for words.

Hands wrapped around his muzzle, Roy let out a pathetic whine. “That’s not fair...”

“You shut up. You had your chance.”

“Any wish at all then?”

“So long as it doesn’t involve Regigigas.” Jirachi scowled at the smarting Growlithe while he spoke.

Scratching at the back of her neck, Raja scrunched her nose. She honestly didn't want for much. The Arbok was fairly content with her life the way it was; Raja couldn't think of anything she'd like to change. Well... maybe there was one thing. As shy as she was to admit it, more than once she'd found herself wishing she could shove just one more mouthful of Roy's delightful cooking down her gaping maw. After a couple of false starts, the nervous Arbok swallowed hard. "...I dunno what to wish for. Could you maybe make it so that I'll never have any trouble scarfing down anything that furball over there sets in front of me?"

"You were supposed to work the word 'wish' into there, but eh, I'll let it slide. And hmm... it's vague, but I think I can make do!" With a snap of its fingers, Jirachi made the world and everything in it come to a screeching halt. Floating towards Raja, the god waved a hand in front of the reptile's face. Frozen in place, she was still wearing an uncertain expression. Swiping down at the air besides her, a translucent white wall appeared. Line after line of black text bubbled forth from the white void and contrasted strongly against the background. Various colorful icons coalesced and hovered in place besides the text. "Been a while since I messed about in the menus like this..." Tilting its head down, Jirachi's eyes scanned from the bottom of the wall towards the top.

"Exit? Heck no. Options? No. Save? No. Name?" Shooting a glance towards Roy's furry mug, temptation gnawed away at the Psychic and Steel type. "...Maybe another time. Bag? No. Pokemon? There we go!" Tapping a finger against the Pokeball icon hovering besides the text, the entire menu disappeared. A new window appeared, one with a dark blue background and sky blue lines running horizontally throughout. At the top were two icons; one was a pixelated Arbok and the other a pixelated Growlithe. To the right of the icons read out Raja and Roy's names respectively, along with their current conditions and health. Floating up towards the top of the window, Jirachi tapped Raja's icon.

"Let's see... you know WRAP, SWAGGER, POISON STING and SWALLOW. Perfect!" Pressing its hand against the menu, Jirachi's eyes focused intently on the Power Points value for SWALLOW. "A measly ten? Hmm... gonna have to get creative." Breathing in deeply, Jirachi closed its eyes and clasped its hands together gently. A warm green aura surrounded each of its fingers and slowly spread out to encompass its hands. On the menu, the PP value for SWALLOW slowly ticked up. And up. And up. As the green aura came to surround Jirachi's entire body, the PP value clicked up into the triple digits. Seconds later it rung up in the quadruple digits. With another inhale and exhale from the god, the value had exceeded twelve digits and threatened to spill off the menu! Letting out a breath of air, Jirachi unclenched its fingers and pulled its hands apart. Clapping them together softly, the green aura dissipated

immediately. In response, the Power Points value for SWALLOW took on the shape of a sideways eight. “One of the more elaborate ways I’ve gone about granting a wish if I do say so myself!” His work done, the menu vanished into the air and time resumed its normal flow.

“So that sounds doable?” Raja asked shyly.

“Already done!” Jirachi replied matter of factly. Giggling at the couple’s incredulous stares, the god never got tired of getting that reaction out of people. “How about I prove it to you?” With another snap of its fingers, the spritely little Pokemon conjured up a magnificent cake standing both as tall and wide as Raja’s snaky form extended out!

“Jumping Jigglypuffs that is a lot of cake,” Roy marveled aloud. Standing more than twice as tall as he was, the Growlithe’s mind reeled as he circled around it. The amount of flour, Pidgey eggs, and Miltank milk required to bake such a creation would leave all but the biggest of bakers bankrupt!

“What are we supposed to do with this?” Arching a brow, Raja slithered on up to the cake uneasily.

“Why, you’re supposed to dig in of course!”

“There is no way in holy hell I’ll be able to pack away even a fraction of this,” Raja blankly stated. Arms draped to her sides and shoulders slumped, the Arbok was not sure how she should feel about being intimidated by a cake.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, I think you’ll be quite surprised to find otherwise. Go on, have a slice!” Crossing its arms about its chest, Jirachi smiled proudly. That item duplication glitch Missingno let the god in on had to have been the greatest gosh darned thing ever. Jirachi smirked when it took a peek through the menus and saw another ninety-eight sitting in the Bag. Hot damn, granting most wishes had become a breeze with that little exploit.

Sniffing it suspiciously, Raja’s forked tongue lapped at the vanilla frosting. Leaning forward, the Arbok took a huge bite out of the cake. Half expecting it to suffocate her on the way down her throat, Raja was surprised at the lack of feeling in her stomach. It wasn’t that she was hungry or ravenous. Her tummy was quite satisfied and content to be perfectly frank, it was just... shouldn’t that have filled her up? Unhinging her jaw, Raja scooped up enough sugary goodness to send a Snorlax into diabetic shock. Swallowing hard, the payload slid down into her belly effortlessly. Yet that same feeling of contentment in the pit of her stomach remained.

Chomping down bigger and bigger bites, Raja found that there was somehow always room in her snaky tummy for more more more.

Jaw gone slack, Roy watched on in awe as his girlfriend devoured hundreds of pounds of cake with ease. Her already thick form swelled wider and her tiny bulge of a belly bloated up significantly. A goofy grin spread wide across the Growlithe's face as his eyes settled on her more feminine attributes blimping in size. Shaking his head, Roy tried to distract himself from her sweater muffins threatening to spill out of their clothing confines. Those captivating amber eyes, those ferocious fangs, and her purple scales... *Sigh* The fuzzy little canine could feel himself falling in love with her all over again.

Shoveling progressively bigger and bigger bites into her mouth, Raja continued gorging herself, determined to find her breaking point. Surely to hell she'd fill up soon. Right? That's what she continued to tell herself as half of the cake vanished inside her. She kept on telling herself that as three quarters of it disappeared into her cavernous stomach. Tossing the last handful into her mouth and greedily sucking some stray frosting clean off her thick fingertips, the Arbok finally relented.

Padding up to his girlfriend, Roy tried wrapping his arms around her soft waist. "Feeling alright, hun?" The Growlithe's arms didn't even wrap around to her backside.

"I'm not really sure how I feel." Curling her arms around Roy, she pressed him tight into her swollen form. A subtle smile crept up upon her visage when she heard Roy eeeeeeeee happily upon being mooshed into a belly bigger than he was. Her gaze lingered on the ring of flattened grass that marked where the cake once stood. "Still can't believe I ate the whole damn thing." Turning her attention elsewhere, she tilted her head down towards her adorable little WHEN DID THOSE GET THAT BIG? Eyes gone wide, Raja went breathless at the sight of the mountains of flesh obstructing her view of Roy. Her once snug green tank top was scale tight! Just an hour earlier it had stretched down to her tummy. Right now it was struggling to cover even half of gargantuan breasts! Lordy, each one easily dwarfed Roy's head in size.

"Told ya you'd be surprised." Jirachi proudly stated.

"You most certainly did." Still not quite able to believe what all had happened, Raja blinked a couple times whilst peering over her fleshy mounds. "I... I don't know what to say."

"A simple thank you would suffice." Wearing a warm smile, Jirachi waved at the Arbok to grab her attention.

Tightly coiling her substantially thicker purple tail around her Growlithe, a goofy grin curled up on her snaky mug. “Hmmm, fair enough. Thank you, Jirachi.”

“No problem! Now if you’ll excuse me,” Bidding goodbye to the couple, the god flit through the air nonchalantly. Disappearing in a burst of light, Jirachi had teleported elsewhere.

“...Aww crap.” Roy mumbled into Raja’s tummy. “Never did get around to finding out how Regias does his thing.” His short creamy tail and perked ears drooped in concert.

Ruffling his hair much rougher than was necessary, the snake sighed. “And whose fault is that?”

“I just wanted to hear it from the man himself was all!” Resting his chin against her belly, Roy’s eyes drifted up. Growling lustfully, the Growlithe wagged his tail furiously as he ogled the spheres looming overhead.

“...At least I got a wish or two out of this trip,” Raja commented dryly. Slithering back along the way they came, the Arbok’s tail slowly uncoiled around her boyfriend.

Clinging to her thick appendage for as long as he could, Roy complained loudly when the last handful of her smooth scaly tail finally slipped free from his grasp. Sprinting to catch up, he jogged alongside her to keep pace. Reaching towards her, he clasped his hand around her own.

Poking her teeth against her lips, Raja did her best to keep her lips from curling up. Maybe he wasn’t the brightest fluffbutt out there, but Roy was her sweetie. Squeezing his hand within her powerful grasp, the snakey set the pace for the trek out of the forest.

-----A few weeks later-----

Sinking her teeth into the table’s oaken frame, Raja hoisted up the centerpiece of their dining area. Barbequed Farfetch’d, Caesar salad, Oran pie, lentil soup, all of it slid down into her gaping maw. Along with the table. Licking her lips, the Arbok eyed the fridge hungrily. Acting of its own accord, her tail slithered towards it. Struggling to squeeze through the rather wide and accommodating walkway, the Arbok’s tail managed to shove its way into their kitchen. Forcing the drywall to bend outwards as it slunk inside, the tip of her purple tail tapped against the top of the fridge. Now as thick as the fridge was, Raja’s poor tail simply was too big to wrap around it! Instead, the Arbok whapped against the top of the fridge and tilted it over, catching it against her coils. Dragging it back to her in the dining room, Raja’s commanded her tail to dangle the food receptacle above her mouth. Stretching her jaw open wide, the snake didn’t even bother to empty

its contents. She simply swallowed the fridge whole. Rubbing a hand along her bloated and engorged form, Raja closed her eyes and sighed happily.

“You must not have been very hungry,” Roy teased. Padding towards her through their now bare dining room, the Growlithe bumped into her imposing belly and nuzzled it lovingly. He eeeed in delight when he felt it surge forward and push him back a couple inches along the floor. Gosh, her magnificent tummy was easily as hefty as a Snorlax! Heck, it was probably as heavy too.

Shifting her weight, Raja smirked at the sound of the floor creaking beneath her and the feeling of her soft little Growlithe pressing into her. Head brushing up against the top of their ceiling, the Arbok’s bliss was interrupted as she grunted in annoyance. She was nearly horizontal at this point for goodness sakes! It was tiresome enough having to slouch all the time so as not to burst through to the second story but this was getting stupid!

Having long run out of fucks to give about their apartment lease, Raja had done a fair bit of remodeling in the past week or so. Growing along with her appetite, she had exploded to nearly fifty feet in length! Knocking down their bedroom walls with a flick of her tail, Raja had long grown weary of having to lay down on her coils in the living room. A gal needed to be able to stretch every once in a while after all. Splayed out across their much roomier bedroom/livingroom, the snake was content with the setup. For now.

“Dinner was delish, Roy.” Raja complimented. Craning her neck down, she pressed a puckered pair of lips against his face and smooched deeply.

Growling in delight, Roy returned her affections with all the gusto he could muster. Pulling back his head, the sneaky little Growlithe couldn’t help but gaze upon the dual purple cushions hovering above him, each of them bigger than the king-sized mattress Raja was now using as a pillow. Roy eagerly pressed his fluffy self into his apartment-filling girlfriend’s form. “No backhanded compliments? No complaints, no critiques whatsoever?”

“Nope. You really outdid yourself this time, you adorable little suck up.”

Pumping his fists up and down in triumph in the confines of his own head, the Growlithe was ecstatic to have finally pleased his toughest critic! Proving himself capable and deserving of a head chef position at the Seven Stars Restaurant ought to be a breeze. “Took a couple years of honing my skills, but it’ll be worth it.” Arfing shyly, the Growlithe blushed as he felt his girlfriend’s fingers curl around his fuzzy torso.

Plucking him up into the air, Raja rolled onto her back and held her fluffbutt close against her belly. Giggling at the sounds of his delighted whimpers, the Arbok rubbed a finger up and down along his back. "I've been meaning to ask this for a while now, but just where the heck have you been getting all this food to feed me?"

"I'm not supposed to say..." Roy slyly hinted. Burying his face into her belly, the snake couldn't help but giggle at the feeling of his wet nose sliding across her scales.

"We both know you're going to tell me anyway." Hissing softly, her forked tongue vibrated in the air. She could practically taste the smells of dinner still lingering in their apartment.

"I don't know..." Rolling about happily along her scales, the Growlithe tried dragging things out for as long as he could.

"I guess if it needs to stay a secret, you must have a good reason." Shrugging her shoulders, Raja feigned disinterest. "After all, I wouldn't want to get you in trouble with your supplier for needing more and more noms. Maybe I should just go on a diet instead! That way you won't need to-"

"Noooooooooooooooooooo!" Roy gasped in pain at the very thought. "Okay okay okay, I'll tell you! Jirachi stopped on by a few days after our trip and handed me some sort of magic backpack. Whenever I reach inside I always find more food! Heck, I even turned it upside down and tried emptying it, only to nearly drown in a never-ending stream of canned food. Jirachi was very uh... insistent that I not tell you." Biting his lip, Roy winced at the god's threat of changing his name to 'FartSparkles' should he ever come down with a case of loose lips.

"Little fella must have been worried I'd eat the whole thing and grow forever or something. Not interested though. I actually like tasting my food on the way down. Kind of hard to do that when it just appears straight in my stomach."

"Hehe. You know..." Poking his fingers together, Roy sincerely hoped she wouldn't take this the wrong way. "I've always enjoyed silly daydreams... of you being so thick and full of food that you're too wide to even slink through the city streets."

Dragging him up along her chest and over her magnificent cushions, Raja brought her lover to her lips. Pressing them against his face, she gave him a wet peck. “Quit dreamin’ there, Roy. That’ll be the case sooner than you know.” Planting another smooch upon his mug, the snake couldn’t resist wait a minute. “...Did you seriously just faint? What the hell, Roy?”

-----One more convenient transition later-----

The awnings scrunched loudly upon being ripped off their foundations. Entire stoops were flattened and compressed against the doors they were supposed to lead up to. Windows cracked and bowed inward. Suffice to say, whenever Raja slithered on around, people noticed. Barely fitting within the boundaries of the Snowpoint city’s two lane streets, and not counting her tail that stretched across city blocks, the ten story tall snake eyed a lone little restaurant ravenously. Roy’s first shift as head chef had just kicked off, and Raja wouldn’t miss it for the world.

Tires screeching to a halt or squealing on the pavement, dozens of cars slammed into reverse or kicked it into high gear to escape the lumbering reptile. Smirk plastered wide across her lips, the Arbok had come to like throwing all her weight around.

A lone little Zorua clambered along the sidewalk, desperate to escape the mountainous mass of purple scales bearing down on him. Tripping over himself multiple times, the poor guy could barely make it two steps before smacking down into the pavement.

Arching her brows, she gave him and the rest of traffic ample time to make way. Tearing out light posts and mail boxes as she navigated the labyrinth of streets, the gargantuan snake hummed to herself happily during her commute.

Flashes of flame leaping from the skillet to the ceiling, Roy felt right at home in the kitchen. His first few hours as head chef were going... okay. He had yet to receive any complaints, however, no compliments had been tossed his way either. Slathering a layer of olive oil on his skillet, the Growlithe cracked a pair of Spearow eggs on its metal side. Tossing the shells into the garbage bin to the side of his grill, his hands relied on muscle memory as his furry fingers grabbed hold of pinches of peppers and garlic from the unlabeled tins on the shelf above him; all while his eyes stared intently at the omelette that was being pieced together before him. “...It is a little unrealistic to expect high praise the first night on though,” he admitted to himself. “Takes time to make a name for yourself after all.” Letting out a sigh, his free hand flicked the

spices into the broiling yellow mass of eggs. Swirling them around, a flick of his wrist sent the concoction flipping up into the air, seemingly hovering in place before plopping back down with a sizzle. “Oh well, I know I’ll get at least one compliment before the end of the night.” Tail wagging, his thoughts drifted towards his rather large and lovely lady.

Flipping through the list of reservations, the maître d’hôtel practiced pronouncing the more unpronounceable looking names. Tongue tied by just about every other syllable, the sharply dressed Persian kept at it. Sooner or later someone was going to call him out on his overuse of vague pronouns, he just knew it! You can only call people ‘sir’ or ‘madam’ so many times before they actually notice you’re making an effort to not refer to them by name. The terrible sound of metal crunching in on itself and car horns beeping frantically gave him reason to draw his attention away from his ledger.

Casting a long shadow over multiple city blocks, the mighty Arbok waved down at him. “Restaurant for one, please.”

RAJA used SWAGGER. Even though it is not a damaging attack it’s somehow still super effective!

Teeth chattering, the snake’s deep and powerful voice permeated his fuzzy being. “Don’t you mean ‘table’ for one?”

Setting her hands on her broad hips, Raja peered down at him. “You heard me.”

“R-right.” Dipping into the Seven Stars Restaurant, the poor Persian muddled over how to convey to the other patrons that a mind bogglingly gigantohuge Arbok was shooing them out. Running his clawed fingers through his hair, his ears perked up when he caught sight of the fire alarm by the door. “Fuck it, this was never mentioned during training. Time to improvise.” Well aware of how illegal it was to pull that lever for any reason other than a fire, the Persian grumbled to himself that no one had thought to make a general “Flee the premises” alarm. None too keen on leaving any fingerprints pinning him to the deed, he grabbed a stray patron’s jacket hanging on the coat rack. Curling it around his hand, he pulled down on the lever. “Welp that’s all they’re getting out of me for this shift.” Hastily propping the front doors open, the feline mewled worriedly at the sound of Raja chuckling. He bolted as soon as an easy exit for the remaining patrons was secure, pondering upon how the hell he was going to explain this to the manager.

“Awww crud, was that me again? Darnit, probably.” Having the flames constantly roaring high enough to lick at the ceiling probably wasn’t the best idea. Frustrated, the Growlithe trudged on out of the kitchen with the rest of the chefs. Stepping out into the parking lot the back exit emptied out into, he shielded his eyes from the glare of the late afternoon sun.

“So, everybody out? Good.”

“Raja?” Roy would recognize that powerful and sultry voice anywhere! Bounding out towards the front on all fours, he nearly melted at the sight of her grinning down at him.

Twiddling her fingers at him, she loved how he acted like a puppy at the slightest display of affection. Mentally reminding herself that she didn’t come down here just to flirt, she swatted at the other Pokemorphs who stood there gawking at her. Motioning for them to skedaddle, they did as they were told. Pointing down at a server before he could get too far, her commanding voice bellowed. “Hold up. You going to take my order or not?”

“Uhhmm... sure.” The Furret replied uneasily. Grabbing the pen lodged behind his ear, the familiarity of his routine comforted him in this otherwise bonkers situation. “Do you know what you would like to order?”

“Yep. I’ll have everything,” Raja stated matter of factly.

“...One of everything?”

“I meant what I said.” Unhinging her jaw, the Arbok lunged forward and sank her teeth into the building. Neck bulging with muscle, Raja yanked. The entire restaurant came out of the pavement with a groan, dragging up most of the parking lot with it. Subterranean water mains and gas lines crusted over with cement were dragged up as well, ripping apart the nearby streets and sidewalks in the process. Bricks and mortar toppled down from the structure as it rose into the air, clinking and breaking to pieces upon impact with the ground. Tilting her head back, the two story building disappeared down her throat. The bulge in her neck slowly slid into her imposing belly where it disappeared without a trace. “My compliments to the chef.” Winking down at her little Growlithe, Raja stuck out her forked tongue playfully.

“Might as well thank the architect while you’re at it but whatever.” Throwing his hands up in the air, the Furret walked off in disbelief.

Racing over towards his lovely lady, Roy bopped into and bounced off of a scaly belly that was now rivaling an entire city block in size. Nuzzling it liberally, he barked happily when he felt a smooth finger as thick as a water tower curl around him. Sliding down into her broad palm, Roy couldn’t stop his cream colored tail from wagging. Lifted higher and higher up into the air he was brought before a full pair of lips. Heck, just a single lip of hers was bigger than he was now! Pressing his body against it, he kissed it deeply. “Thanks for stopping by, hun.”

“Not too mad that I ate you out of your job?” Cocking an eyebrow, she brushed her snout along his body.

“Nah, I’ll be fine. The Seven Stars Restaurant is a franchise after all! I’m sure I can pick up a few shifts here at there at the other couple locations they have dotted around the city.”

“You don’t say? You wouldn’t happen to know off hand where they’re at, would you? I think I’m feeling up for seconds.” Licking her lips, Raja gazed down at Roy hungrily.