

Sugar and Sunsets

By: RaddaRaem

Popsicle in hand, Silvia's eyes went half lidded while she licked her lips. "Salamencite Delight, huh?" she read aloud. Frigid beads of water dripped down along her frozen treat's plastic wrapper. Displayed prominently against an obnoxious yellow backdrop was a spherical slab of sugar comprised of equal parts white, red, and blue. Curving lines of color separated one flavor from the next and painted a picture of an edible and fairly convincing looking megastone! Pinching her fingers against it, the Dragon-Type's thick digits conveniently obscuring the farcical nutritional information, she slid it off the prize inside delicate as could be.

"Come on come on come on," the Salamence impatiently uttered as the telltale scratching sound of plastic crinkling against flakes of ice registered in her head. Puffed out cheeks hanging down heavily on her lips, her eyes went wide as ever more and more of her treat revealed itself. "Welp." Eyebrows arched, Silvia crinkled up the wrapper in the scaly palm of her free hand. "Doesn't have to look good. Just taste good."

Rays of the setting sun bounced off of the now sparkling ice coating the fairly drab looking dessert. Two stout vertical lines cut down through the solidified sugar separating it into three distinct sections. One raspberry red, one blueberry blue, and one lemony white.

With a roll of her eyes, Silvia shrugged and plopped it in between her lips. Instantly, she mmmmed in delight. The beginning pangs of brainfreeze promptly extended out from the roof of her mouth towards her throat. The Salamence paid it all no mind and simply took to sucking on her sweet treat as her pointed teeth went numb.

"Hardly a better way to cap the day," she mused. A suffocating humidity hung in the air. The Dragon-Type could feel the moisture clinging to her every curve as she lumbered home. Hell, even now, sun hanging low in the orange tinged sky, the concrete beneath her feet seethed with heat. She flapped her pointed crimson wings to kick up a cooling breeze at her back. "Good goddamn," she hmmed. That pointed pink tongue of hers dragged itself back and forth along the underside of her popsicle. All manner of sugar, artificial sweeteners, and food coloring came to coat it. Silvia couldn't help but wiggle her fat scaly toes in delight while her soft thick soles drank up the heat radiating into them from beneath.

Loud claps accompanied Silvia's every footfall. With every swing of her gait the Salamence's thick and thunderous thighs crashed together. Violently did the rolls of her flabby scaly flesh press upon one another only to disperse into ripples of chub. Her shorts, which strained to cover even so much as her fat ass on a good day, ripped and groaned in protest. With every clap of those thighs the red seams running along her hips came undone. Blue scaled pudge trickled free into the muggy open air.

She could already imagine Sheldon rearing up to chew her out. The Salamence alternated between snrrks and snorting giggles as she imagined the Shelgon wiggling side to side upon his nubby limbs and repeatedly pointing up at her before realizing it was an ultimately futile endeavor. Arceus above the little waddle he did was adorable as all get out.

Pools of sugar collected in her cheeks. Lips curling up into as subtle a grin as she could manage, Silvia was content to let it sit and soak her gums. Damn. Damn damn damn damn this was good. With some reluctance, she swallowed. Her thick throat bulged while a wave of taste bud tantalizing slush swirled down into her gullet.

Chin tucked against her chest, Silvia peered down at the gracious gut her latest gorging was emptying into. Beyond the hills of her bosom, shirt pulled apart trying to contain those hills of soft flesh and the nips tenting atop them, her belly loomed large. There was no sidewalk, no feet, no nothing to be seen. Just her tremendous tum. It sloshed, jiggled, and bounced against her knees with every step forward. With her free hand, the Salamence rubbed her clawed fingers along its taut surface. The once rock hard slabs of scale plating had been stretched and distended beyond belief. With a smirk she proudly slapped against it and reveled in the ripples of fat that coursed out from her palm.

Plodding ever onward, Ninjask noisily thrumming their wings serving as a buzzing background ambience, the Dragon-Type's thick bloated club of a tail scraped against the concrete behind her. It bounced along the gaps between the sidewalk as well as the uneven angles that led from one patch of the path to the next. Patches of grass and shriveled stalks of berry bushes trying to force themselves up through the cracks were brushed aside or flattened. Curled to the side, Silvia's tail tunked against a bleached and splintering wooden fence as she passed one home. Shiks and rattles sounded out when it bopped against the rusting chain link fence planted before the next.

Fingers pinching the pale wooden stick poking out from between her lips, Silvia slowly tugged her popsicle out from between her lips. Her lips went numb as the solidified sugar slid between them and drops of liquefied sweetness collected along them. Thick legs operating on autopilot, Silvia continued to savor every last slurp. Back and forth her dessert went into and out of her maw as the steady ebb and flow of licks wore the condensed deliciousness down into the smooth slope.

Finally, and perhaps disappointingly given what little of her dessert remained, her ho-hum home came into view. It wasn't a rundown piece of crap nor was it anything to write home about. Just plain, boring, and aged was all. With a bump of her gut she knocked a wooden swing gate open. It promptly slammed back shut into her thighs accompanied by a creak. A grunt and sashay of her hips sent it flying back long enough for her to slink on through. Silvia swung her head to the side as she bit off a bit of... it was either a chunk of lemon or raspberry, and observed the minimally kept lawn. Buzzing between the patches of clover that had popped up since Sheldon had last mowed a single Combee lazily drifted about. Heh, she'd remind him to get on that and soon.

Swollen feet plodding along the worn down concrete, the waning warmth seeping up into her soles, she squinted at the glimmering brass mailbox beside the door. Its metal polish had mostly faded and its lid sat propped open with today's mail. She'd grab it on the way in. Dismissively swatting at it, she swiveled about in place and plunked down on the stoop leading up to the door with a plop. She shuddered at the ambient heat that suddenly soaked into her ever exposed ass. That and the cracked concrete that threatened to collapse beneath her. Beside her lay a pile of plastic and crumpled up wrappers. A flick of the wrist added another one to it.

"Nice while it lasted," Silvia hummed as the source of sugar went all but dry. She plucked the popsicle stick from out from between her lips and held it out before her. Multicolored stains had long since embedded themselves into the wet wood. All that remained, at its center, was a tiny sugary sliver

of white. Huffing, she shoved it right back between her lips and sucked the very lumber dry of any and all flavor. Back and forth she knocked the stick between her teeth with her tongue.

Clawed fingers twiddling against her gut she hummed. "I'm sure I could half-ass some excuse to go grab myself another one. Won't have been the first time tonight," she told herself. Eyebrow arched, she curled her tail towards her and let it flop against her waist. Hoisting up her gut, she let it slap down atop her broad knees. "Better yet... I can't very well think of a reason not to." Lifting her ass up off the concrete stoop she peered over the myriad fences at the ice cream truck quietly idling just down the block. Husky giggle wafting up from her throat she rose to her feet and contentedly lumbered back from whence she came.