

Of Eevees, Expansion, and Evolution

By: Mannothe

“Attention shoppers: We will be closing in one hour. Be sure to take your final purchases up to the front end, and thank you for—”

“Shoot. Guess I should stop window shopping.” The Vaporeon snuck a glance over the top of the next aisle, heels propped up on the tips of her pudgy digits as they splayed with a graceless weight that caused them to sink ever so slightly into the tiled floor. Celia let out a pleased “Ah!” upon finding what she was looking for, silently thanking her current stature—if for nothing else, then for the gift of height that gave her an impressive, if often useless, scouting ability. Her thick tongue slipped out over her lips idly as she moved to take a step forward. Small indentations in the cold, tilted ground remained where her paw lifted.

Soft blue rolls slid gracelessly against the stocked shelves, their soft surfaces squishing as the Vaporeon strolled gracelessly through the aisle. All manner of bags, containers, cartons and boxes dribbled to the floor in the wake of her generous hips. If it was possible to even turn around in this tiny undersized lane for Durants, then she'd be courteous and put them back, but... sheesh, had she the time! Finally, oofing quietly as her head bapped against the aisle's wooden signpost detailing its contents from just above, she made it to the end of the aisle. Every step brought her soft, supple, and blue pillarlike thighs together with audible chafes and claps against one another, flesh rippling like thick, semisolid water.

“Uh... hm...” Celia mumbled. It was with great effort that she twisted her impressively thick body around just enough to allow her first paw to sidestep out of the aisle and into the open space of the deli section. Gurgling tummy now pressed into the last of the wooden shelves, she sucked in her gut—at least as much as was possible—and pulled hard out into the open. Boxes of crackers and chips clattered to the ground in a veritable avalanche. “A few casualties, but nothing big!” She nodded and turned her head to the next lane over. The many-hued glistening of gemstones reflected in her periphery, grabbing her attention.

Delicate were her next few steps, each heavy *thump* peeling bits of plaster from the floor, debris dripping from her exposed broad heels and soles with each stride. Celia's finned ears fanned briefly; she paid some degree of attention to the humdrum of anecdotes and conversation echoing by the front end, all a mishmash of noise and fluster. She wouldn't judge, but... come on, everyone knows how busy the Celadon Department Store gets in the evenings. Should only bulk-buy in the afternoon.

Now inside the proper lane, the Vaporeon hummed... ah. Neat; that's the word she would use for the charming boxes filled with stones that had been hewn to roughly the size of her palm, each sporting a wheel of colors. Every evolutionary stone was flipped up, showing off their telltale emblems—the green ones bore a lightning crest, the red ones still blazed from within, and the blue ones glistened like morning waves. Her deep blue eyes fell upon the latter... the blue one that she had chosen last time she fancied this place, on her birthday.

She remembered it perfectly. She never was exactly the slim and trim type, but the moment she touched that blue stone was the moment that the form she would take for the rest of her life was decided. Her evolution hadn't exactly done her once-fluffy frame many favors in regards to its existing size; where her tummy was once a small, yet weighty hill flanked by muffintop hips smattered in fluff, it now

sloshed and swang with a watery momentum upon every footfall. Her thick, broad paws had only grown wider, broader, and... as she glanced behind her, far more prone to leaving craters.

Nope, not many favors indeed. If anything, the evolution into a Vaporeon had only exaggerated what she might call her best features. The creases of her lips curled—thoughtful, forlorn perhaps, as she eyed one such blue stone. It was with some amount of uncertainty that she motioned toward its lavish container, retreated her hand, then rolled her shoulders and plucked one up from its perfect alignment with its kin. “Sure, define what a favor is for a figure, I guess, but still.”

Celia rolled the amorphous mass of rock along her palm, eying its shape. Its glossy azure surface glistened like caressing ocean crests, always moving. The water within stormed and crashed, but so gently, like in a contained realm all its own.

So pretty... perhaps that was how she had decided. Not upon the stilled lightning incased within the Thunder Stone, and certainly not within what was now her opposite, the flame-emblazoned Fire Stone. Huff. Darn... maybe she shouldn't have brought herself here. Or, more accurately, it was the feeling that had brought her here to begin with. Milk really was a poor excuse, now that she thought about it for more than a few seconds while not cuddling Radda on the sofa. Buyer's remorse was a disease that ran thick through the blood, really.

It was with characteristic gentleness that she set the stone back down. Wasn't worth reminiscing. But... the allure of the others? Her eyes swiveled to the left, then to the right, before her broad palm fell atop one of the blazing red stones to her right.

If she had chosen to be a Flareon, what would it have been like? Her body blanketed in thick drapes of fluff, prominent wreaths of cream-colored fur swallowing her neck, hips and tail. The winters would be warm and the summers more than bearable thanks to her fire typing. Best of all? Radda would have somewhere nice and toasty to stay during the cold nights!

Ah, had it been... but she was happy enough now. No time to bite one's tongue! Still, the thought wouldn't leave her finned noggin, and she couldn't help holding the rock up to the light to give it a closer study. Her eyes went wide as they took in the scarlet stone's immaculate features, its every groove along end to end of unscarred, unscratched vermilion. Her stark red fuzzy fingers, pudgy, round, and tipped with small platforms of leathery pad, pinched the palm-sized—wait, no, finger-sized rock? She could have sworn it was bigger when she picked it up...

...But then, she could have sworn the rest of the aisle was a little bigger too, o-or at least required her to stand on her tippy toes to see over the shelves! “W-what in the world—?” Meeps of surprised escaped Celia's lips between soft urfs that would mature into heavy, ripping belches had she not made a concerted effort to keep them stifled. Her arms, thick and heavy, rippled with force—she shot her forearms up, causing the drained Fire Stone to clatter to the cold, tiled floor between her thick feet. “Dear Arceus!”

Celia's watery skin blazed with patches of flames that quickly settled into mere embers, leaving forests of rich maroon fur in their wake. She felt the same fiery passion plot a course along her whole body—her neck exploded into furious flames, dying into a wreath of beige-colored fluff. Tawny brush formed along her cankles, and her dolphin-like tail burst into a marshmallowy swathe of off-white, all while her already-generous thickness, particularly around her copious midsection, buffed and bulged with layers of soft, flabby flesh beneath her fresh new coat of fur. She'd hoped her shirt would last her the

day, but she could already feel the fabric tearing against the simple ups and downs of her diaphragm, let alone the hem that had bulged and given way to her billowing hilltop of a gut that sagged just over her columnlike thighs... Thighs that had transformed her slacks into torn short shorts in the span of about a few seconds. Scraps of cloth draped the tops of her generous breasts and fell like confetti to her feet as Celia emerged—now a Flareon, once a Vaporeon.

Celia went pigeonfooted, thick fat feet digging into the tiled ground as she all in all had gained a fourth of her mass in additional height and weight. Just like when she had first become a Vaporeon, evolution had granted her a notable spurt of growth. She just hoped it was honestly temporary... growing any more in a department store would be catastrophic. And, lord, if anybody could see her barely-clothed body right now—

“Celia!” came a bahh from behind her. “I got the milk like you asked, and... Celia?”

The towering Flareon eeped as a small, thigh-high form papped against her generous tush. Radda oofed and plopped to the ground onto his wooly butt, basket still clutched in the crook of his arm like a lady's purse.

Radda bleated again when a fluffy mass of flame-colored belly spun around with a feminine gasp from above, plowing into his small wooly frame like several dozen pounds of the softest pillows on earth. Arms then came round to gently hug full of excitement, sinking him into the unfamiliar fluffy belly. What was more, he peered up, still firmly seated with his keratinous fingers fitting anxiously into the interstice between tiles, only to see the loving, eager, and all-too shocked face of his gratuitously girthy girlfriend.

“R-Radda!” the once-Eevee meeped aloud. “Radda, you won't believe this—well, I guess there's hardly a need to explain because demonstration—I mean because you can see...” Celia stopped abruptly and sucked in her breath, fingers steeping shyly against one another over what little of her overly generous chest they could wrap around. All of a sudden, her glance turned to the side and she twisted toward the lineup of evolutionary stones, charcoal eyes flaring with intent. The aisle became something awfully reminiscent of a mess as her tail and belly both swept shelves clean of their products. She scrambled to gather one of each stone in the crook of her arm.

“Bahh Celia what is this all about?” The Mareep picked his tiny tush off the ground and dusted off his bright yellow tee. Two pinched fingers plucked off a lock of cream-colored fluff from the 'S' in 'Sunbaaathing' emblazoned above a Sunflora logo. “Can you please stop going half-cocked and tell me what happened—why the heck do you need more stones? And more importantly why are you a Flareon? I have so many questions!” He ended with a pitiful bleat of finality and worry.

“Look, something amazing happened,” Celia offered simply as her arm fell like a vice over Radda's wooly wrist. One tug was enough to scoop him feet off the ground, hooves kicking and flailing helplessly. “I need to test something out and you're coming with me!”

“O-okay!” Radda managed sheepishly upon finding words. Celia's arm raised, craning her thigh-high Mareep and flumping him over her shoulder. His orb-ended bumblebee tail flicked anxiously, but he soon relegated to his perch. “I think I can guess, but I'd rather be surprised.”

The sound of pitter-pattering footsteps sounded across the hall. The lonely office quarters made a suitable echo chamber for what were likely soft-furred paws and the clacking of claws.

Celia gripped the hem of her bag anxiously. “The doctor will see you now,” she muttered to the figure beside. Inside her little bag, emblazoned with the emblem of the Goldenrod Department branch, rattled and clacked together a small set of precious, candy-colored stones.

“Us,” came the husky, rich voice of Sheri. The motherly Eevee that sat at Celia's side let a hand fall upon her daughter's. Her soft, puffy knuckles molded slightly with her grip. “We'll be fine. Don't be so nervous dear! What's there to be worried about with something so exciting?” Her soft gaze, a moonlight color, drilled into Celia's very soul, glinting with something akin to wonder. “Look at you, hon. You look fantastic!” She sized her up with her open arms, uncrossed, exposing a hearty, generous belly that spilled wider and larger than Celia's own.

Radda lay against Celia's generous chest, held in place by his plus-plus-sized girlfriend's arms. As Sheri's tummy outed itself, it rested upon thighs that by themselves put Radda to shame—something that ran in the family, the Mareep had gathered. He had meant the thought jokingly but he actually wouldn't be terribly surprised if it was something genetic that made the two so... massive in every single dimension possible, from height to shoulders, chest to tummy, thighs to paws? Yeah, that. He rustled his sheepy chin up and rested it over Celia's soft, fluffy red arms, sighing happily.

“I know, it's great,” Celia managed impassively, almost dodging. Her lips visibly fumbled over themselves, arms crossed over her chest in such a fashion that kept her sheepy boyfriend locked happily in place upon her lap, head against her generous, fluffy bosom whose contours strained at the edge of the sweater she had donned after their Celadon trip. “I guess I just have Butterfrees, that's all! This is all so sudden, and... sheesh, I didn't think I'd like being a Flareon this much!”

Sheri offered a quiet nod. “It's unbelievable, the fact that you can change just like that. Wonder what the doc has to say about it?” The Eevee of 47 years shifted in her seat, much for want of room between both her and her similarly-sized daughter. Two of her fat fingers rose to her neck and pinched a grey Everstone necklace suspended upon fine threads. “Evolution never was for me. I guess I never bothered, lazy girl I was. Then I got too old to really start thinking about it.” Her amber eyes rolled to the side in pensive exploration... until they fell upon the bulging purse of Celia's. She could see the bright pastel colors of the evolutionary stones glowing through the bright pink fabric.

Oh no. No no, she couldn't be thinking about it... she was simply too old, too tired to go through such a drastic change! There would be the matter of getting used to whatever she chose. She'd get bigger, that was for sure. She'd have to buy new clothes, mess around with the seating in her car...

Sheri fidgeted. Hrmph... it was tempting to try. But here, now? She doubted it would work anyway. Not with the Everstone around her neck. Those silvery rocks were renowned for their mysterious ability to block evolution, canceling out their cosmic energies. Heck, she'd heard once of a Vulpix who lost the ability to evolve forever just by being in a quarry full of them. Of course, the version of the story she read also claimed said Vulpix had promptly swelled and grew to unimaginable sizes not many days later, so... credibility? Maybe a little wanting. But stranger things in this world had happened, hadn't they?

“Yeah. I mean, just take a look for yourself, mom,” Celia ushered, plucking up her bag and digging through its contents. From the pursed opening she brought out two stones; one of water, the other of

lightning. Miraculously, their very touch didn't cause another chain of evolution. Her mother watched intently, attention bouncing between the dim glow of the stones and Celia herself, as if expecting a transformation. "If I hold just one, I'll evolve again. I have a feeling I'll only get bigger every time I do, so I'll have to, erm, try and keep it in check." The Mareep tucked against her chest wriggled in place, nodding vigorously.

"Hum... so that's how it is then?" Sheri purred curiously. Velvety tones spilled from her lips like rich sweetness. Her hand hesitated visibly as it lifted off her tummy and gently—carefully—pried both stones from her daughter's palm, sighing in relief when nothing happened as a result. The two clicked together like marbles in her fat fingers as she eyed them, feeling a gaseous rise in her stomach. "You just hold one, and you become whichever? That's not like most people... I mean, when I was young, we were special! Only an Eevee could take on more than one form. Then all kinds of news specials started sweeping the Johto region..."

"Um, mom?" Celia's voice trembled, of all the things it could do.

Sheri hardly made an effort to look up. Her eyes were glued downward. "Hmm? Something the matter?" With her eyes already low, they fell to her chest—and when she moved her arms away, sheepish and surprised at the sound of tearing fabric, she found that the end of her bosom didn't come as quickly as she'd anticipated. Her broad, brown breasts rippled and swelled in uneven, patternless spurts as they pushed against the thin matrix of thin fabrics that kept them just barely enfolded. Gaze sweeping down with eeps of surprise, the motherly Eevee noticed that despite her dangerously large bosom, she could still see her massive belly—it too had grown, and at a startling pace! Gaseous urfs escaped her fine lips as rolls and folds appeared on her bloating tummy, her broad arms only gaining poundage in fat and weight as she held them up.

"S-Sheri! You're getting bigger!" Radda bleated in surprise. He felt his prison of Celia's arms tightening around his chest. "I thought you couldn't evolve! C-Celia, what's going on?"

"She's not evolving, I don't think," the Flareon offered, hobbling to her feet with Radda still in tow. Her thick, padded feet carried her backwards to advance some space for the growing mom, whose rear now grew to fill up the entire bench, whose thighs chafed against each other and whose clothes were little more than a mere fabric suggestion on her immense body. Her belly was bigger than a beanbag going on mattress sizes, and sloshed and wobbled with every errant movement she made, including the surges of growth. It wasn't long before her long, fuzzy brown ears splayed against the very ceiling, forcing her daughter and her boyfriend to peer up just to see her worried, fattened face past the moundlike protrusions of her grandiose belly and downright impossible endowments.

"O-oh gosh! Celia, dear, is this what it was like for you?" Sheri meeped. At least, as much of a meep as one could make with such a milky-rich feminine baritone. Her sea-level voice rumbled the very bones of her company. "Oogh..." Her tummy rumbled starkly. She tried to pound it back, but it was no use: A Jolteon-shaming storm front churned in her gut, traveled up her throat, and... **"BRUUURF!"**

Sheri's thick lips gaped wide open to allow a burp of deific proportions. The windows exploded from the sheer force of her belch. Everything inside the office drawers rattled and shook. The Flareon and Mareep present found their very skeletons shaken while the matron Eevee's toes splayed apart in surprise. All manner of decorations fell to the ground, from posters and paintings on the walls to a simple glass of water that vibrated off to the edge of its desk at the far end of the room, shattering into innumerable fragments.

It was then that there was a rattle at the back end of the room. “Um, hello?” Came a light voice. The Cincino behind the door cleared his throat audibly. “Are you two ready for your checkup?”

Sheri exchanged glances with her company. A loud **CRUNCH** echoed throughout the room. It was with boiling levels of embarrassment that the Eevee noted the crumbled once-bench that lay asunder beneath her giant ass. “Ummm... come right in, dear!”